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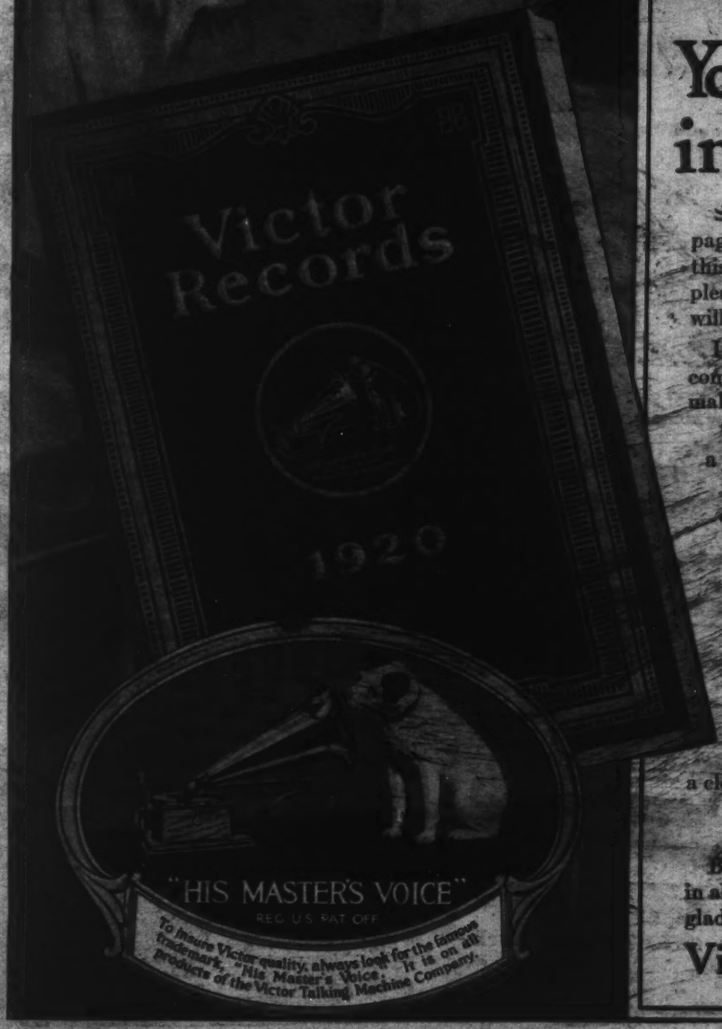
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Volume 52
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(Portrait of Miss Lola Fisher)

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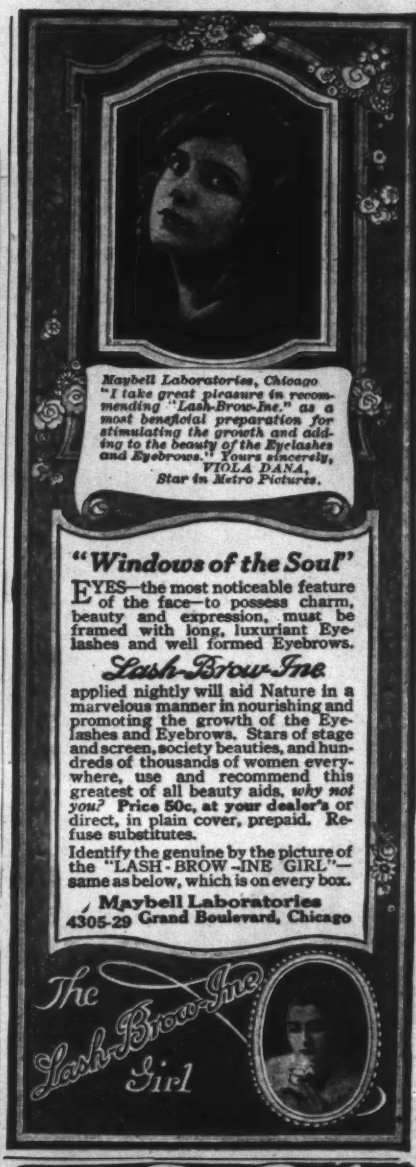

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The Couple Who Spent Every Cent

WHERE did it all go? Forbes earned a good salary. Neither he nor Mrs. Forbes could be accused of extravagance. But somehow they could never keep more than a few dollars ahead of expenses. Then something happened that gave them a scare—and out of it they found an easy way to get on Easy Street.

ABOUT six months ago I got the scare of my life. Edith was worried, too. But in the end it was one of the best things that ever happened to us.

I guess I had a pretty close call. The doctor said afterwards that he never expected me to pull through.

But it wasn't my own sickness that gave me my fright—at least, I wasn't alarmed about myself. It was the sick condition of the family finances, and thinking of Edith and the boy that put me in a panic.

There I was, flat on my back in bed; a big doctor's bill running up; a trained nurse to pay every week; and no reserve to fall back on—*not a dollar* laid by for emergency.

Luckily, the firm was good enough to continue my salary without a break, or I don't know what we would have done.

The things that went through my mind during that slow process of getting well made me feel like a criminal. Suppose the worst had happened? No provision for Edith and the boy except a little insurance—the total amount not enough to last more than a year at the rate we have been living.

It hurt like a stab. It seems incredible that two people in their right minds could drift along the way we had been doing, constantly living up to the last cent, constantly on the edge of a slippery precipice. Yet, according to statistics, something like 50% of all the men in America over sixty years of age are dependent on relatives or charity for support—including men who had earned princely incomes when in their prime. Think of it! And all because they had failed to look ahead—*had never learned how to save.* It hit me right between the eyes. For I was thirty-two years old—certainly old enough to know better; yet I wasn't a dollar nearer independence than when I was twenty.

One day, while still in bed, I ran across something in one of the magazines that opened my eyes to our whole trouble.

It said that most people make hard work of saving simply because they don't go to it in the right way. Their money doesn't last because they have no check on it—no definite system for adjusting their outgo to their income. It said the only practical way is the budget system—split your salary up into proportionate parts; allow so much each week for this, so much for that, and then stick to it.

Then the article told of an almost automatic way for doing this—a new system for managing personal affairs; it was called the Ferrin Money Making Account System.

It struck me that this was just what Edith and I needed if we ever expected to get our feet on solid ground. When I showed my discovery to Edith, she agreed with me, and immediately sent for the complete system.

That little step has proved to be our *salvation.* It has helped us put nearly $500 in the bank in less than six months—out of the same salary that was formerly never enough. At the same time it helped us to pay a big doctor's bill without ever missing the money.

The Ferrin Money Making Account System has shown us how to cut out all that old haphazard, hit-or-miss kind of spending, how to save money that we formerly frittered away—how to stop the little leaks that were keeping us poor.

"The things that went through my mind during that slow process of getting well made me feel like a criminal."

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is simplifying money matters for thousands upon thousands of people all over the country—helping square up bills and debts—putting money in the bank for people who never before saved a cent. It will help you in the same way. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money Making Account Book.
The Ferrin Kitchen Calender (for the household).
The Ferrin Pocket Account Book.
The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register.
The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record.

Compact information is given on Making a Budget, Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Safe Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

The Pocket Account Book (price when sold separately, 50 cents) contains printed slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calender (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8¼x10½ inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back — Cadet Blue Cover, Paper Sides — Turned Edges, semiflexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expenses. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at the end of the year.

One Money Saving Feature

A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. The following items, for example, are deductible: interest on personal indebtedness; taxes on land; buildings and household property; war taxes on club dues; theatre tickets, transportation, telephone messages, telegrams, tobacco, etc.; contributions to churches, charitable, scientific or educational institutions which are not conducted for profit. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages size 5x8 inches, price separately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost, which is 50c when sold separately.

Two Minutes A Day

The Ferrin Money Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Any grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task.

Now you need not worry about the money you spend for clothes, food, rent, or the Theatre. You will spend it freely because you know how much you can afford to spend.

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how the Ferrin Money Making Account System works magically, no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete System without your sending us any money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and back will come the System by return mail. If you feel that you can afford not to have it, simply send it back, and you will owe nothing.

But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now making a special short-time offer of only $3 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold for $3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Account Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, $6. And in addition you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50c, or $2.00. You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing $8.00 value for only $3.00.

But we can make this special combination offer only for a limited time. You are therefore urged to mail the coupon—now—to do so costs nothing and does not obligate you in any way, and it may be a revelation to you of how much more you can get out of your income.

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McClure's 1-19

READ

Letter from Head of Financial Department of Largest Corporation of its kind in the United States.

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In our company we have 3,000 employees and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice in regard to the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had any intelligent idea of their income and their living expenses.
The simplicity of your plan, which, by comparison with previous methods of account keeping, would seem to be well-nigh automatic, appeals to me strongly.
They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that I am going to use the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses, and consider it will make money for me right from the start."
(*Signed*) D. S. BURTON.

Letter from A. B. Dick, Jr., of the A. B. Dick Company of Chicago, Manufacturers of the Edison-Dick Mimeograph Machine.

"I can candidly say that all the record books which you have issued are practically invaluable to the man who wishes to handle his personal and household accounts in the proper manner. I have seen several systems to take care of these matters, but yours covers the ground in a more thorough manner than any of them.
To further show my appreciation I would like to have three copies of your Investment and Insurance Register, and also one copy of the "Money Making Account Book" if these are off the press and available. It would be particularly gratifying to have them in sufficient time for the opening of the new year. If you will forward your bill I will be very gald to remit."
(*Signed*) A. B. DICK, JR.

Make Your New Year Smile!

FOREMOST among the good things ushered in by the New Year will be a bigger and richer McCLURE'S—a McCLURE'S which will be the last word in magazine brilliancy, interest and helpfulness. The February number, for instance, is full of all-star features. The keenest judges of fiction will find their desires amply satisfied by it. Arthur Stringer, Edna Ferber, Leonard Merrick, Richard Washburn Child, Ellis Parker Butler, Maximilian Foster, and a score more creators of powerful fiction and timely, thrilling articles will contribute to make it the strongest number we have yet published. But—February McCLURE'S is only a foretaste of what will come to you through 1920 and the years that follow. Writers who have become famous through their ability to strike the strongest, most human and most constructive notes will bring their most vital work to McCLURE'S.

If you were your own publisher, and tried to assemble for yourself the contributions which will appear in one issue of the enlarged and enriched McCLURE'S, they would cost you a fortune. But, because you are one of a group of over a half-million readers who combine to purchase McCLURE'S, you secure this superb collection of fiction for—just 25 cents!

Pay your quarter ungrudgingly to your news-dealer. You will get your money's worth ten times over. And, if you are one of those persons who like to have the magazine come monthly to your door, and who feel like making a saving by subscribing by the year, here is a money-making chance for you:—

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Send in your subscription, beginning with the February number. If you are not satisfied with this foretaste of McCLURE'S for 1920 and 1921, we will cancel your subscription on request.

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McC 1-20

Why Some Foods Explode In the Stomach

And How 48 Hours Makes New Stomachs from Old

By R. S. THOMPSON

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract. Yet in a surprisingly large number of cases even chronic stomach trouble can be remedied in from 48 to 72 hours.

Physical efficiency is the backbone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly successful.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Of course, there are successful men who have weak digestions, but they are exceptions to the rule. They succeeded *in spite* of their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The cause of practically all stomach disorders —and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxins which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known, with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed. And the remarkable part of it all is that Eugene Christian's methods often remedy chronic cases of stomach trouble in 48 hours.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased six pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating. And he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was super-aciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about 30 days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons, including special summer menus which enable you to withstand the heat and retain winter's vigor.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice. Technical terms have been avoided—every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and will find that you secure results with the first meal. And if you suffer from acid stomach it is quite likely that your trouble will be successfully overcome in from 48 to 72 hours.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 101, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to inclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.50, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves are more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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Dept. 101, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you $3.50.

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Old Fashioned, Tiresome and Expensive Way

Eighteen different aluminum utensils to wash. Warm, tiresome work to dry and put them all away. Cost of this outfit about $18.00.

Patent No. 5,879, October 7, 1919

Compact, Nested 18-in-1 Aluminum Set

Mabel Dulon Purdy, McClure's Food Editor, says of it.—"A few utensils—high in quality, simple and sound in construction, artistic in design—adaptable to the varying needs of your household, this is the new standard:—Does your kitchen equipment meet it? This '18-in-1' set admirably conforms to this standard."

New, Easy Way Practical, Economical

New "18-in-1" Aluminum Set. Just a minute or two to wash, dry and snugly nest it. About one-third the price of the 18 utensils—and does the same work BETTER.

SEND NO MONEY

Some of its Uses

Tea Kettle

Handsome five-quart tea kettle made seamless of good, solid Aluminum. Has a non-heating handle and cover knob. Spout specially designed to pour easily and to permit filling direct from any ordinary kitchen faucet.

Colander

For draining vegetables or washing lettuce and for many other uses, the perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander.

Steamer

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you have a steam cooker that will cook two articles at the same time, thus saving space and fuel.

Casserole

Simply put the cover on your pudding pan and you have an excellent casserole, or bake dish. Splendid for baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, escalloped corn, apples and other dishes.

At last! A wonderful time and labor saver—an invention that every busy housewife will welcome. A compact set of excellent kitchen Aluminum Ware that takes the place of eighteen useful utensils at about one-third of the cost. May be used singly or in combination for practically every cooking purpose. Will cook two or three different foods at the same time on stove space sufficient for the kettle alone. Only a few utensils to clean, and they may be snugly "nested" when not in use. A brand new idea, different from any other combination. Examine this set in your own home at our expense. The coupon below brings it promptly.

Convenient and Practical

Every housewife will appreciate the convenience of this new "18-in-1" Aluminum Set. It consists of 4 basic pieces, out of which 18 combinations can be made. It is just the compact cooking equipment she has long felt the need of. It takes up so little room, and every utensil is so handily got at, that after once using it she couldn't get along without it.

And it is just as practical as it is convenient. Its basis is the ever-useful tea-kettle. It will cook chicken or meats in the delicious casserole style; boil or stew; make puddings and cakes; steam cereals and frosting; coddle eggs; mould jellies, etc. Combine the utensils and they will cook two or three different foods at the same time. Its uses are many and new ones will continually develop.

Saves Time, Fuel and Work

Just think of the time and work it saves. Aluminum heats up more quickly than iron or enamel ware and retains the heat longer, speeding up the cooking and keeping the food piping hot. Then two or three different foods may be cooked in the set at the same time. After using, the utensils can be easily and quickly cleaned and will shine like a bright, new, silver dollar. It takes but a moment to "nest" them in the compact manner pictured above, and the work is done. Thousands of women have heartily approved of this "18-in-1" work-saving, space-saving, fuel-saving set.

Seamless, Stout Aluminum

Every utensil in this set is made of the purest, heaviest Aluminum. All are made in one piece—no seams to leak. You will be just as delighted with the bright, silvery finish of the aluminum as you will with its quality and the way every article is made. With ordinary care the set will last a life-time, giving sterling service every day in the year.

Inspect It Without Risk

Cut out, fill in and mail coupon. Send no money unless you prefer to save 5% by paying cash. You will pay the postman a first payment of $2.00 and then send us two monthly payments of $2.50, until the full price, $7.00, has been paid.

If you decide not to keep the set, send it back to us in 5 days and all the money you have paid us will be cheerfully refunded. Hundreds of women are buying this set from us under these fair conditions. We pledge you satisfaction or your money back. You run no risk.

Send the Coupon Right Now ⟶

Berkeley Building **BERKELEY SALES COMPANY** **New York, N. Y.**

Some of its Uses

Egg Poacher

The kettle with the rack and egg tins makes an unsurpassed egg poacher. Eggs cooked in this way have a very agreeable flavor, and a most inviting appearance.

Jelly Moulds

The three jelly moulds (which are also used for egg poaching) are of just the right size and shape for use as containers of jelly, gelatin and marmalade. Each mould is fitted with a convenient handle.

Double Boiler

Another combination is easily made by placing the covered two-quart pudding pan inside the large kettle. This gives you a perfect double boiler in which you can steam rice, make oatmeal and other cereals, etc.

NO MONEY COUPON

BERKELEY SALES CO.
Berkeley Bldg., 18 W. 45th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me, carrying charges paid by you, **The New Idea "18-in-1" Aluminum Set**

I will pay the postman who delivers it, a first payment of $2.00, and then send by mail two monthly payments of $2.50 each until $7.00 has been paid. I have the privilege, however, of returning the set to you within five days, in which case you agree to refund my money in full. (Cash buyers pay the postman $6.65).

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(*McC., 1-20*)

THE BUSINESS VALUES OF PELMANISM—By George Creel

PELMANISM is able to guarantee advancement and increased incomes for the very simple reason that it gives workers the qualities that employers are hoping for and searching for. Salary is no longer the determining consideration: the main thing is intelligent service.

One of the country's greatest executives, speaking recently to the writer, made this statement:

"For every efficient man or woman, there are ninety-nine inefficients. Stenographers who listen with one ear only, secretaries who can't remember, clerks who keep their eyes on the clock, department heads who are afraid to make decisions of their own, superintendents utterly lacking in initiative and originality—nearly all of them a wool-gathering lot without ability to concentrate on anything but quitting time. Not one in a hundred with any real interest in their work beyond doing as little as they can for the money they get."

The same complaint comes from the trades and professions. Carelessness, laziness, and indifference, instead of intelligent enthusiasm, driving purpose, and quick thinking. A wil ingness to "stay put" instead of the eager ambition that fairly begs for new opportunities and larger responsibilities. As a result, employers of every kind are the *hunters today*, scouring the country in search of men and women who can "deliver the goods."

It used to be the case that one or two lines in the "Help Wanted" columns answered every business necessity. Pick up the papers today, however, and one will find expensive display advertisements such as these:

"We have an immediate opening for a man with the ability to organize, direct, and get results from a staff of salesmen. He must have balance. He must have speed. He must have initiative and imagination. Above all, he must have personality. For the right man, this carries with it the chance to accomplish some of the biggest things ever done in business, and we wish to leave no stone unturned to find the right man."

"An industrial corporation offers an unusual opportunity for a man between 25 and 38 who possesses forceful personality and good business judgment. A place on the Board of Directors to the man who can qualify, in addition to a liberal salary."

The Master Words of Modern Life

INITIATIVE! Imagination! Personality! Good judgment! Originality! These are the master words of modern life, and it is precisely these qualities that Pelmanism develops, strengthens, and directs. It opens your mind for *inspection*, letting you see wherein you are strong, wherein you are weak; and, even as it adds to strength, so does it correct weakness.

Where the average employer makes a mistake is in assuming that inefficiency is willful and premeditated. He is convinced that his employees do not *want* to give good service and to have real interest in advancement. This is true in very few cases. The general run of working men and women have no desire to cheat, most of them have their hopes of holding places of power and distinction, and all of them want to earn more money. The trouble is that they express themselves in *day-dreams* and not in *action*.

When analyzed, this is seen to be a misfortune, not a fault. How can they *listen* when they have never been taught concentration? How can they have *initiative* and *originality*, when our educational system tries its best to turn pupils into parrots and have them all *uniform* in type? How can they have *purpose*, and hold to it, when our life ignores the fundamental truth that the human mind has got to be exercised in order to *be fit* and *stay fit*? As a matter of fact, the majority of workers are doomed to day-dreams because their training, or lack of it, has robbed them of their *mental teeth*. They can't take hold and hang on. The mind, unused to continued effort, tires quickly and jumps from one thing to another like a grasshopper.

Pelmanism Trains the Mind

PELMANISM does the simple, obvious thing. First of all, it teaches self-realization. Very few people really know themselves. They imagine they are this or that, and blunder through life the victims of their own ignorance. In the second place, Pelmanism trains the mind, exercising it scientifically, meeting its new strengths with new tests, until, at the end, there is perfect balance, full power, and an amazing endurance.

Another great mistake, and one made generally, is the assumption that business is a purely *mechanical* process. In older countries, where wealth is far enough removed from the source to be rid of any vulgar suggestion of having been earned, business is looked down upon, and contemptuously dismissed as "trade." This theory has even gained ground in the United States, and while some of the misunderstanding

GEORGE CREEL

proceeds from affectation and snobbery, there is, on every hand, a general, well-grounded belief that business calls for the *hard* qualities, not the fine ones—that it is a thing of routine, not a drama of inspiration.

As a matter of fact, modern business is an organization as interesting as it is vast, and its operations make steady and imperative demands upon every mental quality. Not a day passes that its generals, captains, and corporals are not called upon to bring the functions of the mind into instant operation at high pressure. Routine efficiency is not enough.

The call is for the quick leaping brain that is able to create ideas, to find fresh viewpoints, to make decisions as logical as they are swift, and to manufacture opportunities, instead of waiting for them. Imagination, courage and resourcefulness are as much tangible assets as stocks and bonds, for business today is not a "church social," but a *battle*.

Pelmanism Develops Imagination

THE competitive factor is ever present and important. There are always the "other fellows" to be considered. What are they doing? In business as well as in war, victories are won by quick thinking, quick striking. The Germans lost Paris because they *walked* their soldiers across Belgium. Armies had always marched, and the Germans followed tradition. Gallieni commandeered every taxicab in Paris and *rode* his poilus to the Marne. Had any German general possessed Gallieni's imagination and shot his Huns across Belgium in automobiles, the French defense would not have had time to form.

Here is a parallel. It was the habit of a certain metropolitan newspaper to carry the electroplates in an ele ator from one room to a room seven floors below. A new foreman padded the bottom of the shaft and threw down the plates, saving an average of three minutes, forty-eight seconds. This enabled the paper to place its "extras" in the streets ahead of its rivals, a time saving that meant success for the paper whenever a big story "broke." In the same way, imagination and originality have always overcome difficulties and ruled the world.

Thousands of dollars were being lost by lack of means to "keep" eggs, meats, etc. They "spoiled" and there was "nothing to do about it." A young chap rejected this point of view. With initiative that would not be downed, with a vision seeing beyond all obstacles, and with an originality that defied discouragement, he continued his effort, and cold storage was the result.

Pelmanism Develops Business Power

BUSINESS is the *Great American Romance*. It is business that has harnessed the stream, tunneled the mountain and the river, turned deserts into orchards, and made the United States *the* world power in one hundred and forty-three years. It calls for the *best* and it *deserves* the best. It is this *best* that Pelmanism develops, trains, and directs.

Business needs the *whole* mind, not just part of it. It is often the case that a man of vision, forethought, initiative, resource, courage, and confidence is forced to confess that he has "no head for detail." On the other hand, masters of detail "fall down" when the big problem comes along.

The fault in each case is an incompletely developed mind, a mind which has been developed on one side but not on the other.

The Pelmanist finds no difficulty in assimilating detail and he rises supreme when big issues confront him. His training gives him the balanced mind, the alert mind, the mind that is receptive and responsive. And that is just the type of mind which achieves success with almost miraculous ease while other men lag behind, puzzled, confused, and inert.

Go Forward or Go Back

THE appeal of Pelmanism is neither narrow nor specialized. The beginner will find the secret of promotion in it. The veteran "job holder" will get from it new courage, self-confidence, and a resourcefulness that will lift him above his fears and out of his ruts. Executive heads will discover that Pelmanism takes up "mental slack," tones up the mind processes, and acts as a tonic to vision, decision, and imagination. Business permits no standstill. Those who do not *go forward* commence to *drop back*.

The great course comes at a great time. Never before in the history of American business were such chances open to intelligent ambition. Our whole industrial and commercial structure is in process of reconstruction. A world is waiting to be rebuilt. At home, and in the far places of earth, great tasks call to the creative, constructive, and administrative forces of American life. Old barriers are down, the gates of success swing wide, and the ranks of the country's workers are being *combed* for the "right sort."

(*Signed*) GEORGE CREEL.

Make Yourself That "Right Sort"!

MAKE yourself a Pelmanist. Do for yourself what 400,000 other men and women have done—put yourself in a mental position not alone to grasp opportunity when it comes, but to *make* opportunity come to you.

Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." You can carry one of the "Little Gray Books" about with you in your pocket and study at your leisure. The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

Send for your copy of "Mind and Memory," a booklet that describes Pelmanism in fascinating detail. This booklet alone is really a lesson in Pelmanism. It is so rich in the facts of mind and memory cultivation that you will treasure it as your first step toward the development of the new man or woman that Pelmanism will make you.

Send for "Mind and Memory" Today

THE booklet is free. Fill out and mail the coupon or a postcard—today—now—before you forget it. Take your first lesson in the rudiments of Pelmanism—don't procrastinate—decide to do a thing and then *do it—now*, not later. Write to Pelman Institute of America, Suite 320, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA,
Suite 320, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your free booklet, "Mind and Memory."

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(All correspondence strictly confidential.)

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(Will Save 20% On Your Pencil Bill)

Yes— **Here's a pencil that equals a wood pencil 25, 30, or even 50 feet long—in fact it is EVERLASTING, yet you can carry it in your vest pocket like a fountain pen.**

POSITIVELY
one of the greatest inventions of late years

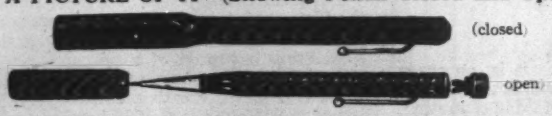
THE BANKERS "ALWAYS SHARP" PENCIL

FULLY PATENTED

JUST THINK! A Pencil 25 feet long——!!!
That's what a "BANKERS ALWAYS SHARP" means.

You will "whittle away" and waste 25 feet of ordinary lead pencils before you will USE UP the supply of lead contained in the chamber of a "BANKERS ALWAYS SHARP."
And a fresh chamber full of leads cost only 5 cents!—Yes, an entire year's supply for a nickel!

HERE'S A PICTURE OF IT—(Showing Pencil Closed and Open)



OBSERVE IN ILLUSTRATION BELOW HOW JUST A FEW "TWISTS" PRODUCE A NEEDLE POINT

Hold "Sharpening Device" firmly with left thumb and finger, then twist pencil back and forth gently with slight pressure—that's all.

A Needle Point in 3 Seconds!

Waste no time sharpening wood pencils—hunting a knife or running to a sharpener—no more money for wasted wood and lead—for here, at last, is the perfect pencil.

SHARPENING DEVICE IS HAND MADE AND OF TEMPERED STEEL

THE ENTIRE PENCIL IS UNQUALIFIEDLY GUARANTEED FOR TEN FULL YEARS

12 REASONS WHY
YOU SHOULD HAVE AN "ALWAYS SHARP"

1—The CHAMBER of pencil holds a full year's supply of leads.
2—TWO Years' supply of leads is furnished with each pencil.
3—It is always ready for use—ALWAYS SHARP.
4—It is fool proof—indestructible, and will last a lifetime.
5—The "clip" prevents loss—it CAN'T BE LOST if directions are followed.
6—The "cap" protects the point—fits on end when in use.
7—It has an adjustable rubber eraser tip—perpetual socket.
8—It is made of fountain pen rubber, and will not tarnish or become brassy.
9—Those who buy, invariably refuse to part with it at any price.
10—It will pay for itself every few months—it ends lead pencil expense.
11—It is a genuine $2.00 value—notwithstanding we sell it for $1.50.
12—It is fully patented and guaranteed TEN YEARS.

FULL COMMERCIAL SIZE (6¼ inches.)
Complete with cap, clip, eraser tip, sharpener, and Two Years' supply of leads. (Indelible if desired) **$1.50**

Don't—

Don't confuse this "ALWAYS SHARP" with other similar pencils on the market.

"ALWAYS SHARPS" have many advantages over any others made.

The Barrel is of genuine Fountain Pen Rubber and WILL NOT TARNISH.

The leads are thicker and will permit of a heavier mark (if desired)—which is not possible with a pencil depending on its diameter for a sharp point.

It is mechanically simple and cannot get out of order—as others do, continually causing trouble because of complicated mechanism.

The leads in "ALWAYS SHARPS" do not "stick" nor are the points forever breaking at the "clutch."

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76 Fifth Ave.
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Introduction by Major-General LEONARD WOOD

A New Kind of Roosevelt Book

More Thrills than in Fiction

Crowded with Anecdotes and Dramatic Incidents

IF YOU like stories full of excitement and at the same time full of inspiration; if you love to read about heroic achievements; if you want to read about the wild yet wholesome life on the prairies, about encounters with desperadoes and "bad Indians," cattle stampedes, grizzly and lion and elephant hunts;

Or if you are a woman worried with the cares of a family and want to know what a great thinker like Roosevelt thought of a woman's cares and problems;

Or if you want to read of explorations in unpenetrated jungles; or of important events in American history like the building of the Panama Canal or the sending of the fleet around the world;

If you are interested in knowing how a boy born under severe physical handicaps became almost a superman in strength and activity;

If, in short, you want to find out just what kind of stuff and experiences a man must possess to be a leader of American thought and action—

The book that you want, the 300-page book that is awaiting you, is

"GREAT-HEART:
The Life tory of
THEODORE ROOSEVELT"
By Daniel Henderson

The volume is abundantly illustrated and includes Ding's famous cartoon, "The Long Trail."

What the Critics Say

"Seldom do we find a volume written in such a simple, natural style."—New York Tribune.

"A biographical narrative . . . not unlike a combination photograph showing a multitude of Roosevelts in characteristic poses."—The New York Sun.

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"Every page of the volume is interesting. If one seeks to get a clear-cut idea of Theodore Roosevelt's fascinating and many-sided personality, one cannot do better than buy this volume."—Christian Endeavor World.

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Send me "GREAT-HEART: THE LIFE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT," and enter my subscription to McClure's Magazine for one year. I will send you $3.25 when my bill comes to me within 30 days, in full payment for the book and magazine (a $4.75 value).

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(If you desire credit and are not known to us, send your business letter-head or enclose name of 2 references.)

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McClure's Magazine in 1920 will cost you $3.00 a year if bought by the single copy. Its contributors will include Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Arthur Stringer, P. G. Wodehouse, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Holworthy Hall, Maximilian Foster, Sophie Kerr, Gertrude Atherton, and scores of writers of this calibre. The book "Great-Heart" sells for $1.75 in the stores. Here is a $4.75 value which you can secure for $3.25 if you act at once. Send no money now, unless you prefer. The $3.25 can be sent within 30 days. Insure yourself this treasury of good reading and save $1.50 by mailing the coupon right now.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
New York, N. Y.

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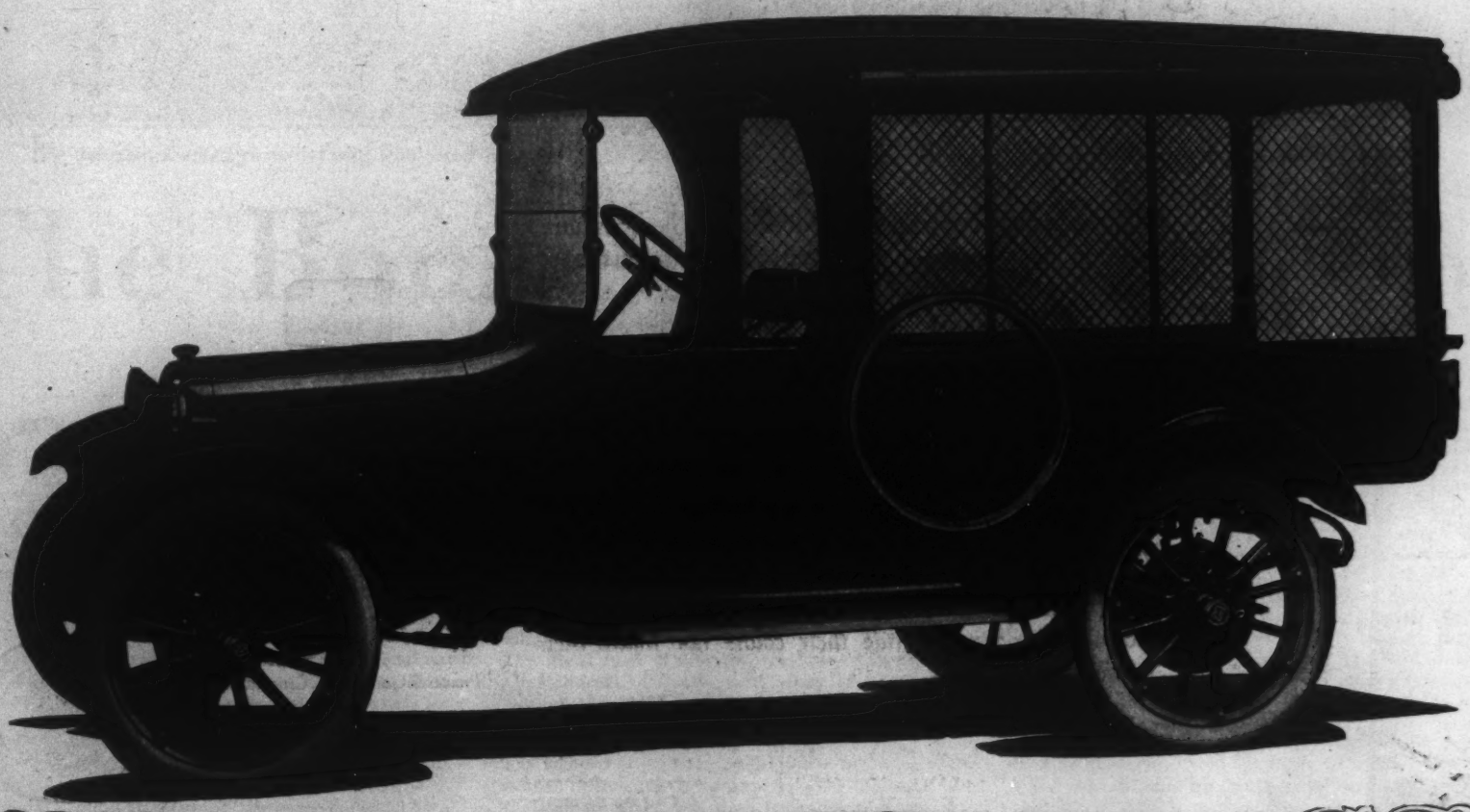
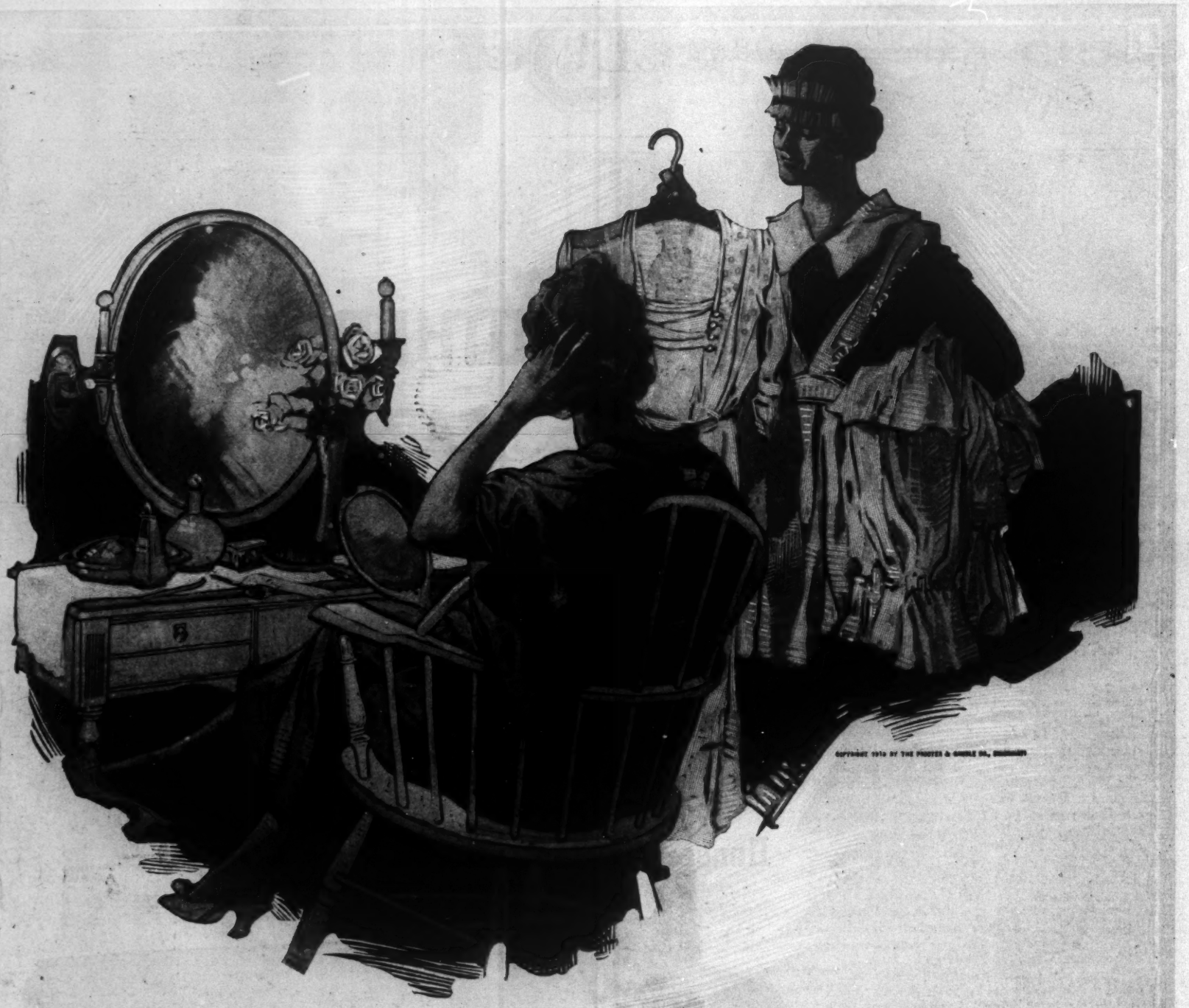
BUSINESS CAR

The car is so light, so certain in its performance, and so free from necessity of repair, that the saving in delivery is actual and real

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT





THE goodness of Ivory Soap is reflected in the lustrous hair, the soft, smooth skin, and the fresh, dainty garments of the well-groomed woman.

Her hair keeps its beautiful natural gloss because Ivory's thick lather is so pure and mild that it cleanses the scalp thoroughly without affecting its nourishing oils.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS

Volume 52
Number 1

McCLURE'S

JANUARY
1920

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

The assassin started forward and then laughed craftily. "You must think I am one big fool to make a listening from you, eh?" he said.

The Bomb—*by* Richard Washburn Child

A Tense Story of a Man in a Ticklish Situation

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

DON'T throw it!"

"Don't throw it?" The other was astonished by this suggestion.

"No, don't throw it; if you throw it, you'll be killed yourself. Life is thought by some to be desirable, and if you happen to be one of those persons who like to get up and dress in the morning, you may as well wait and throw it later. I suggest that you throw it when only I will be blown to bits."

The sun, the bright sun of the autumn afternoon, came over the high hedge of Jessup Johnson's garden. It laid out a staring carpet of brightness on the yellow-sanded tennis-court, with its crackling white lines and its snow-white net; it became a softer varnish for the deep moist green of the perfect lawn; it threw rays on the nodding heads of yellow, purple, red, blue and delicate white blossoms that a four-thousand-dollar gardener had been able, all through the early frosts, to make bloom around the edges of the space enclosed by a wall of evergreen hedge, flanked by graceful poplars always bowing in obeisance. It almost blinded Johnson himself; the industrial king who owned the million-dollar estate had looked up into the contorted face of the unkempt man from whose uplifted right hand the bomb was about to be hurled among the wicker tables, chairs and swinging-seats to the brick floor of the porch.

The great man of the corporations could see that the instrument of death would land at his feet, but now that the other had hesitated, he blew the cloud of his own rich cigar smoke away and tried to see what kind of person the assassin might be.

The shrewd eyes of the well-known magnate recognized the differences between the other man and himself. Both were not less than forty-five and not more than on the threshold of middle age; Johnson, however, was clean, and the other man was not clean. Johnson had shown enough presence of mind to remain seated and motionless, but even as he leaned back in the wicker chair with his highball at his hand on the tabouret, any one could tell that he was taller and thinner than the other and stood straighter when standing and was without the peculiar droop of shoulders of the intruder. His face was far older than the face of the stranger; it was full of lines around the eyes and thin-shaven lips, making for a cold compactness wholly absent from the stranger's knobbed features, with its low and bulging forehead on which the veins were marked in oily bas-relief and its sensual mouth which had sagged as if worn out by indulgences.

"What's your name, by the way?" said Johnson, flicking the ashes from his cigar to conceal the horror which was clicking his bony knees together through the thin fabric of his trousers.

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"My name is Blum," said the other. "But it shouldn't do you no good to know it because immediately you will know nothing."

The assassin had come upon his victim unexpectedly; he had come along the wall of the château looking behind him exactly as a conspirator does in a drama. Any observer would have said that he was distinctly theatrical. The furtive glances directed backward, however, had brought him almost into Johnson's lap, while Johnson with his eyes half closed was figuring what American financiers should do to save Europe with American credits, to rush the Treaty of Peace and to make a little on the side. The man still held the piece of brass pipe aloft as if ready to hurl it.

"Well, Blum," said the rich man, "I'm going to give you an exhibition of nerve before you blow me to Hell. And I'll begin by telling you that there is no need to throw that thing. It is a time-bomb."

"How did you know that?" the other asked, with staring eyes.

"That is something which for the moment is neither here nor there. How long before the blooming thing will go off?"

"Twenty minutes," answered Blum.

The man reclining in his wicker chair dipped his long cold fingers into a silk-lined pocket of his waistcoat and produced a handsome gold watch. He looked at it as it ticked up at him from the palm of his hand. He said, "It is now four o'clock, almost to the second."

Blum started to speak, but Johnson interrupted him with a gesture. He licked his thin lips and said, "I know exactly what you're going to say, Blum."

"What was I goin' to say?" the visitor asked incredulously.

"You were going to say that you agreed with me that there is no hurry. Of course you wouldn't express yourself as I do, Blum, because you can't."

"I'm a thinker," said Blum.

"You're a greasy jackass," replied Johnson. "Before I die I shall have the pleasure of telling you exactly what you are. I am usually polite, but since you are going to kill me and so do to me the rudest thing you can, I'll put manners aside in favor of a man who has none."

THE other flushed red with anger; he raised his arm threateningly.

"Throw it if you want," said Johnson coolly, "and be damned to you! Only, if you do, we'll both be in such little bits that no one can tell which is you and which is me, and then the one thing you might learn to-day will never be known to you."

With his free hand Blum touched his black flowing tie, which gave him an artistic and philosophical make-up. He grumbled and said, "Why didn't you tell me what I was going to say?"

"I will," replied the millionaire. "You were going to say that you knew that I was alone here, that the family and servants have gone up to the city, that my wife ——"

"You needn't pull any soft stuff about the wife and children."

"I won't if it offends you. The truth is that I do not love my wife a great deal. I fear that she married me for money, as it were. And she has grown rather stout. As for children, we have none."

"Well, go on."

"Yes, Blum, you were going to say that you knew that the nearest help to which I can call are the grooms away off in the stables. In that you are quite right. I came down here unexpectedly to occupy my room for the night — to have quiet, peace and time to think. It is true that I am alone. Even the caretaker has gone to town for the day. Besides, if I even opened my mouth for one yell, you would run back to the lawn there, hoping to get far enough away to save yourself, and you would throw the nasty thing and splatter me on that wall behind that statue of Aphrodite."

"Well, it's true, ain't it? I could do it so?"

"Of course. Therefore, having twenty minutes to live, if you do not blow me to splinters before, I shall take advantage of that time to behave myself most beautifully. I may insult you, Blum, but I am not fool enough to spring at your throat."

"What good would it do yer — even if I had no bomb, eh? Or no revolver, eh? I'd beat yer up."

"I doubt it," said Jessup. "Really I doubt it. You fellows of coarse stuff who work with your hands when you're not agitating a revolution have an advantage over us desk fellows. We get very soft and our digestion goes bad, but somewhere underneath we have a set of nerves that makes up for our lack of brawn. Perhaps you would care to take that bomb out beyond the edge of the tennis court. There is a parapet there. You could throw it into the Sound. And then if you come back here I will show you that I can whip your buttery face into a custard."

Blum looked into the lean, resolute countenance of the other and his eyes tried to sneak away.

"You think you got a monkey business, eh?" he said, looking up from the bomb in his hand. "What's the use from my throwing away what I got to make you a hash?"

"Yes, that's it," said J. J. with a sigh. "You fellows are always preaching against force. You are the pacifists, the brotherly-love boys, and you hate might, you say. You call yourselves intellectuals, as you have just done. But when it comes to a show-down it's you fellows who will bounce a brickbat on a baby's bean or beat a pretty girl's teeth out because she doesn't love you. You're the same old human animal — which at the bottom is a creature of contest and conflict and prey. I understand some of you I. W. W. fellows have called me a wolf. Well, I am a wolf. We are all wolves. I am a trained wolf; you are an untrained wolf. That's the difference between us — one of the differences, my friend."

Blum's countenance suddenly filled with light; it was as if his soul had tried to shine through his unattractive mortal flesh.

"Thees is a lie," he said. "You know what the red flag is? The newspaper — he say means fire — anarchy — such a business. Vell, no. It means it the blood what flows in the veins of every man, woman and child — it means it the brotherhood of man."

"Ah, yes," said Johnson. "I know for many centuries men were cutting each other's throats for the love of God — and now you poor boobs in Russia and all around are doing it for the love of man. It's a damned shame that we, none of us, like the truth. It's too bad that we can't be told by any one that we are kidding ourselves about our own nature. We've built up a system to hold that nature in check and to be able to do things by acting together, and that's what civilization is — the only part of it worth keeping. You fellows who are on the war-path say you want to rid the world of the trained wolves. But you can't move a step without exposing the fact that you are wolves, too — only snarling and scrapping, starving and baying at the moon, and, whenever there is a bone thrown among you, you fall to fighting over it with the manners of the wolves of B.C. 8,000 instead of A.D. 1920. Same old avarice. Same old hunger. Same old teeth. But all the training and experience of centuries taken off like a muzzle and thrown back into the face of God."

Blum raised his free hand with its clenched fist and as if he were about to have a stroke of apoplexy, he cried out, "Ve don't believe in God!"

"No, of course not," replied Johnson soothingly. "That's the first step of a man who wants to do as he damn well pleases."

Blum was silent. He had an argument; any one could see that he was tempted to speak, but it appeared futile to begin to reason with a brain which would soon be on the wall. Johnson recognized that this thought was in the other's mind; he looked down at his handsome gold watch and said, "We have hardly fourteen minutes left. That is interesting — like catching a train."

FOR a moment there was silence. The two men could hear the birds twittering and chorusing in the trees; they could hear the flies buzzing around the porch in the sun as if glad to assert their lack of respect for the millionaire's magnificent estate. One of these flies lit at Johnson's feet, and he smiled as if thinking that he and the fly might bear each other company into the next world.

"Will you have a cigar, Blum?" asked the host, pushing the opened box toward the social scuttler.

"No, I won't."

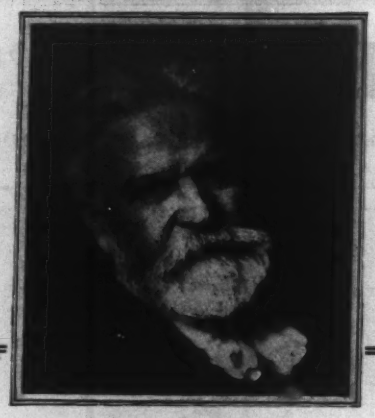
"Why not?"

"It is come from the profits of capitalism — what squeezes the blood from the hearts."

"Yes, I hate it, too," Johnson replied good-naturedly. "Perhaps if we thought about it enough we might find something better. I've been trying to think of something better. If we could think of something better we would have another harness on the human wolf, wouldn't we? We'd have put the peg of Civilization in the next hole, eh?"

"You are lying — you are," said Blum with a growl.

"You say that because you don't know me. And I don't know you, [*Continued on page 36*]



Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Three New Poems

by Edwin Markham

Who wrote "The Man with the Hoe"

I

The Imperishable

YOU tell me that your name will fade,
Will vanish from me as a shade —
That you, in worlds to come, will pass
As vapor from a shining glass;
That in my spirit you will be
A raindrop melted in the sea.

No, Love, I might forget your brow,
Dream-lighted and immortal now;
I might forget your shining hair
That is my wonder and despair;
I might forget your shoulder's curve,
That cryptic smile, that old reserve.
Yes, even your soul so touched with sun
Might sink into oblivion;
Yet something beautiful would stay
To gladden my immortal way,
One thing to stir the eternal years —
Your eyes that are so close to tears!

II

The Panther

THE moon shears up on Tahoe now:
The panther leaps to the tamarack bough,
She crouches, hugging the crooked limb:
She hears the nearing steps of him
Who sent the little puff of smoke
That stretched her mate beneath the oak.

Her eyes burn beryl, two yellow balls,
As Fate counts out his last footfalls.
A sudden spring, a demon cry,
Carnivorous laughter to the sky.
Her teeth are fastened in his throat
(The moon rides in her silver boat.)
And now one scream of long delight
Across the caverns of the night!

III

Sir Love

COME in, Sir Love, and bide awhile:
Your wings are wet with rain.
Sit in my chimney's twinkling smile,
But do not bring your pain.

Come: very empty is my heart:
Come with your starry lore.
But leave, oh, leave your bow and dart
Outside my little door!

And then I heard him cry, "Adieu!
I am the cryptic boy:
Unless I bring my grief to you,
I cannot bring my joy!"

What Shall We Do for Servants?

The One and Only Remedy Is Immigration

by **Gertrude Atherton**

Illustration by W. T. Benda

HOW shall we all — or some of us — be happy once more? Is there a short-cut for a few million women? — let man take care of himself. Is it possible there may be a remedy for at least one of the many ills with which we are afflicted?

During these last months the attention of the country — including the newspapers — has been so absorbed with the League of Nations, Senatorial Antics (ostriches all), Strikes, Bolshevism, and every phase of the eternal labor question, that there has been little time for another matter which may come up before the Congress any day; another nut to crack, which, successful or defeated, may be as far-reaching in its consequences as any phase of the Great Unrest, or the ultimate decisions of the Disagreeing Doctors:

Immigration.

Labor, which is slightly intoxicated with its new sense of power and the important part it played perforce in the War, is, not unnaturally, opposed to an influx which inevitably would lead to a reduction of wages. That it would lead to an increase in production and redound, therefore, to the welfare not only of the United States but of afflicted Europe, concerns Labor very little. It knows what it wants and when it wants it, but it has not had time to develop prospicience. And one can hardly blame it. It has been the underdog in an unjust world so long that it is likely to go off at half-cock a good many times before the pressure of civilization as a whole forces a readjustment, brings about once more a condition of stable equilibrium. It has too much of the over-ripe European element in it at present (the worst, not the best), but the American will steady it, and it seems to have thinking and patriotic men at the top.

Labor is not the only class, however, that fears immigration. No one in any class, except the very worst, wants any more Russian Bolsheviki coming in to make trouble, nor any more Germans with their sly, persistent, baleful propaganda. Only the better class of Russians are coming to us at present, and in very small numbers, but the moment Bolshevism is exterminated in Russia, those that escape the heavy hand of punishment will find it comfortable to live anywhere in the world except in Russia; and the United States, as ever, will be their Mecca. If we take them in we deserve the worst that can befall us.

Something like five millions of the disillusioned members of the "Central Empires" have manifested a desire to leave the fatherlands and seek white bread and much elbow room in the Western Hemisphere. They talk of South America, but would come here beyond a doubt if they could obtain entrance. Not only have we a ready-made civilization more like that to which they were accustomed, and a national reputation for honesty and stability, but they know that a decent fortune awaits every man of initiative and enterprise in this land of infinite resource; and, for the inferior but still industrious breeds, a living of some sort.

They also know that we are a race that forgets and forgives very quickly; moreover, that we had so little direct contact with the War that loathing and hatred have died out of all but the stronger and keener minds who felt a deep interest in the War from the first of August, 1914. The average American is neither imaginative nor interested in anything beyond his immediate range. He hardly would have realized the War at all had it not been for the movies; he never reacted in an agony of suspense to Zeppelins overhead, nor to the dreadful uncertainties of Big Bertha. The hundred-odd millions that stayed at home never heard the roar of guns, never saw battalions of filthy, weary soldiers shambling back from the trenches, never passed through city after city where almost every woman and little girl wore black.

THE number of our dead was negligible, and the afflicted families are scattered over a vast area. There is little to remind any of us that a great war has just finished, practically nothing to keep hatred alive. The Armistice is only a little over a year old, but few Germans in our midst are treated to the cold shoulder to-day. Bygones are bygones.

Racial characteristics are ineradicable. We are a soft, easy-going race in times of peace; ruthless only in war, and, that over, glad to forget it. Those of us who realize that since their first appearance in history the Germans have been treacherous, brutal, crafty, arrogant — however servile outwardly — insanely ambitious, and possessed of a deadly persistence, are convinced that nothing will ever change them, and that they are as great a menace to freedom and democracy to-day as they were in March, 1918; the only difference being in the measurement of time.

The goal may be removed, but they are at it and ever at it, and those that trust them might as well go to bed with a rattlesnake.

However, it has always been another characteristic of Americans to believe what they want to believe; in other words, that which gives the pleasantest feeling of security and comfort. And as it would be nothing less than a nuisance to stoke the fires of animosity between themselves and the numerous Germans of their acquaintance — particularly in the business world — they naturally adopt the slogan: "Forget it."

Nevertheless there are some very shrewd and able Americans in high places to-day, to say nothing of newspapers and patriotic organizations, who have no intention of permitting the German menace to materialize in this country. It is doubtful if Germans will be permitted to enter our gates for a good many years to come — unless, to be sure, the sentimentalists among us once more have their way. They are legion and have given more than one exhibition of their power.

Certainly if we do consent to immigration of either Germans or Russians — even if years hence — we should adopt Mr. Ole Hanson's idea of placing them at once where they can be most useful to the country and have the most immediate chance of escape from poverty. If Russian Jews, for instance, had not been permitted to herd on the East Side of New York, and in equivalent districts of other cities, in indescribable squalor and misery, suffering in nine cases out of ten as bitter poverty as in their native land; if they had been taken in hand by a paternal government, given decent lodging, a quick opportunity to make an honorable living, sent to night school and encouraged to use the English language, we should have sent no Bolshevik back to Russia, should have in our midst no desperate fanatics advocating the tyranny of the proletariat, the most fantastic remedy for social ills ever conceived by the human brain.

Trotsky could not have been converted, no matter how wise our social order might have been, when he skulked among us; he was a revolutionary leader with a very big axe to grind, not one of the down-trodden. But he would have made no converts, nor would he have any long-distance admirers in this country to-day.

Our own crimes of omission are too numerous to set down here in detail. Fundamentally we are to blame for all the ills that have befallen or which threaten us. But then it must be remembered that civilization is still a very imperfect thing. Human nature is barely out of the shell. We learn a little after each rude shock, however, and there are enough alert and able brains on the job at the present moment to preserve this country from anything approaching Bolshevism. Moreover, there is the American army. *Verb. sap.*

Immigration is bound to come in time. It is estimated that over a million South Europeans will return to their native lands during the next three years, and they may or may not come back to us.

What is even more significant, increasing thousands of our laborers are well on the way toward becoming capitalists of sorts. If they complain now that wages do not keep pace with prices when they are able to own automobiles, to strike eternally and spend weeks or months in care-free idleness, what will they be when they have received for several years a share in the profits of industry? — a condition as surely on its way as to-morrow's sun. Someone [*Continued on page 69*]

The Ripped Golf Coat

A Wife Who Was Her Own Rival

Here is an anonymous man who fearlessly tells the truth about his married life—and his divorce. Would you have the courage to put your soul on paper as he has done?

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

ALL the good stupid people who had read the story of the Olwell's divorce, and had said to each other that there wasn't the slightest excuse for Jimmie Olwell, and that he behaved outrageously, might just as well hear the other side of it — the side that wasn't brought out in court, and which never would have come out, I suppose, if Jimmie had not been so swamped in bitterness, and so sore at being misunderstood, that he told it to me one Sunday when we had been driven off the Ardsley links by a sudden violent downpour and left to a long afternoon of each other's society with tobacco as our only alleviation.

As I listened to him, I reflected that his story wasn't only true for himself, but it was true for a thousand other married men as well, all over this divorce-easy land of ours. Every eighth marriage ends in divorce, statistics tell us, and I know that many of the eighth marriages are ringers for Jim and Clara Olwell's. It's something to think about.

And a lot of married women who are putting on flesh and playing bridge in the afternoons, who yawn and say, "For *pity's* sake, don't begin talking about business," and who feel mighty virtuous because they don't paint their faces nor run about with other men (they never get the chance), might do well to ponder over Jimmie's tale. Here it is:

Marriage is a queer game, and I'm not the first that's said it, nor will I be the last. I'm commonly reported to have made a mess of mine. Maybe I have. All of Clara's friends, and some of my own, think I'm a mighty unprincipled person, and they're just too dreadfully sorry for "poor dear Clara." I haven't yet decided whether I'm unprincipled or not, but I know, and I know darned well that I haven't made a mess of my life. Believe me, I'm just making a success of it on another side from the material. I've made enough money. Now I'm going to make a little happiness and peace for myself.

You know there's one of these English writers who says that at twenty a man must make up his mind what to take with him in life, and at forty he must make up his mind what to discard. I'm forty-one, and I made up my mind what I was going to discard and I discarded it. That's all there is to my divorce.

A heap of people think that early marriages are the happiest, but that's nonsense. Early marriages are happy if they turn out happy, and middle-age marriages are happy if they turn out happy, and old-age marriages are happy if they turn out happy. It all depends on the individual couple, and this idea that if you catch two people young before their tastes are formed and tie them up together, they will grow into mutual dependence and understanding, is not necessarily true.

YOU'VE known me mighty nearly all my life, and you've known Clara, too. You remember what she was when I married her — slender and vivid and laughing, ready for anything. And always prettily dressed, and so dainty about herself,— a wonderful girl, with the promise of being a wonderful woman. She was nineteen when we were married, and I was twenty-two, and I was crazy about her. She was crazy about me, too.

The things we used to say to each other — I have to smile now when I think of them! We were so sure that we loved each other differently from any other two in the world. We gloried in our similarity of tastes. She was such a good little pal — she'd play tennis with me, and in the canoe she was just as good as I. We swam, we danced, we played together, and we read together, too. Nothing that has happened since will ever dim the memory for me of our first few years together. They were perfect. That's the Clara I shall forever hold in my heart. But she's gone — and she's gone for always.

I had pretty hard sledding at first, for New York's none too easy for a young engineer without any influential friends or connections to boost him. We had to plan carefully on our home expenses, and we used to keep accounts, and see how much we could spend and how much we could save, and when there was a little extra, we'd buy something for our apartment. We used to surprise each other with little gifts — we were just like ever so many other young married people, I suppose. Once I went without smoking for six months to get her a Windsor chair she wanted, and she made her own clothes on the sly for a long time to save money for a silver coffee service we'd set our hearts on. She put it on the table the night of my twenty-seventh birthday.

And, of course, the children came along — three of them — and that meant money was needed, so I put my nose to the grindstone. Even then she helped me — used to type things for me — confidential letters and the like — and she'd read the engineering magazines to me when I was too tired and my eyes too jumpy to read any more myself.

You know what happened — things broke right for me, and I landed a succession of big jobs, and the years between twenty-seven and thirty meant for me all the difference between near-poverty and real money. It came with such a rush I was bewildered by it. I gritted my teeth and vowed that, having made good, I'd *stay* made good, and I worked like a madman. At first I was too busy making it to see what the money was doing to us, but in a year or so I did see. It had built itself like a wall between us, and that wall got higher and higher every day.

For, of course, I poured it into Clara's hands. Here she was, I said to myself,— she'd worked and slaved and stinted herself, she'd been a good little sport through all our poor days, and now she should spend with the best of them. We got a town house, a country house, cars, servants, season opera tickets, God knows what — all the paraphernalia of wealth and luxury.

We had tutors and governesses and maids for the children, I had a valet, Clara had a maid; we tacked to our *ménage* everything that everyone else had that we'd ever imagined having ourselves. I bought jewelry for Clara — she hadn't anything but her wedding and engagement ring, a hundred-and-fifty-dollar diamond, and a cheap little brooch or two,— and I arranged that she should have credit everywhere she wanted it.

IT was fun for me to make it and spend it, I know that; and I suppose I was a good bit like a child in a toy shop. I never took the stuff very seriously, for if you once let the things you own get the upper hand of you, you're gone. You'll be owned by them, and you'll spend your life looking after them. The only way to enjoy things is to buy them, and use them, and wear them out and throw them away and get some more. And that's the smartest thing I ever said, and God's truth. A man who's afraid of his butler ought to be a butler. A man who goes out on Long Island every year and opens up a big house and lives the conventional five-o'clock-tea, round-of-golf, striped-umbrella-on-the-terrace, dinner-coat, chatter-about-hunters-and-Airedales sort of life, when he hates the whole box of tricks, is a slave, and worse than a slave.

I ought to have taken alarm when I first noticed that Clara was taking the thing seriously. She wouldn't take hold of this new life we were dipping into and organize it to suit herself and her personality,— she let a lot of people do it for her. I wanted us to plan our houses, the furnishings and decoration, I mean, just as we'd planned our little apartment, but nothing would do for her but that a couple of interior decorators should have *carte blanche*. She said we'd make a mess of it and maybe we would have, but at least it would have been ours. As it was, we got all dolled up in periods and chintzes and prints and such, which photographed well enough for the Sunday papers, but which were no more like Clara and me and our personal tastes than as if we didn't exist. It was like living in a well-furnished hotel, nothing more.

Then the actual running of these houses. I like to be on friendly terms with everyone who's near me, and I like to know something about them. There's not a man in my office, from the office-boy up, whose name

A Strike That Hurt Our Readers

The November number of McClure's was late. The December issue was also late. The blame does not rest with McClure's Publishers. This serious delay was caused by radical labor leaders who went against the ruling of their international organization, thus tying up the publishing industry of New York City for a long period. Both November and December McClure's were printed in the city of Cincinnati. McClure's expects to go back to its regular date of distribution with the February or March number, regardless of the strike situation.

The unyielding position which McClure's and other magazines have taken in this strike is clearly in the interests of the public. Labor leaders who disregarded even the rules of their guild to serve their own ends are a menace to our social and business life, and must be taught that great industries serving millions of people and treating their employees fairly cannot be hampered nor crushed by men of Bolshevistic tendencies. We thank the public for its support and patience in a crisis from which we are successfully emerging.

"I ripped my old coat—would you mend it?" I asked. She didn't answer and I could feel her sullen anger

and circumstances, I don't know. They are the people I work with every day, and I want to keep them before me as human beings, as well as office help. In a whale of an establishment, of course, it wouldn't be possible to do this. I wouldn't rebuke George B. Cortelyou for not knowing the family ups and downs of every gas-meter inspector of the Consolidated force, for instance, but I've always thought Colonel Roosevelt was splendidly right in his attitude toward everyone he met or worked with. He knew them all, with a simple human friendliness that was, it seems to me, almost the most beautiful thing in all his great qualities. I've humbly tried to pattern myself after him in that respect.

As at the office, so at home. Clara and I had always counted our servants as friends, and true friends they were to us many a time. That was when we had only one or two. There was an old Mary Hunter, who nursed Clara through pneumonia as devotedly as a mother could have done, and wouldn't hear of our having a trained nurse, which she knew perfectly well we couldn't afford. Our doctor said Mary was better than any trained nurse could have been. And we had a couple of others who were just as good. We tried to make all of them feel that we were genuinely interested in them. When our little Scotch nurse girl got married, we had the wedding in our own parlor, for she hadn't a friend nor relative in New York, and it seemed a shame to let a nice girl like that go down to City Hall. She used to come back, after her marriage, and take care of the children, so that Clara and I could have an evening out together, every once in a while. She knew we felt safe when the children were left with her.

It may seem quixotic and foolish to you that I wanted to continue something of this friendliness and kindness to our new big staff of servants, but I did. Clara simply couldn't see it. She said that people with a lot of servants never did it, and we'd only be laughed at and that the thing to do was to get a first rate housekeeper-secretary, and put the running of our various establishments into her hands, and not bother about anything ourselves. So presently we were surrounded by people that were as impersonal to me as the furniture that the interior decorator had selected, and that was the end of that.

So the whole atmosphere of my home was changed, and with it Clara changed, too. I didn't see it for a long time. Gradually, though, I became aware that she didn't want to play tennis any longer, that she didn't want to go tramping off on Sunday afternoons, that she was quite frankly bored when I suggested that we read together. She [*Continued on page 43*]

The Trap

The Second Instalment of an Irrepressible and Captivating Mystery Novel

by Maximilian Foster

CHAPTER V.

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Part II

HIS eyes restless, Lester trudged into the room, the floor quaking under his heavy tread. "Where's Mr. Ashe?" he demanded crisply.

Mawsby, a silent shadow, had followed his master into the room, and was making a pretense of stirring up the fire.

"Mr. Ashe is in the front room, sir," he answered.

The girl was still standing beside the piano. "I think we must be going," she murmured. Her aunt, at the speech, glanced at her sharply.

Lester stirred impatiently. "No, you can't go yet," he said; then he turned to the servant. "Ask Mr. Ashe to wait," he directed; and as Mawsby went out, Lester shot a covert look at Miss Raeburn. She had gone to the fireplace, and was gazing at the glowing coals.

"I say, Mrs. Steese," Lester said abruptly, "if you mean to accept that invitation, you'd better catch Mr. Ashe before he goes. He may wiggle out of it, if you don't."

It was pretty bald. Miss Raeburn, her eyes widening, cast a glance at him. Mrs. Steese, however, lost no time in acquiescing. Evidently she was quick to guess his pretext — Lester's raw subterfuge to get rid of her. Exclaiming gaily, "Don't worry, he won't escape me!" she hurried from the room.

"Sit down, won't you?" asked Lester.

The grin lurking on his jaw at Mrs. Steese's hurried exit had gone now, and he stirred restlessly. The girl by the fireplace seemed to sense it, too.

"Thanks," she murmured, declining the chair he offered; "I'll stand, if you don't mind."

"Suit yourself," mumbled Lester.

He took out and lit another cigarette, at the same time eyeing her furtively from under his heavy lids. The match he blew out deliberately, and for a moment gazed at its expiring ember.

"Funny," he remarked, "I can never get it into my head that Mrs. Steese is your aunt. Your mother's sister, too, you told me, isn't she?"

"No," corrected the girl, "my mother had no sister."

"Yes, of course," Lester nodded, "just your aunt by marriage." He reached over, and gripping the fire-tongs from their rack began aimlessly to prod the coals. "Then, really, she has no claim on you, has she?" he suggested.

"Claim?" echoed the girl.

He nodded idly. "Kinship,— family claims, — that sort of thing."

His back was to her, bent forward as he prodded at the cannel.

"One's aunt has some claim, hasn't she?" she answered slowly.

He gave the fire another jab. He himself hardly noticed that his hand shook.

"Not that sort of claim — others," said Lester, deliberately.

There was a pause. "What do you mean? What claims?" she asked.

LESTER for a moment did not reply. He replaced the tongs in their rack, and as he straightened up his figure seemed to shake. "Look here," he said, his voice breaking curiously; "what's the use of mincing words? You must know why I had you here to-night — why I wanted you here. Be frank, can't you? I've been straight and level with you. For once in my life, anyway, I've done that, and — and —" His voice broke again, and, of a sudden, he got to his feet. "What's the use! . . . Here!" said Lester; and his face white, with unexpected swiftness he thrust out both his arms to her. If he had meant to enfold her, he failed. Instantly, as if startled, the girl shrank back. A half-uttered exclamation left her.

It was very quick. The next moment, as if conscious of having rebuffed him, she restrained herself.

"No, no—I wasn't thinking!" she exclaimed. —"What was it? You were saying something!"

Lester's arms had dropped quietly to his sides.

"Was I?" he smiled. The smile was quiet and repressed. In his manner, too, was a hint of dignity, of strength, one had not noted in him before. "I was just wondering," said Lester, "if Mawsby had called your cab."

They had gone, Miss Raeburn and her aunt. Ashe, too, was going, but before he went, Ashe had gone back to the library. Poker in hand, Lester again was jabbing at the coals. Solemnly, old Ashe regarded him for a moment.

"What's happened, Harry?" he asked.

"Happened?" Lester replaced the poker in the rack, and rose. "I don't know that anything's happened," he returned.

The executor waited for a moment.

"I'm an old man, Harry," he said. "I was your father's friend, and, if you'll let me, I'll be yours. Do you mean to marry Miss Raeburn?"

The storm broke then.

The emotion that for the evening had seemed to be pent up, bottled in Lester's frame, burst its bounds, pouring forth as if something had broken within him.

Ashe hardly was prepared for the consequences of the query he had put. "Marry her? Marry that girl? What do you mean?" cried Lester. "D' you think me a fool?" A low laugh escaped him. "Marry any woman like that!"

Ashe waited till the outburst had spent itself.

"Is there a reason why you shouldn't?" he asked.

"A reason?" Lester stared at him, his face white. "A woman that doesn't care a snap of her fingers for me?"

Ashe, bewildered, drew his brows together. "But she'd marry you, wouldn't she?" he inquired.

Worldly wisdom, this — or, rather, say, wiseness; but its effect on the one it was meant to comfort hardly was what Ashe perhaps expected.

"Marry me?" echoed Lester, his voice for the first

time rising. "Yes, but do you think I'd let her?" His scorn, too, rose with his voice. "You saw for yourself, didn't you, what she wants of me — all she wants is my money — she and that woman, Mrs. Steese! I'll admit I was fooled once — at first I thought she cared for me . . . for me, pshaw!" His contempt was sweeping. "She'd marry any one who could give her what she wants,— any one, you hear me! — so long as she got what she is after! . . . Marry her? You must think I'm daft!"

Then he shrugged his shoulders roughly. "I'll show her!" said Lester thickly.

"You'll do what?" inquired Ashe.

Lester turned away impatiently. "Never you mind!" he answered.

ASHE did not tarry. The thing, after all, was no affair of his. "Good night, Harry," he said quietly; and he was half way down the hall where Mawsby waited, when he heard Lester hurrying after him. The fire had gone from his eyes; he looked contrite and humble. "I'm sorry," said Lester; "you're the best, the only real friend I've had, and I've given you a beastly evening. Forgive me, won't you?"

Ashe was touched.

"Of course, my boy," he answered. "I'd forgive my old friend's son anything." Then he seemed to reflect. ". . . almost," added Ashe.

Out on the steps he turned.

"You won't do anything queer, will you?" Queerness was a thing he had no patience with, especially among gentlemen; and he was about to add this when he saw the door slowly close.

Lester had not waited. The moment Ashe was on the steps, a new energy seemed to animate him. He closed the door, and turned. Mawsby stood there waiting. Mawsby was looking at him steadily.

Lester set his lips together.

"You remember what I told you?" he asked.

The servant seemed instantly to comprehend.

"Yes, sir; perfectly, sir. I've already had a look at them."

"You think you can pick the right one — no mistake?" demanded Lester.

"Yes, sir. Quite sure, sir."

"All right then; go out and get him," directed Lester. "I'll look him over now."

A few minutes later, not more than ten at the most, the manservant's quick, catlike footfall came pattering along the passage toward the library. Behind him echoed the footfall of another person,— a man's footfall that shuffled and scraped along the hall's polished hardwood surface, sounding curiously as it plodded toward the library door.

Inside, at his desk there, Lester sat waiting.

No trouble at all. Recognizing the servant, the policeman grunted; he had seen a light up-stairs behind the shutters. "Master home?" he inquired.

"Yes, but we're going again to-night," answered Mawsby.

The policeman gave another grunt. "Rotten night to be running round," he commented; and Mawsby nodded.

The policeman mumbled a good night; and after a glance up and down the street, Mawsby closed the door. The rain was falling faster now.

A clock, slightly belated, again struck the hour— Twelve! Up-stairs a door opened, its hinges creaking.

It was Lester who appeared. Mawsby was just mounting the stairs from the basement, and as he saw his master he paused. "I telephoned the garage, sir. They will have a car here presently."

"You telephoned Butes, too?" asked Lester.

"Yes, sir. I got Butes himself on the wire. The house will be open, the fires going, sir, by the time we get there. The roads are very bad, though, sir."

LESTER did not seem to be concerned with their condition, whatever the roads were or where they led. "Has MacNim gone yet?" he inquired.

Mrs. MacNim was the caretaker. "I got her away an hour ago, sir," Mawsby was saying, when a flaw of rain fell hissing on the shuttered windows, filling the house with whispering sounds.

Lester looked haggard, weary. His shoulders were sunk, and there were drawn lines about his eyes and mouth. "You got a cab for Mrs. MacNim, didn't you?" he murmured. "You saw to it she didn't go afoot?"

Mawsby told him a cab had taken Mrs. MacNim; she had gone to her daughter's for the night; and as Mawsby said this, a subdued smile relieved his usual grave solemnity. "She thought it, you may say, sir, sudden, — sudden even for a vacation. She wished to wait till morning. But I got her off, sir! She suspects nothing, I may say."

"Are my bags repacked?" asked Lester; and instantly Mawsby was again the grave, deferent manservant.

"Everything's ready, sir. I have carried out all your orders."

"Thank you, Mawsby," returned Lester.

He was half way to the stairs when he paused, his glance returning to the man. "Mawsby, how long have you been with me?" he asked.

The servant considered. "Sixteen years, sir — lacking a month and a fortnight. I came to you of a June, sir, you remember."

Lester remembered.

"You have been faithful, Mawsby."

"Thank you, sir," returned Mawsby. "I try to give satisfaction, sir."

"You have given more than satisfaction," said his master; "you have given me loyalty, the kind, too, that cannot be had for pay. I have wondered why."

"Sir!" said Mawsby.

His pallid face had colored suddenly, and, embarrassed, his eyes fell.

"You see," said Lester, "I have not paid you for that — it could not be paid for; and I have been puzzled. It is unexpected to have things done for which I have not paid; I cannot understand it!"

The hatrack beside which he stood was no stiffer than the manservant had now become. "Have you any orders, sir?" he asked.

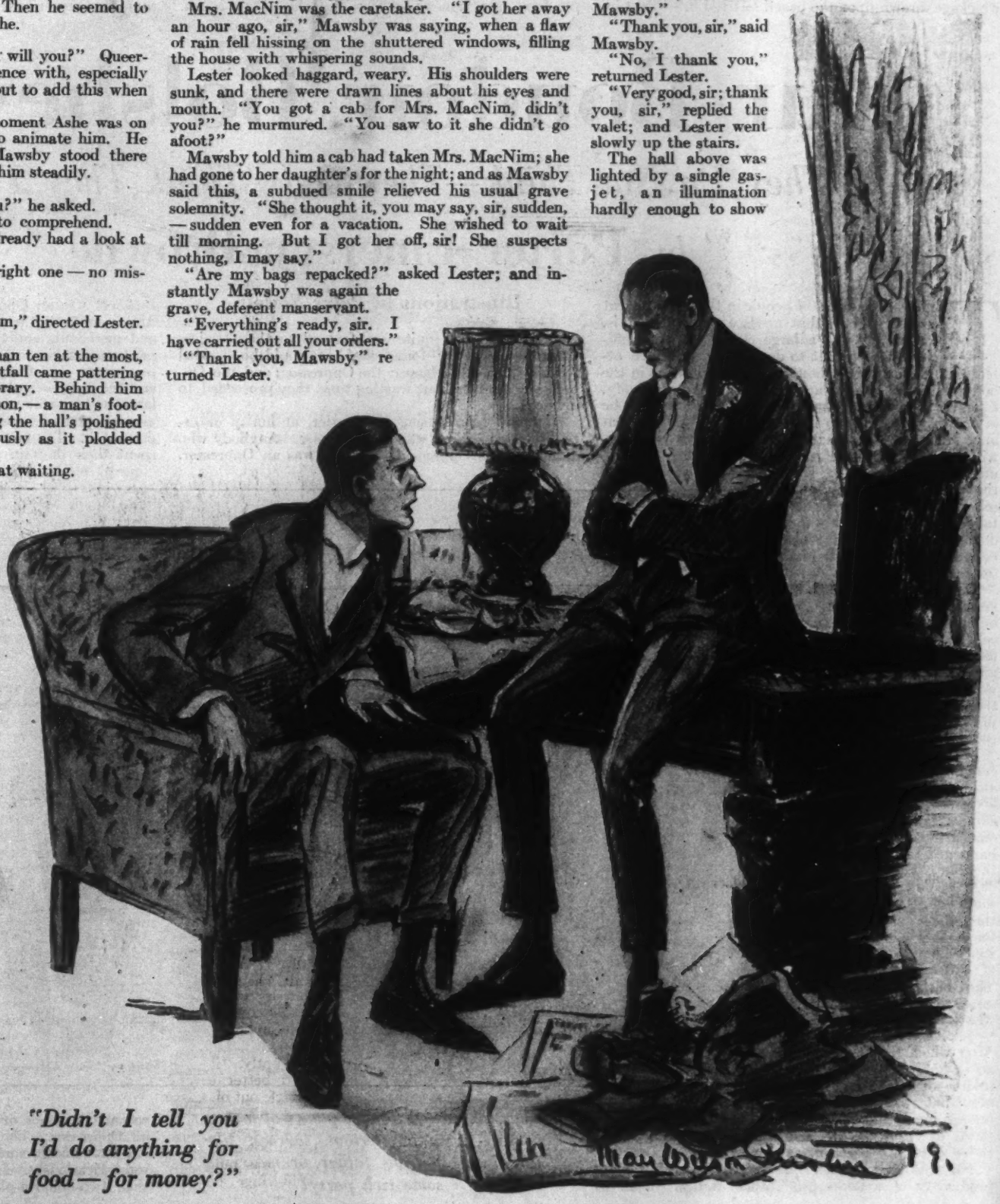
"No, no orders, Mawsby . . . I can't understand it, though," repeated Lester, speaking as if to himself. "No, no orders, Mawsby."

"Thank you, sir," said Mawsby.

"No, I thank you," returned Lester.

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," replied the valet; and Lester went slowly up the stairs.

The hall above was lighted by a single gas-jet, an illumination hardly enough to show



"Didn't I tell you I'd do anything for food — for money?"

CHAPTER VI

THE last guest had gone, the caterers had followed. Their wagon returning, the two had loaded themselves and their hampers aboard, then departed; even the basement caretaker had flitted; and the big, dim dwelling, its momentary activity stilled, once more had relapsed into its former tomblike quiet. The evening, that unusual occasion in Fitzhugh Square, had ended.

Midnight had struck. The police patrol, issuing from their house in a side-street off the park, already were relieving the men on near-by posts; the man whose beat was the park strolled along the paths, his black raincoat glistening with the rain that still fell, a drifting mist. At his approach, the last night-birds, a scant half dozen now, slouched away. Down the block, the line of dim, silent houses that formed the row, a second officer made his way along from area to area, trying each basement door. The vast double-dwelling half way along the row was, to all intents, unoccupied; but after a glance at its shuttered front, the policeman trudged down into the areaway and gave the bell a twitch.

A servant, a man, appeared. In the dim light of the electric arcs across in the park the policeman peered at him closely.

"What's the trouble, officer?" inquired Mawsby.

the way; but the room, the hall, too, that led to it, were long familiar to Lester — so familiar that he could have walked to it in the dark. It was in that room he had been born; it was the same room where his father, too, had first seen the light of day; where, at the end, his eyes had closed forever to that light. Now Lester occupied the deep, high-walled chamber, sleeping there when he was at home. Opening the door, he stepped inside.

A shaded lamp stood upon the center-table; and by the table was a chair in which sat a huddled figure, a man. In contrast with the chair's bigness — it was Lester's chair — the man seemed slight, even small; still he was neither under-sized nor in any way slight; it was his clothes that gave him this appearance. They were Lester's clothes, not his. The clothes he had worn when he entered lay in a heap on the floor; and under them, the precaution not unnecessary, the cautious Mawsby had spread an opened newspaper.

The less said of the clothes the better. In the room, fitted as it was with the elegances of wealth, each an evidence of luxurious choice and comfort, the look of that discarded heap of apparel was more incongruous than even the look of their former wearer. The impression they gave was as if they had been dwelt in as a castaway would have dwelt in a hut created from wreckage thrown upon the beach — lived in — slept in,

A synopsis will be found on page 60

too — while that castaway, cut off from the world, made a mere shift of existence. Rags, grime, remnants — those clothes. Beside them, equally eloquent, lay the memoirs of what once had been a pair of shoes.

"Ready?" inquired Lester.

The man in the chair lifted himself from its depths. He, too, was young — younger even than Lester; and but for his pale features, more gaunt now that he had been newly-shaved, he might have been good-looking.

"We're going?" he inquired.

Lester nodded. He glanced at the table on which stood a tray. "You've had food?" he asked.

The man's eyes gleamed gratefully. "Food, yes!" He gave a laugh, thick, discordant. "You can't guess what it means to get food like that into me. I'd hate to tell you when I had it last. I'd hate to say, too, when last I had a silver fork in my hand — real silver!"

Lester gazed at him fixedly.

"You're still sure you want to go through with this?" he inquired; and the other laughed again.

"Don't worry! Didn't I tell you I'd do anything for food, for money?" This time he didn't laugh. The tone, too, in which the speech was said rang with an implication of self-scorn, self-derision. "That's not the point, though," he added. "I'd sell my soul to get on my feet again — to get back even a rag of my self-respect!"

Lester smiled. "Out in the park there," he observed dryly, "I dare say there are many like you who would."

"Sell their souls?" the other inquired. Again he laughed. "I could point you out a thousand any evening."

The guarantee seemed mildly to interest Lester.

"Men like you? . . . once gentlemen?" he interrogated; and the man shot a glance at him.

"Gentlemen? . . . You must think I've been one!" he retorted; and Lester smiled anew, still dryly as before.

"I have the word of an authority I would not dispute — my valet," he gravely returned; and the man grunted.

"Is that why you sent him grubbing among the park benches, hunting the one you wanted?"

"It was," replied Lester.

The fact did not apparently inflate the other's self-esteem. "I can tell you this," he said slowly; "I may never have been a gentleman, but once I was like you! . . . Do you get that? . . . Money I had, and good clothes, good food, good acquaintances. The same things you have

[*Continued on page 59*]

Our Boudoir Bolsheviki

They Do Not Think—They Only Think They Think

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Peter Newell

THERE is one class of people in this over-patient country of ours that needs explaining. It is, fortunately, not a large class. Yet it is sufficiently important to demand and deserve attention. It occupies about the same position in the body politic as does the appendix in the human body. Like the appendix, it never was and never will be of the slightest use to itself nor anybody else. But once inflamed, it just naturally starts in to raise hob with everything, and there's only one thing for the unproud possessor to do; and that is to go in and lay himself down on an operating-table and hope that the doctor will count his tools carefully before he sews him up again.

This class of people — these vermiform appendices of humanity — is what may be called, for want of a better name, our Boudoir Bolsheviki. It consists of abnormal women, subnormal men and those nice old things that just love to send flowers to condemned murderers.

Until the time they became Bolsheviki, they were anarchists, bohemians, free-lovers, Nihilists, Sun Worshipers, Little Groups of Serious Thinkers, or whatever happened to be the mode at the time. They spoiled whole days sitting in the café of some dim hotel, worrying themselves sick under the burdens of suffering humanity, though never to a point of cutting out the Chianti. The barber, perhaps; but never the Chianti. They were what you might call good two-dollar-a-plate worriers. After which they repaired to an ex-potato cellar, the proprietor of which had found out that there was more money in storing nuts than in the less extravagant forms of vegetable life, and worried some more over coffee at twenty-five cents a cup.

The results of their protracted worrying were productive of wrinkles, and other things, vague to you and me, but quite satisfactory to the worriers themselves. They found that life could be divided roughly into two classes: the Oppressors and the Oppressed. And without wasting time, they proceeded to divide it.

Anybody representing law, order, authority or established conditions was an Oppressor. Anybody who didn't was an Oppressed. Capital was an Oppressor. Business was an Oppressor. Judges were Oppressors. And courts, and trolley companies, and congressmen and merchants and the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store proprietors and senators and ambassadors and Village Improvement Societies and constables and dog wardens and the army and the navy and the marines and legislators and tax collectors — all were Oppressors. Policemen particularly were Oppressors. They just hated policemen. The fact that a large number of policemen spent their days in assisting nice old ladies to cross crowded thoroughfares had nothing to do with it. A policeman was an Oppressor. He was born to be an Oppressor. He was almost what you might call a prenatal Oppressor.

They all seemed to have plenty of money coming from mysterious sources, like inheriting it from father or marrying some rich party!

For the Oppressed you had everyone who was not in the above list. Labor was Oppressed. The fact that labor leaders were often Oppressors was beside the mark, as was the added fact that labor elected its own leaders and those leaders led where labor wanted to go. Labor just had to be Oppressed no matter whether it wanted to be or not; burglars were Oppressed, and anarchists, and the I. W. W., and street-walkers and hoboes and dips and yeggs, and soap-box orators and murderers and last but not least, they themselves.

They were Oppressed especially. They were certainly Oppressed something terrible. Just how they were Oppressed I've never been able to learn. Most of them had never done an honest day's work in their lives. They all seemed to have plenty of money coming from mysterious sources, like inheriting it from father, who was an Oppressor, or marrying some rich party, likewise an Oppressor. They had heaps of it.

I have known some of them well, some slightly, and some vicariously. I have seen them worrying through their two-dollar-a-plate dinners, and riding around in

their two-thousand-dollar automobiles. I have never seen any one of them receive as much Oppression in a year as most of us get in a day. And yet they are Oppressed simply to death. We've got to believe it because they tell us so themselves. They wear silk stockings and tailored suits, and have all the money they seem to need, and more, and yet I never in my life saw one of them give a nickel to a hungry man. They'll give him a two-hour oration at any time of the day or night. But when it comes to a cup of coffee or something tangible, that isn't in the bargain. They'll help him find out he's Oppressed. But he's got to relieve the Oppression himself. They might go so far as to lead him to a lunch-room window and hand him a brick. But that is the limit.

It is a great idea — this theory of the Oppressor, and the Oppressed. It's a great idea because it can be assimilated without thought, knowledge, wisdom or intelligence. Anybody can get it in a minute, that is, anybody whose brain works only part of the time and goes only part of the way. It's like a gold brick. Everybody knows how popular gold bricks have always been. In other words, it's a great idea until you begin to scratch.

"We believe," she said, "that the present governments of the world are wrong, and we are going to destroy them."

PERSONALLY, it has always been difficult for me to classify humanity *en bloc*, as it were. I have known people who, according to all the rules of Our Little Group, should be Oppressed. And yet they seemed quite happy. Maybe it was ignorance. Maybe they were Oppressed, only they didn't know it. At any rate the poor things seemed entirely contented. I have known others who, according to the same standards, should have been 100 per cent. Oppressors. And yet they had a rotten time, and everybody picked on them, and they couldn't call their souls their own. Maybe the same thing applies to them. They were Oppressors but nobody had told them and they had been too miserable to look it up.

But these things didn't worry Our Little Group. They were not going to be satisfied until they had hunted up every happy Oppressed and made him thoroughly miserable by impressing upon him how oppressed he was. And vice versa. No proud Oppressor, no matter how humble or unhappy, was going to be allowed to oppress without knowing it. The fact that he might not be a real Oppressor at all had nothing to do with it. He might be a bankrupt business man on the verge of suicide; or a policeman whose foulest act had been to save a drowning baby, but he was an Oppressor just the same, and that's all there was to it.

Having thus firmly fixed in their heads the facts in the case, our Little Group prepared to get busy. They now had a Mission; and for it they were willing to fight to the last breath of hot air in their lungs, and the last drop of ink in their fountain pens.

So some of 'em became orators, and held forth at great length and volume to the feeble-minded beneficiaries of a cursory immigration law; while others started magazines, or contributed to them articles and illustrations that they couldn't sell to regular publications. And the way they flayed the Oppressor was a caution to cats. They skinned him alive and burned him at the stake, and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

And because those were times when national nervous systems were strong and healthy, and the old world seemed to be revolving firmly on its customary axis, nobody minded, least of all the subjects of these Philippics, diatribes and animadversions. Said subjects didn't subscribe to the magazines or attend the meetings. And business was so good that the Oppressed were too busy and getting along too well to take time off to find out that they were oppressed. So outside of a few bad cases of clergyman's sore throat and the wasting of a lot of good ink and paper, no harm was done.

But with the end of the War; with the national neurasthenia caused by the fever of fighting; with the natural reaction evolved by the sudden end of hostilities; with the birth of that economic monstrosity, Bolshevism; with the world no longer revolving surely but instead wobbling like a wheel on a broken axle, things became mighty different.

The only reason Our Little Group held together as long as it did was because, in all the bunkum lay a kernel of truth. That Our Little Group had spent ninety-nine per cent. of its time in playing hop-scotch in the bunkum and only one per cent. in examining the truth, doesn't obviate the fact that the kernel is there. There are in the world Oppressors, and there are Oppressed. They are not the Oppressor and the Oppressed of Our Little Group. But they are there.

And under the nervous strain of troubled times, almost anybody in the world will feel himself oppressed. I'll bet if the truth were known the three people who feel themselves most oppressed of any one on earth to-day are Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson. That is, except Orlando. He thinks the other three are lucky. As a matter of fact, I don't know anybody who knows anything who doesn't feel oppressed. Also depressed. Moreover, repressed, impressed, and compressed.

Under these circumstances, almost any one is willing to lend an ear to harbingers of disorder. Every time I myself see a war profiteer, I think of becoming a Bolshevik — until I see a Bolshevik; and then I think of becoming a profiteer; because if I had to choose between one or the other I wouldn't choose either.

But it all only goes to show how confused one can be. If I hadn't been such a rotten business man I might have been a profiteer. Or I might have been a Bolshevik, only I just hate whiskers; they tickle one so. Whereby, having neither business ability nor whiskers, I just don't know what to be. And if I'm all mixed up like this, there must be many others. And under conditions like these, any idea, so long as it sounds good, has a great chance, especially with people who haven't the advantage of education nor the habit of thought.

AND that is why, when this idea of Bolshevism reached Our Little Group, it was immediately recognized as just their dish. It was what they had been waiting for, and the only thing that puzzled them was why they hadn't thought of it before.

From then on they became Bolsheviki — just like that. They listened to what Trotsky and Lenine said. Needless to say, they believed every word. Trotsky and Lenine didn't. But they did. They got terribly excited over it. For here was a concrete proposition and a much simpler classification than they had hitherto ever had; here were Oppressor and Oppressed divided and demarked as never before. Any one who owned anything, even a clean collar or a tooth-brush, was an Oppressor. Any one who didn't own anything was an Oppressed.

They didn't stop to think that the minute a man who didn't own anything became a Bolshevik the first thing he did was to go out and rob somebody, which made him the owner of something, which automatically took him out of the Bolshevist class and made him a capitalist instanter. They didn't think that if, or when, a Russian peasant becomes a Bolshevik the first thing he gives up is all idea of work and becomes not a worker but a robber. They didn't think that, while it may appeal to some, it wouldn't please a self-respecting American, whether a capitalist or a hod-carrier, to see his wife made public property. It didn't occur to them to ask if Trotsky and Lenine have nationalized Mrs. Trotsky and Mrs. Lenine, if there be such. And if there be, and if they have, to inquire as to whether such action is the proof of their acceptance of a theory, or merely because they are dissatisfied with their present helpmeets; and to inquire if, in the latter case, they intend also to nationalize their new ones. They did not stop to think, and have not stopped yet to think, that government by the proletariat, while it may sound pleasant in theory, has produced in Russia nothing but a continuous vaudeville performance by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse with no end in sight and getting worse as it goes on.

Have they thought that Bolshevism, which undermines the vast and complicated structure of modern economic life at its foundations; which, by sending the structure toppling, deprives the workers of the work that enables them to live; which, having deprived them of the means of livelihood, brings them to the hunger that makes men but predatory animals striving to feed their females and their young; can, of its very essence, mean but one thing; that, like the sword, those who live by it must perish by it? Have they thought that the first real Bolshevik was not Trotsky, but Samson, who destroyed the columns of the Temple, thereby bringing the whole superstructure down on his besotted head?

They have not and they never will. Because our Boudoir Bolsheviki do not think. They only think they think. And the reason is they are not thinkers but emotionalists. They get part of an idea and then rush in where angels fear to tread.

No one in the world is one hundred per cent. balanced. Men like Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, approximate one hundred per cent. Men like the Crown Prince, on the other hand, approximate maybe one-eighth of one per cent. Between these two approximations lies humanity.

OUR Boudoir Bolsheviki are far down the scale. Were they in the animal kingdom you could say that they have more sense than a chicken but less than a mule. They will despise law and order in print and on the rostrum; but if ever the bricks begin to fly, the first thing they yell for is the police. They approve of the nationalization of women; but should the wife of one of them attempt to try it, the first thing her broad-minded spouse would do would be to go to a capitalistic court and apply for a *bourgeois* divorce. They declare that all property rights should be invested in the state. But let the state start to take their automobiles away from them, and they would howl like wolves.

There are many reasons why they are what they are. The first and most understandable is because they are mentally unbalanced; they have too much emotion and too little wisdom. The second is that spirit of vicarious adventure that made Laura Jean Libbey a best-seller. The people that read Laura Jean couldn't, or didn't dare, find real adventure; so they glutted themselves with second-hand romance. To complete the analogy, the male Boudoir Bolshevik has neither the brains nor the ability to attract attention by climbing to the heights on his feet; hence, like Bernard Shaw, he walks on his hands in the valley.

The female Bolshevik is commonly childless; which is a condition that accounts for female eccentricities innumerable. A woman who has much vitality and no way in which to use it, frequently abuses it. This does not apply to childless women who have an object in life and the brains and strength of purpose to pursue it. It takes work and application [*Continued on page 58*]

The red-faced individual was being introduced to both girls as Mr. Bibley. But Drina at that moment had little interest in men

"Us Girls"—— *by* Bruno Lessing

Being a Fragment from the Stone Age

Illustration by Arthur I. Keller

THEN Drina Schmalz came home from Milwaukee, where she had been visiting her aunt, and told her mother how furious she had been.

"Just because my name was Schmalz he took it for granted that I was pro-German and — and — I just felt like hitting him with something. So I waited till he got all through and then I said to him, 'Oh, Mr. Park,' I said, 'what you said was *so* interesting! But, of course, if your father was born in England, even though you were born here, you can't understand the American side the way I do because I was born here and my father was born here and my grandfather was born here. My grandfather was an alderman once.' And you should have seen him get red in the face."

Mrs. Schmalz, her hands clasped and her head nodding, listened patiently, as mothers always do and, apparently without rhyme or reason, yet with a distinctly coherent idea in her mind, went off at a tangent.

"Mrs. Miller was here last week," said she. "Effie's back from the country. They're coming to dinner to-morrow night. Effie has a new lavender dress."

Drina sniffed contemptuously. Effie Miller and Effie Miller's clothes did not interest her at that moment. Mr. Park did.

"Did he say anything?" asked her mother, finally, when the silence became oppressive.

Drina yawned. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed. "Can't you ever think of anything else? No. He didn't propose to me. If he had I would have told him to go about his business. I'm not going to get married until I'm good and ready."

"When I was your age —" began Mrs. Schmalz.

"Yes, I know," said Drina, adjusting her hair before a mirror. "You were married and settled down. And I ain't. Is dinner ready soon?"

Drina Schmalz and Effie Miller, seated side by side at table, the following evening, presented a sight that would have delighted any masculine eye. Drina was blonde, fair-skinned and blue-eyed, while Effie's hair was raven black and her skin a delicate olive tint glowing with a healthy tinge of pink. Both were slender: Drina was the more vivacious of the two, Effie having adopted a subdued, pensive pose. Knowing that Effie would wear her lavender dress, Drina had chosen a pale green gown and the artistic contrast of the colors heightened the picturesque effect of their juxtaposition.

FOR nearly a year, now, the two girls had been almost inseparable companions. How they must love each other! is the thought which their constant companionship would naturally suggest. But, alas, no! The only tie that bound them was that each had found that her physical charms were heightened by contrast with the other's and each was willing to sacrifice every other feeling to keep this contrast in good working order. Each, furthermore, possessed the knack of dressing well and knew what colors would add the greatest charm to their association. The first point in their code of honor was that each must let the other know beforehand what dress she intended to wear.

The moment the Millers entered the Schmalz household Drina placed her arm around Effie's waist and led her to the mirror, where, idly chatting about matters that interested neither, they gazed critically at the tableau which the mirror reflected.

"Don't you think, dear," suggested Drina, "that a small black bow would look lovely on your waist?"

Effie, with half-closed eyes, looked at the reflection of Drina's golden hair, her green dress, and then at her own lavender gown, and understood perfectly.

"I'll get one to-morrow," she said.

Their mothers, meanwhile, had plunged headlong into the topic that was uppermost in their minds. Had Drina met any nice men in Milwaukee? Had any one said anything that might be construed as hopeful? Did Effie still go to dancing-school? Hadn't she met any nice young men there?

The situation goes back to the Stone Age. It is usually a solitary game, each mother preferring to marry off her daughter by herself rather than enter into an entangling alliance with another mother of a marriageable girl. Nevertheless, the mothers in

this position, like all others in misery, love company, deriving considerable satisfaction from seeing others in the same plight as themselves.

A week after Drina's return, Mr. Park of Milwaukee arrived, unexpectedly, in town, telephoned her and was invited to dinner. Mr. Park was somewhat delicate-looking, had a light mustache, wore glasses and was in the ladies' shoe business. Mrs. Schmalz, after a careful scrutiny of his clothes, decided that he must be earning a fairly good salary. The conversation at the dinner table ran the customary gamut of weather, war and the latest newspaper gossip — there was neither an intellectual nor a personal note in it — and Mrs. Schmalz was just upon the point of leaving the young people to themselves when Mrs. Miller and her daughter dropped in. Miss Effie was *so* surprised to find that the Schmalzes had company. She and her mother just happened to be taking a walk, etc. Drina surveyed Effie's costume and noted, with satisfaction, that it harmonized splendidly with her own. There, however, her satisfaction ended. In some mysterious way, she felt, Effie had learned of Mr. Park's visit, and had deliberately "butted in." Nevertheless, the smile upon her face concealed every trace of her inward rage as she introduced her guest to the newcomers.

"I guess," said Mrs. Miller, who had great confidence in her daughter, "Mrs. Schmalz and I had better go into the parlor and let you young people talk by yourselves."

Mrs. Schmalz and her daughter both understood her and hated her for it; Effie, too, understood her and hoped that she would remember to thank her mother for it; Mr. Park, alone unseeing of the first skirmish that was taking place right under his eyes, was thinking only of what a wonderful picture the two girls presented and asking himself which was the prettier.

"I've never been to Milwaukee," said Effie. Mr. Park made it clear that life was not worth living until one had seen Milwaukee.

"Effie has never been outside of New York," interposed Drina.

"New York is good enough for me," said Effie, quickly. You see, she was compelled to resort to some kind of strategy to prevent the conversation lingering upon the subject of Milwaukee, where, as she knew, Drina had an advantage over her.

"I hope you will see a lot of New York before you leave," she said, and then launched quickly upon a guide-book exposition of the attractions of the metropolis. Drina felt her anger mounting and, in proportion, her smile grew more enchanting and her dimples deepened. Mr. Park soon became deeply interested in New York.

"Couldn't we get up a party and dine at one of those cabaret places?" he suggested.

"I think it would be lovely," exclaimed Effie. "I'm sure mother would let me go."

Drina realized thoroughly that Effie's mother would never have a word in the matter.

"I've got a friend here," Mr. Park went on. "He's the only man I know in New York. Mr. Bibley. Would you mind if I brought him along?"

"That would be grand," said Drina with real enthusiasm. She had begun to weary of Mr. Park, and the prospect of Mr. Bibley was attractive. Mr. Park, she felt, was too undecided in making his decision between her and Effie.

"You two girls," said Mr. Park, "ought to have your picture painted sitting together like that."

THEY both smiled, but neither liked it. Poor Mr. Park, floundering about like a fish on shore, could not understand that women are not interested in being complimented *en bloc*. The compliment is only effective when it is exclusively individual. When the time came for the Millers to leave it was only natural for Mr. Park to offer to see them home.

"Isn't she the brazen thing!" was Drina's first remark to her mother when the visitors had departed.

"I didn't know they were coming," said Mrs. Schmalz, meekly. "Didn't you get any chance at all?"

"Chance?" exclaimed Drina, angrily. "What do I need a chance for? You don't think I'd bother with such a simp as Mr. Park, do you?"

"There's lots of money in the shoe business," said her mother, wearily.

"Effie's welcome to it," retorted Drina.

Inasmuch as Drina had always disliked her friend Effie because she had known that, at any crisis in the natural rivalry between them, Effie was capable of doing just what she had done this evening, it cannot be said that her dislike had now increased. It can, however, be honestly maintained that it had not diminished. There was not, you must understand, the slightest admixture of jealousy in Drina's feelings. Mr. Park had not reached the point where he would begin to interest her. He was merely a *man* whom she had discovered by herself and for herself, to be observed, cultivated, carefully studied and finally judged, and she resented the raw interference of her dearest friend with this natural process. Nevertheless, on the morning of the day upon which they were to dine at the cabaret she called Effie on the telephone to ask her what dress she had decided to wear.

"I'm going to wear my old pink one," said Effie. "I sent it to the cleaner's yesterday and I'm expecting it back every minute."

"Then I'll wear my light blue," said Drina.

"I wonder what Mr. Bibley is like?" said Effie.

"Search me," said Drina. "I never laid eyes on him."

"I think Mr. Park is lovely," continued Effie. "He's *so* refined!"

"You'll have to live in Milwaukee!" said Drina.

Just a moment's pause and then, "Why, Drina Schmalz, what *do* you mean?" cried Effie.

But Drina only laughed. "Good-bye!" said she. "I'll see you to-night."

"What do you think?" said Drina to her mother, a moment later. "Effie is already getting busy about that Mr. Bibley. She has never even laid eyes on him."

"SHE'LL get ahead of you if you don't look out," said her mother, in her monotonous voice. "When I was your age —"

"Oh, rats!" said Drina. "She can marry them both if she likes."

"That ain't a nice way to talk," said her mother, reprovingly. But Drina left the room, whistling. She inspected her "light blue" with minute care, held several hats up against it and spent an hour rummaging through bureau drawers for the evening's paraphernalia. Mr. Park, ignorant though he was of the deeper laws of the game had, nevertheless, sense enough to call for Drina first. He rode with her in a taxi to Effie's home. Seeing her alone relieved his mind of all the bewilderment of comparison.

"You certainly look stunning to-night," he said.

"You'll say that to Effie, too," retorted Drina, with a smile.

"A man doesn't always say what he means or mean what he says," replied Mr. Park, with cheerful banality.

When they reached Effie's house Drina decided to remain in the taxi while her escort went inside. Throughout the rest of her life she thanked her stars for this sudden impulse. For the interior of the taxi was quite dark while the space in front of the house was brightly illuminated from a near-by electric light. And when, from the house, emerged Effie Miller, a dazzling vision in triumpant red, the friendly darkness of the taxi's interior hid the flush of rage which mounted to Drina's cheeks and the indignation that blazed in her eyes. There are red dresses and red dresses, and they run through more shades from vermilion to carmine than have ever been counted, but the particular hue which Effie had selected possessed a dazzling, burning quality which consumed and obliterated all other colors that dared approach it. Only a girl with coal-black hair and olive-tinted skin could have worn it. Despite all the rage in her heart Drina knew immediately that Effie had been born for just such a dress.

"My *dear!*" cried Effie, as she stepped into the taxi. "I'm *so* furious! I waited for hours for the cleaner to send me back my pink dress, and it never came. I didn't have another thing to wear."

"I think it's lovely," said Drina, with a wan smile.

"I think it's a peach!" exclaimed Mr. Park, emphatically.

"Where's your friend?" asked Effie.

"He was detained downtown on some important business," explained Mr. Park. "He'll meet us at the restaurant. He's pretty sure to be punctual. He's a methodical old jigger."

Drina's strongest desire was to remain silent in order to show her contempt for her friend's duplicity; she felt sure that the story of the careless cleaner was an untruth. Consequently — and, from the feminine standpoint, sequentially — she burst into a perfect torrent of chatter during the whole ride to the restaurant.

They had been seated at a table in the restaurant nearly ten minutes — Mr. Park listening, entranced, to the jingle of a jazz band, Effie lan-

More Spoon River Poems

by Edgar Lee Masters

I

Yank Sword

YOU got so used to saying a thing
Like: "All ready," "Over they go,"
"Just a moment," "Head of the Army,"
"I object," or "Next"—
That it's really yourself at the end of life,
And how can you tell when out of your head,
And dying whether you say it,
Or a voice is saying it to you?
And I who had barbered all of them,
From A. D. Blood to Lucius Atherton,
And told them stories, and laughed at theirs,
And shaved them in their coffins,
Thought I was working in my shop
Dyeing the hair of Henry Bennett,
When a voice said, "Next"— and even yet
I think the voice was mine!

II

Mistral Visyana

THIS is my sorrow,
O my beautiful flowers:
That I did not sow you
In better soil.

III

Lincoln Reeth

O LITTLE town by the river,
Little town of little hopes,
I am your son, in spite of myself,
Though not related to you.
But here is my fate: the tablet of bronze
On the house I was born in there in Spoon River
Brings pilgrims from over the country;
While my very grave by Emerson's,
Since I lived and died in Boston,
Evokes from the passerby such things
As: "Lincoln Reeth! Lincoln Reeth—
Who in the devil was he?"

IV

Isabel Freeling

HOW I tempted the snake into the garden,
Then flew for safety into the tree,
Leaving my father to fight the snake!
And how I made enemies for my brother
To live and strive with while I departed
Abroad where they could not reach me!
Geniuses without themes,
Here is a theme for a thousand pages!
Show how I burned my garbage
In the yards of parents and relatives,
And left them nauseated, choking,
While I was breathing the air of the Alps!
And show how I planted bombs malodorous
Which exploded after I left.

V

William Alston

FRIENDS, could you imagine of me
A deed like this:
Would I have spread a field
Of artificial clover
And tempted my bees forth with lamps
Only to let them starve?
Children of men! Swarming races!
The field of clover is as real
As the hunger that seeks it.

guidly surveying her neighbors, and Drina, in a trance of indignation, glancing every little while at Effie's wonderful gown — when the latter suddenly leaned toward her friend and, in a whisper,

"Just look at that horrid man staring at me," she said. "Isn't he awful?"

DRINA turned and beheld a bald, red-faced, corpulent individual who might have been anywhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, standing a few feet from their table, mopping his forehead with a purple handkerchief and attempting to gaze in an unconcerned fashion about the room, yet turning, furtively, every few seconds, to glance in admiration at Effie. Mr. Park, observing that something had attracted the attention of both girls, turned his head and instantly sprang to his feet.

"There he is!" he cried. And a moment later, the red-faced individual was being introduced to both girls as Mr. Bibley. Effie, despite all her self-control, could not hide the fleeting expression of chagrin which passed, like a shadow, across her pretty face. Drina, on the other hand, smiled with great satisfaction. If Mr. Bibley turned out to be more interesting than he looked it pleased Drina to have heard Effie commit herself upon his appearance. Drina, at that moment, had but little interest in men; her whole mind was filled with Effie's treachery. Mr. Bibley appeared to be a very quiet person but, in a vague way, he impressed both girls with some curious quality akin to magnetic force, which seemed to radiate from him.

"I wish you'd call me Fred," said Mr. Park in reply to some comment that Drina had made almost unconsciously. "Mr. Park sounds so stiff. All the girls in Milwaukee call me 'Fred.'"

"What is your first name, Mr. Bibley?" Drina heard Effie ask.

His eyes twinkled. "Theobald," said he. "Isn't it old-fashioned? Most of my friends don't seem to catch on to Theobald — though I've got a nephew who calls me 'Uncle Baldy.' He's in the army."

"I volunteered," explained Mr. Park, quickly, "but they rejected me. A weak heart."

"Me, too," said Bibley, amiably. "Too fat."

"Oh, the idea!" exclaimed Effie. "I don't think you're a bit fat."

Drina smiled most charmingly at her. "If she isn't the brazen hussy!" was her thought.

Mr. Bibley improved vastly upon closer acquaintance, and Drina soon found herself liking him. He was quite a masterful person, experienced, self-confident and vigorous in speech and gesture. The only tactless thing he did was, after one of his many admiring contemplations of Effie's red dress, to cast a quick glance at her companion's costume. Drina's cheeks flamed almost as brightly as her friend's dress when she observed it.

"Did you girls go to school together?" Mr. Bibley suddenly asked.

Drina nodded. "Years ago," she said.

"We weren't in the same class, though," explained Effie hastily. "I'm six months older than Drina."

This was quite a rankling spot in Effie's soul; her only reason for revealing it was the knowledge that, if she didn't Drina certainly would, and Effie, from past experience, had decided to get, at least, the credit of being frank. Finding that Mr. Bibley was becoming more and more absorbed in Effie and that Mr. Park's chatter was beginning to weary her, Drina developed a headache. When she mentioned the fact she alone detected the swift gleam of resentment that flashed from Effie's dark eyes. There are, you see, headaches and headaches; some are caused by the stomach, some by the liver, some by the nerves and some — the very oldest kind, well known in the Stone Age — are caused by a woman's desire to break up a party.

"Well," said Mr. Bibley, "we'll take the girls home and then I'll take you to the club."

When they reached the sidewalk and Mr. Bibley led them to his car Effie fairly gasped. It was a huge, maroon-colored limousine of the very latest and most expensive make and model and fairly exhaled an atmosphere of wealth. Its interior, in coloring and rich appointments, was the most beautiful one that either of the girls had ever beheld. Effie insisted that Mr. Bibley sit between them while Mr. Park occupied one of the front seats. As they turned a corner at good speed Effie seized Mr. Bibley's arm to steady herself.

"Oh, excuse me!" she cried.

"You'd better hold on to me," said Mr. Bibley, encouragingly. "That chauffeur is a speed devil. You, too, Miss Schmalz."

"I'm all right," said Drina.

But she wasn't. She was consumed with a raging fury against her bosom friend. The vocabulary of invectives of a respectable young woman these days is painfully restricted — in utterance — but "her mind her kingdom is."

"You ain't looking well," said her mother, when Drina entered the sitting-room. "Didn't you have a good time? What was that Mr. Bibble like?"

"Mother," said Drina, "if Effie Miller ever comes into this house again I'm going to leave it. I'm through with her forever!"

MRS. SCHMALZ sighed. She had heard that same declaration before and knew, pretty shrewdly, what had caused it.

"Her mother is anxious for her to get married," she answered soothingly. "You shouldn't always be blaming her. When I was your age —"

"Oh, I'm going to bed," said Drina, petulantly. "She can marry the chauffeur if she likes."

Effie, however, did not marry the chauffeur. From time to time through those mutual friends whom all girls possess and who seem to have been created for the beneficent purpose of bearing unwelcome tidings, Drina learned that Effie had been "seen out" with Mr. Bibley several times. It gave her no great shock, therefore, to receive an engraved

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Roosevelt on Two of His Hobbies

The Hereditary Strain and Remembering Friend and Foe

by John J. Leary, Jr.

Who Has Recorded These Famous Conversations

ONCE, when Colonel Roosevelt declared that Dr. (now Colonel) Richard Derby, who married his younger daughter, was "a fine fellow of whom I am as proud as I am of my blood sons," I remarked that Dr. Derby came from a splendid family — the Derbys of old Salem, in Massachusetts.

"Yes, I know," he replied, "it is, as you say, a splendid family. I do not care what any man says — and I'm no ancestor worshiper — blood will tell in a man, a horse, or a dog. In all cases you will have culls at times, and throwbacks, but in the long run and on the average, you will find the blooded animal wins.

"Take our immigrant stock. You will find, I am sure, if you go back into the history of the immigrant that rises above his fellows, that back of him there was some superior stock; that a father, grandfather, some ancestor, was eminent above his fellows, in the homeland, wherever that might have been.

"It is so with our American negroes. Take my boy, Charlie Lee, for example. Charlie came to me from Captain FitzHugh Lee whose boy he had been. Charlie is a first-class citizen, careful, industrious, cleanly, thrifty — a better man than the average run of whites. Charlie's father was General Robert E. Lee's body servant; Charlie takes his name from the Lee family. The father was a superior negro. Doubtless, if we could go back, we'd find that his father's father, and beyond, were well above the average of slaves.

"Charlie inherits his good points from his parents, from those people I've been talking about. He is as loyal as a bulldog, perfectly attached to the family and devoted to the children. If it was the life of any one of them or Charlie's, Charlie would not hesitate one second. If he were lucky to escape himself he would not think he had done anything out of the ordinary, and he would probably resent being told that he had."

Charlie had an equally high opinion of his adored Colonel.

"Colonel Roosevelt has been splendid to me," he said one day. "He's more like a father to us all than an employer. You just be up at the house if one of those Irish girls is sick! The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt are just as worried as though she was one of the children and she wouldn't get any better care if she was one of the children.

"But," laughed Charlie at the conclusion of this — for him — very long speech, "what's the use of talking — quality folks are quality folks wherever you find them."

The Colonel grinned when I one day repeated Charlie's speech to him.

"It's about what you would expect of Charlie," said he. "If he were to leave me for any reason, you would find him looking about for some family he felt he could, with honor, attach himself to and he'd serve it as loyally and as proudly as he now serves mine. Mere money would not get him if what he terms 'quality' were not there. And, if I make myself clear, Charlie would honor any family he might go with. If I did not know anything else about it, the fact that Charlie had put his O.K. on it, would tell me its members were worth-while people.

"But Charlie won't go. He'll stay with Mrs. Roosevelt and me as long as we live, and then, in all probability, go with one of the children. It will be one of those things everybody will take for granted — Charlie's going with Ted, or Ethel, or one of the others."

On Remembering Friend and Foe

IT was no part of Colonel Roosevelt's philosophy to turn the other cheek to the smiter. On the contrary, he very much favored payment in kind — if the party of the other part was worthy of attention.

In a word, his philosophy forbade him to forget friend or foe, and it was his regret that he had not had time to attend to all of his foes.

This I learned one day when, meeting him at the station, he invited me to ride uptown with him.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "I wanted you to know that I have just given Smith a statement endorsing Jones (the names are fictitious) for reelection. I thought you would be glad to know it."

"On the contrary, I am sorry," I replied.

"Why?"

"First, because you are binding yourself to a sure loser, and I don't like to see you with a loser. Second, and less important, I cannot be with you on this."

"You surprise me," said the Colonel.

"Why can't you be with me?"

"Colonel," I replied, "I am sorry. If this were anything to you personally, I'd follow you anywhere, but it isn't. On the other hand, this man went out of his way to try to do me an injury. No man of his position can do that to me. A little fellow I'd ignore, but a man in his high position I won't."

"What did he do?" asked the Colonel.

I explained at some length, concluding by saying that I would not have cared much had the man not rewarded my taking much trouble to play square with him, by misrepresenting my position.

"I can't forget that sort of thing," I said, just a wee bit fearful that my defection might offend him.

"Jack," he said, hitting his right fist in his left palm, "you are absolutely right, absolutely right. A man has no more right to forget an enemy than he has to forget a friend.

"God knows," he went on after a pause, "I have always tried to do something for everybody who ever did anything for me, and I have been very fortunate in that I have been successful in this respect, but the regret of my life is that I have been unable to take proper care of all my enemies — I have had a million of them, too many of them for any man, however lucky, to attend to in an ordinary lifetime."

Every word the Colonel bit off short in the way peculiar to him.

"I take an effort to do me a kindness as an obligation," he went on, "and an injury, or a thing that might naturally be expected to injure, as an obligation. No man can in justice to himself

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Photograph by Goldberg

Dorothy Dickson who has found dancing a rhythmic way to fame and fortune

Our own lovely Ethel Barrymore in the greatest hit of the year "Déclassée"

Lenore Ulric as the Chinese heroine in "The Son-Daughter," the new Belasco and Scarborough drama

"TINY"

by Dorothy Cocks

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff

If You Like Dogs—and Who Is There That Doesn't? You Will Like This Story

This is the story of a dog who led a double life

HE shoved himself into our family while Mom was flat with the flu. Patsy and Tim and I were trying to keep house, rather sketchily. Patsy is a very decorative sister, but as a housekeeper I would never recommend her to my friends.

We have a touching duet, Tim and I, which we sing after eating one of Patsy's meals; "Heaven help the prune that Patsy picks."

It doesn't make a hit with Sis.

Mom had always put her foot down hard on the idea of having a dog. They tracked in so much dirt and ate up so much food. But, as I said, Mom was sick at the time. And even the three of us combined did not feel adequate to repel his attentions.

He was there one morning when Patsy started out on the back porch for the milk and the paper — stretched out all over the *Welcome* on the mat.

Patsy wouldn't go outside the screen door, but called for us boys.

"Come on down here and see the dear little waif that's been left on our doorstep."

That would get a rise out of anybody, of course, so we tore down, and looked him over.

"Feed him, Tim, before he eats us," Patsy pleaded.

So Tim put his head in the ice-box.

"What shall I give him? The roast of beef or a dish of lemon jelly?"

"Both, Timmy. He's getting up."

He did. And stretched a stretch that looked like a million dollars. It began with his front paws, braced way out near the steps. It undulated down his bowed back. The muscles of his tail tensed. I thought we had a big porch till that dog stretched. But he filled it. If the porch had been bigger, his stretch would have been longer.

Having pulled himself together again, he looked about for a calf or a man or something to whet his appetite upon.

"Go on out and feed him, Peter," Sis said.

"Yeah, sacrifice myself to save the women and children."

"Children, my eye!" Tim blustered. "He won't hurt us. He's got a fine head,— just like a lion's."

"Particularly around the jaws," Patsy agreed.

He came at the screen door then, ears up, tail wagging. So Timothy picked up the food and tried to dart adroitly out without letting the dog in. But the dog was adroiter — is there such a word? Anyhow, the dog beat Timmy by getting in, while Timmy was trying vainly to get out without opening the door.

But he didn't eat us. He licked our hands and pranced and romped as though we were his long-lost Family. We watched awe-struck while he ate a dollar's worth of meat. Then, licking his chops, he went and laid his head on the kitchen table.

Yes! No kidding! That's how big he was. Just like that, believe me, you had to plant your feet firmly or you'd be bowled over.

He was there the next morning, of course. We didn't dare feed him, because we knew Mom would be furious. But then, on the other hand, we were afraid not to. Every time any of us went out to the ice-box, he came and lunged against the back screen door. I thought he'd break the screen, so when the others ambled up to the table and laid his head on it. And looked wistfully from one to the other of us out of great sad eyes.

"Give him the rest of the meat, Peter. He'll begin on your leg or something in a minute," Sis said.

He finished our Sunday dinner in two snaps of the jaws and was ready to play again. Tim started over toward the dining-room door, planning to shut it to keep our noise from waking Mom. But the dog beat him again and began wandering through the rooms.

"Don't let him in the parlor, Pete. He'll wag his tail and knock over the piano," Patsy wailed.

"Don't be silly, Sis," I reassured her. "He's much more likely to go to sleep on the rug."

She whooped at that. "Mom'll have a fit, boys."

And Patricia began shooing him from one room to the other. The dog thought she was playing tag, and broke into a frisky gallop. I leaned against the jamb of the pantry door to watch the fun. When they came prancing past, the big brute stepped on my foot.

"He may have a head like a lion, Tim, but he's got the tread of an elephant."

"Let's all go outdoors, and he'll follow us," Patsy panted.

IT worked. But once outdoors, the dog felt the game was well started. He wanted us to run and play, too. He raced out toward the gate and back toward us. And when he came pounding toward you, big ears flopping, red tongue dripping,—! Did you see the movie of big-game hunting, where the lion seemed to be coming right out of the film at you, before the man beside the camera fired?

In the midst of this, we heard Mom calling.

Patsy ran into the house and up-stairs, with me after her. If Mom was mad, I wasn't going to let Sis get all the blame.

"What *are* you children doing to make so much noise?"

"A tramp dog is here, Mom, and we're trying to get rid of him," Patsy said, guilelessly, while she smoothed Mom's pillow and twitched the shades up.

"Well, don't feed him anything. If you do you'll *never* get rid of him."

And Mother rolled over and went to sleep again.

Patsy looked at me guiltily as we tippy-toed out.

"What'll we do, Pete?"

"With a dog of that size, you just naturally leave a good deal of the doing to him."

Well, we didn't feed him any more that day. We tried to ignore him. But every time you went outdoors, there he was, all set for a frolic. If you didn't pay any attention to him, he reared and put his paws on your shoulders. And when he threw his weight against you weren't looking, I fed him. Come to find out, they did the same thing — two or three times that day.

Well, after that, of course, he was our dog. So the first day Mom was up we held a conference to decide on a name for him. Mom was a little mad to see how permanently he was attached to our ménage. But she was too weak to hold out against us. And by that time, we were all three for him.

"Call him 'Wilson,'" Mom suggested.

"Oh, *no*," the three of us chorused.

"Let's call him 'Pershing,'" was Tim's wistful suggestion. You see, Tim was too young to enlist, and was waiting eagerly for the fall when he would go to college and student officers' training.

I had got a commission, but I did all my fighting with heterogeneous battalions of "unphysically fit" conscripts in a camp half a mile from home. It made me sore at the whole army. I wouldn't name my dog Pershing.

I suggested "Fifi." But the others howled at my idea of humor.

"I know," Patsy beamed. "Let's call him 'Tiny.'"

And we all agreed. You see, "Tiny" was the nickname of an aviator who beaued Patsy around gaily while he was doing his cadet flying at the field. He was an enormous chap, six feet three, and heavy. Great football player. So heavy they didn't let him try to qualify for a pursuit pilot's license, but kept him on bombing planes. He hung around the house a lot before he went across. We all got quite fond of him.

So Tiny it was.

We're so used to it now that its significance never occurs to us. But I've seen people stop on the street and stare at us when we call, "Here, Tiny, Tiny, Tiny. Come on, boy," to that great lumbering pup.

I suppose it does sound sort of queer. His back is about level with my waist-line.

"Where do you suppose he came from?" Mom asked. "Not from any of our neighbors' places, certainly."

You see, we live in Westbury. We don't "belong" in Westbury, of course, because we haven't the money to play polo, or hunt, or any of those things. We only live there because one of our Quaker ancestors hung up in the parlor the grant from the King with which he bullied a lot of Long Island Indians out of their land.

Our neighbors don't "know" us, but we know them well enough to be sure no such bourgeois dog as Tiny escaped from their kennels. I think he is mostly Newfoundland. His black and white shaggy coat, and his big head look like Newfoundland. But none of our neighbors ever go so far wrong as to have a dog that's only "mostly." Their dogs are always "entirely."

I thought he must have come to us from the camp. Regiments brought on whole zoos of mascots as far as the embarkation camp, only to find that they couldn't get them aboard the transports. Tiny couldn't have been smuggled up a gangplank. He wasn't that size nor disposition.

Well, Mom got better, and the War got over, and I got back into white collars, and Tiny got fatter and friendlier. The next thrill we got was when some one bought the old Feeks place, next to us, and began fixing it up. They were western millionaires, the grocer told us. Had a son just discharged.

That millionaire part put them out of our class, of course, so we lost all interest in them. We saw the tons

of blue stone hauled in and dumped on their roadways. And we heard motors purr in and out back of their hedge.

We don't have much grounds around our place. The house is too near the road to be fashionable. It makes it easy, though, for us to enjoy our neighbors' comings and goings.

We saw the late-discharged son one day, driving a big roadster. He throttled down to take the curve into his entrance. Tiny came around the corner of the house to look him over. Tim was mowing the lawn.

"Hey! That's my dog!" shouted the chap in the roadster.

"The devil it is," answered Timmy, rudely. You see, Timmy is crazy for a car, so he hates all wealthy motorists with an awful class hatred.

"Come on, Jumbo. Come on, old man," said our neighbor, seductively, snapping his fingers at Tiny.

Tiny lifted his plumy tail, cocked his ears, and started questioningly toward the gate.

But Patsy was on the back porch, where the dog could see her, and she was waving a lamb chop. The meat won out over the millions. Tiny wheeled ponderously, and trotted toward Sis. The car swung into the blue stone roadway and was gone.

We forgot all about that incident till we began missing Tiny for hours at a time. It worried us a lot, because we'd all grown very fond of the big fellow. Even Mom admitted he was nice — for a dog.

When the snow was on the ground and Timmy was home for Christmas vacation, he found dog tracks leading up to a break in the hedge. Tiny was visiting next door!

We barricaded that gap in the shrubs, but we soon found another. Toward spring, when everyone moons around outdoors, and marks off flower beds and potato patches and things, we used to see young Griffith — that was his name — giving orders for a tennis-court.

One day we spied Tiny playing over on his lawn. Griffith was out there, throwing a ball for our dog to retrieve. Timmy was wild, and called out,

"Tiny, here Tiny! Come on home!"

He could see the man say something to the dog. Tiny hesitated a long while, starting toward the hedge several times. Finally, in answer to Tim's coaxing, he came home — a small victory but something.

Sis looked up from her sweet-pea trench one day to see Tiny squeeze out through the shrubs. He trotted familiarly across the barbered lawn and right up to the kitchen door. A servant set down a dish of food which Tiny promptly devoured. Then young Griffith got out his car and called the dog.

"Want a ride, old man?"

Patsy got furious, and whistled sputteringly.

"Here Tiny, Tiny, Tiny!"

The man came over to the hedge.

"You're Miss Willetts, aren't you?" he smiled.

Patsy admitted she was, and smiled back.

"Do you mind telling me how you came into possession of this dog?"

That riled Sis. Notice he didn't say, "Where did you get your dog?"

"He's *our* dog," Sis emphasized. "We've had him quite a while."

"I asked because he's my dog. He answers to his name. Come here, Jumbo."

TINY ambled over and let the chap rub his head. Patsy wheeled, with tears in her eyes, and came into the house.

The dog spent more and more of his time next door. It broke Sis's heart. But toward midsummer, Tim and I noticed that Sis began spending some time next door, too. She played tennis with young Griffith, and went for long rides in his roadster.

"Patsy," Tim said to her one day, after he'd seen Tiny loping up the blue stone walk, "you're fraternizing with the enemy."

"What do you mean 'enemy,' Tim?"

"The bloated plutocrat who has robbed us of our dog."

"Tiny still sleeps in our barn, Timmy."

"That's good of him. He doesn't eat his meals out of our garbage can, though."

"Timothy, don't be a crab. How can I help it if the dog won't be loyal to his own garbage can, but prefers to eat of the swell swill from the rich man's table?"

"Don't try to be funny, Sis," said Timothy, with all the dignity of seventeen.

"Anyhow, Mr. Griffith *says* he used to be theirs."

But she didn't sound very convincing.

We had one gosh-awful thunder-storm that week. In five blinding minutes, the scenery looked as though it had been stirred with a pudding spoon. After the thunder-clouds retreated out toward Montauk, we ventured forth to count the trees that lay prostrated like nine-pins all over the road.

We missed Tiny.

"He's been gone since it started to thunder," Patsy remembered.

As we dragged around through the soppy grass, Sis whistled and called. Finally we heard muffled barking; and then some one in our neighbor's house opened the door and let him out. He came bounding over the lawn and pawed Pat with his dirty wet feet. Soon the chugging roadster rolled down the blue stone road and came to a stop near us.

"Jumbo hid himself in the cellar," Griffith called out to us. "He had a terrible time when those awful cracks came."

"It was a bad storm," I said placatingly, for I could see Patsy's back bristling — figuratively speaking, of course.

"Want to ride down toward Mineola and see the damage, Miss Willetts?"

"Thanks, no," Sis answered stiffly. "I'm afraid the roads are skiddy. Tiny'll go with you, though."

"Come on, Jumbo, old man. Want a ride?"

He was soon sprawled all over the seat, legs protruding everywhere, red tongue flopping with the jog of the car as it pulled off.

"Huh," Patsy grunted. "How'd he get in their cellar?"

I didn't know, so I didn't attempt to waste any brotherly oil on the troubled waters.

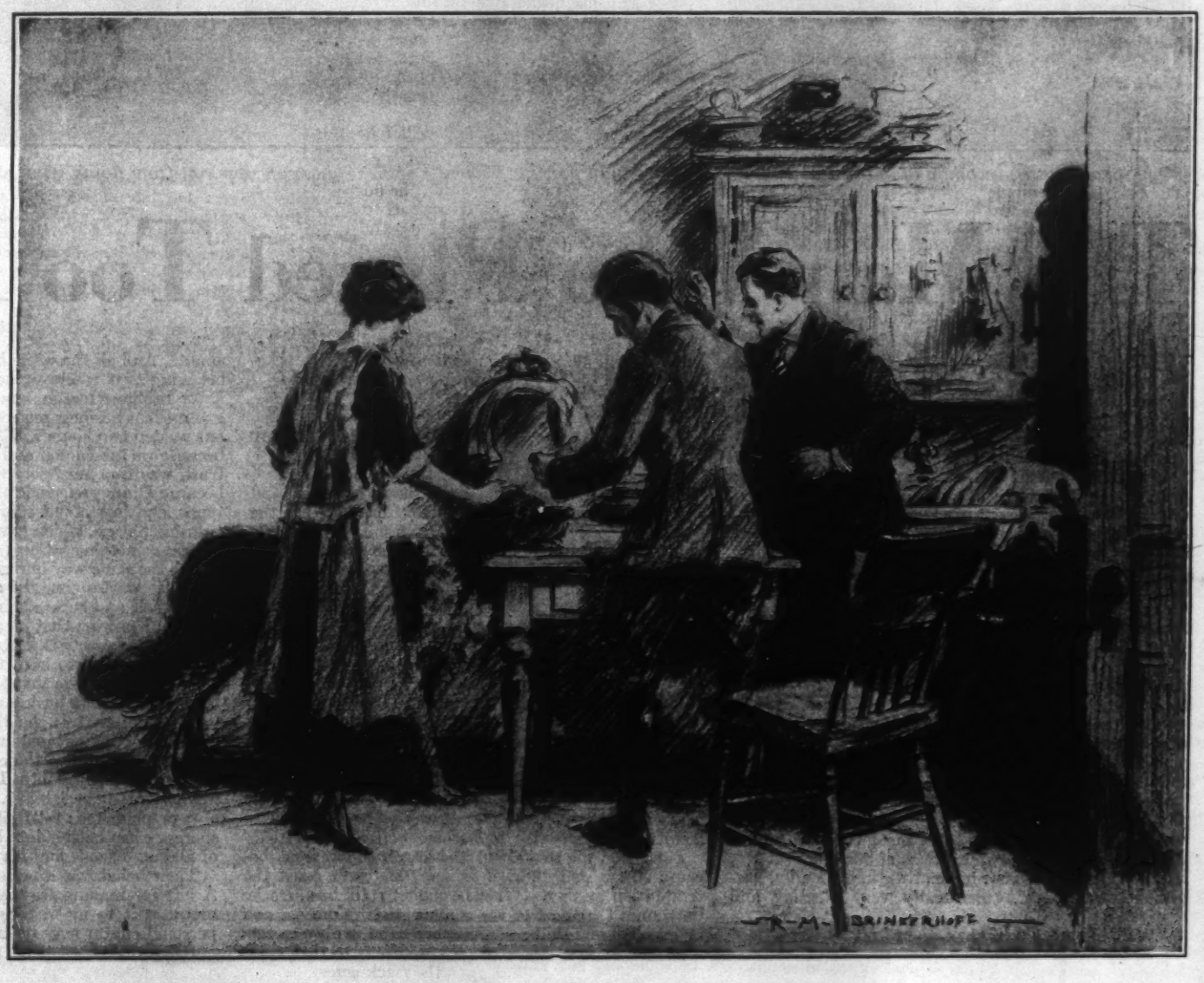
"Peter," she said to me deliberately. "He's such a peach. Why *do* you suppose he's such a beast about Tiny?"

Girls are funny, aren't they? How can a chap be a peach and a beast in the same breath?

Then she mumbled something choky about changing her shoes and went in.

A while later Tiny came galloping breathlessly up the porch. He ignored Mom, who was stringing beans, pushed past the hammock, nearly throwing Tim out, and laid his head in Patsy's lap on top of the pale rose sweater she was knitting.

"Tiny! You're all wet and [*Continued on page 65*



Yes! No kidding! That's how big he was. Just ambled up to the table and laid his head on it, looking wistfully at us out of great sad eyes.

Some beautiful woman of unassailable social position would gurgle: "There's nothing that can stop you from doing what you really want to."

The Man Who Played Too Much

by Fred C. Kelly

Illustration by Winemiller and Miller

I WENT to lunch one day with Philip Dines. He said he wanted to talk to me about the advertising problems of the big builders' supply house of which he is secretary and treasurer. Now, you understand that the purpose of our going to lunch was to discuss a business proposition. Dines's office happens to be uptown and I assumed that we would drop in at some place in the immediate locality. But he suggested a little restaurant far downtown and we took the subway. He explained that the head-waiter was one he had known more or less intimately for years, and, besides, the restaurant was a rather unusual sort that he wanted me to see.

After the head-waiter friend had seated us at a particularly desirable table, Dines began to talk to me about the history of the restaurant, its exceptional cuisine, and the list of famous folk who had eaten there. One might almost have thought he was about to organize a company to take over the restaurant and desired to sell me some stock in it. He seemed greatly concerned over our order, lest our food might not be the happiest possible combination. When the waiter broke the news to him that a certain kind of sauce was not available, he looked terribly downcast for a moment and I feared his day was spoiled. Naturally, I began to wonder if the meal itself was the real object of our meeting together. After he had got the various items of our order settled, Dines beamed across the table at me in a friendly, hospitable manner that was really very pleasing and remarked:

"Well, it's great golfing weather, isn't it?"

Then he asked me if I played, where I played, and how. Finding that I was reasonably interested in the game, he began to discuss the last national golf tournament, and told me exactly how it came about that he was personally acquainted with one of the men who participated in the finals. He took considerable time to tell me right down to the details about a remarkably difficult stroke he had succeeded in making a year or two previous on a links at the Lake Placid Club.

We had sat down to eat shortly after one o'clock. At ten minutes to three we had not yet touched upon the business matter that was supposedly the main reason for our meal. I was obliged to keep an appointment back uptown shortly after three, and so excused myself.

"We'll have to have another little luncheon together, or maybe go to dinner some evening," remarked Dines, smiling as we separated. "Somehow we didn't quite get to it this time. However, it was well worth while to have this opportunity to become better acquainted."

I mention all this about the lunch engagement because it was so typical of Dines. He can't resist the temptation to play. When he ought to talk business, he postpones that part of the conversation to discuss golf or baseball or fishing — something that is play to talk about. And all the while he keeps fooling himself into believing that whatever he does of a frivolous nature is for business reasons and in the long run will serve an excellent business purpose. I feel sure that he thinks our wasted two hours will show good returns eventually because we talked golf and got better acquainted. The truth was that we failed to take up business matters because Dines preferred to follow the line of least resistance, and talk about sports or other topics of a light, amusing nature, which gave him more pleasure than to discuss something serious.

It is the same way in regard to his physical activities. When he wastes time, he always prepares a good alibi for himself and succeeds in getting himself completely fooled. Knowing that many wonderful executives play golf or ride horseback or take some form of systematic exercise in order to keep themselves in good fettle for business, Dines uses that for an excuse to exercise when he ought to be at business. His work became the tail to his kite; that is, he thought more about keeping himself in excellent condition than he did about making profitable use of the energy he thus acquired.

From his early youth, Dines had an agreeable manner and strong sociability. His relatives and intimates always predicted: "Philip is bound to make a big success when he gets into business because of his knack of making friends and his charming manner."

Their belief was a perfectly natural and logical one. A gift for making friends is a big business asset — if one uses it to make the right kind of friends. Even personal charm may be turned to good account. But

on the other hand, charm in a man may be a doubtful advantage. For it is not unlikely to depend on being agreeable to the point of weakness — always agreeing with the other fellow, perhaps, and holding back any strong, definite, well-grounded opinions of one's own rather than seem impolite. A man gifted with too much charm is often a negative rather than a positive character. On the whole, I imagine that charm ought to be more of a feminine than a masculine attribute. A woman may find charm an asset, but a man should accomplish by compelling personality. Theodore Roosevelt succeeded in making many friends, but I never heard anybody call him charming.

Be all that as it may, Philip Dines did succeed in getting certain business opportunities through friendships, and to that extent his social traits were an advantage. He landed a good job, and he worked hard at it. Indeed, he made good. Whatever excessive social impulses may have been in his system he curbed, for the benefit of his business career. It was not until after he was secretary and treasurer of his company that his play spirit came so strongly to the fore. He began to be thrown with men of affairs who had arrived at places where they could do about as they pleased and their talk of recreational jaunts took deep root in his mind. He desired to be like them and he acted on the theory that to be as successful as they were, he should imitate them not so much in their working hours as in their play hours. Then, too, he did not realize that when he heard different associates mention golfing or swimming, it was not always the same man. If he played golf with Smith on Tuesday and Jones on Wednesday, he did not pause to consider that where Smith and Jones had each lost only one afternoon, he had lost two.

There was never a time, however, when in his own belief Dines neglected his business. He always seemed to have called himself to one side before doing anything frivolous and convinced himself that it was essential to his business rather than detrimental.

"I spend a good deal of time at different clubs in the afternoons," he once told me, "because I keep enlarging my acquaintance in that way. That's the reason I play so much golf. It not only keeps me feeling fine and ready for the daily business battle, but I keep adding to my number of friends and acquaintances. A man in business can't have too large a circle of friends, you know."

Ordinarily, his view about the value of friends is, of course, sound; but in his own case he did not make allowance for the fact that most of the friends he made were his own sort — more devoted to pleasure and amusement than to a real conscientious desire to accomplish and to arrive anywhere. He did not seem to attract to himself men who would lift him up rather than pull him down.

When the dance craze was at its height a few years ago, Dines would slip away from his office early enough in the afternoon to drop in at a *thé dansant* warehouse and glide gaily about for an hour or two for his health's sake — because, he said, it rested him from the business cares of the day and sent the red corpuscles coursing merrily hither and yon in his veins, replacing wasted tissue and thus fortifying him for the business struggle of the morrow.

The trouble was that he devoted more time and thought to dancing — and talking about dancing, before and after taking — in order to be rested from business, than he did to the actual work from which the dancing rested him.

He never considered, either, the fact that it is not always well to be too free an advertiser of one's own leisure. There may be no harm, *per se*, in a business man knocking off from work at 4:20 and publicly dancing until dinner-time, but if he has no business problems to occupy him just then, it might be advantageous to try to keep his competitors from finding it out, and take his afternoon recreation in some less conspicuous manner. Moreover, though it is probably an ill-founded and silly notion, a lot of people are firm in the belief that a man whose legs have become pleasantly syncopated and who noticeably excels all his fellows on the dance floor may not be equally proficient or correspondingly convincing in the line of mental achievement.

Dines used to remind me somewhat of the man who buys an automobile and spends more time taking it apart, cleaning the spark plugs, washing it, and crawling under it, than he does in the actual driving of the machine. Dines was that way in the care of the machine that was himself. He gave twice the thought and attention to maintaining mental and physical fitness than he did to putting the machine to use.

The worst feature of Dines's pleasure-seeking was that it not only took too much time from his work, but kept his mind off his work even when physically he was at his desk and, hypothetically, on the job.

When one walked into his office, Dines was likely to greet the visitor with some such remark as:

"Well, did you win any money on the Cincinnati team?" Or, "Been fishin' lately?"

In order to get down to business you first had to detour around sporting events or other talk of a light, jazzful nature.

One afternoon as we were in the midst of a serious discussion, his telephone rang. The call had to do with arrangements for a dinner party that evening. By the way Dines's face lighted up, and the eager way he pursued the conversation, it was easy to see that his heart was on the approaching party rather than on the business we had under consideration. I felt as if I had intruded, and excused myself as soon as possible. Trying to bring Dines's mind around to prosaic business was like stumbling on a man engaged in prayer and interrupting him to ask for the time of day.

On another occasion, when we were in the midst of talking over a rather important matter, Dines asked me to wait just a moment while he looked for something in his desk. He began to pull out one drawer after another, and as the search continued without his finding whatever it was he sought, he grew somewhat feverish with excitement. I feared that some important contract or other document we would need had become lost. At last, however, Dines found what he wanted. It was an ordinary, old-fashioned corncob pipe.

"Just felt in the mood for smoking this," he smilingly explained, "and nothing else would quite do."

It was a trivial incident and yet gave a good line on Dines's character. Just when you thought you had his undivided attention, his thoughts would suddenly dart away, like a trout.

I HAVE already mentioned the incident of going to lunch with Dines for a business chat. Some weeks later he telephoned to me one afternoon and asked if I would go to dinner with him, explaining that he desired to have a heart-to-heart talk with another man and me about a lot of little odds and ends of things that had been perplexing him. The other man, Brandon, was a construction engineer. I enjoyed making his acquaintance, but, from Dines's point of view, there was scant advantage in trying to talk to both of us at once. The ideal business conference is between *two* men, each having the other's undivided attention. Four is better than three, because then, if need be, the men can talk in pairs. Three is not so bad if there is nothing in particular that it is desired to accomplish beyond a free exchange of ideas. But to discuss two different subjects with two men all at the same time is one of the most difficult conversational feats there is. That was what Dines evidently thought he had it in mind to do. If we could have eaten in a quiet nook, reasonably free from distractions, we might have had a fairly profitable three-cornered talk, at that. But Dines had selected for our talk — where do you suppose? A restaurant where there was both a dance floor and a cabaret show!

He insisted that a little diversion would brighten us up and make our discussion all the more fraught with accomplishment. It was his party and we let his ideas prevail. The truth was, of course, that he wished to eat in a cabaret restaurant for the simple reason that he wished to eat there — because the glitter of such places appealed to him. But he had become so rarely gifted in the art of fooling himself that he had no trouble at all in making himself believe we were going to a restaurant well adapted to our immediate needs.

The place Dines had picked was of the semi-Bohemian sort, only it differed from the ordinary Bohemian restaurant in being considerably more expensive. Nevertheless, there were a number of diners who seemed to be proceeding on the assumption that true Bohemianism consists in not changing one's linen and not taking enough baths. I noticed three or four young men of the conscientious-objector type with low foreheads, receding chins and hair brushed backward in snaky fashion. Our table was near a little clump of artificial foliage behind which lurked a blatant orchestra. At a near-by table was a group of four, including two women, one a blonde and the other, by virtue of some henna preparation, a brindle. Each looked complacently confident that she had hoodwinked the whole world into believing that the color of her hair and the rosy hue of her lips were natural. The women were discussing, as nearly as I could gather from snatches of their conversation, the problem of inhaling cigarettes. One assured the other that she inhaled *beautifully* and that indeed nobody would suspect what an absurdly short time she had been at it. In these words of good cheer and optimism the novice seemed to take deep comfort.

Most of the women were both overdressed and underdressed, all at the same time. One woman appeared to be all wrought up with anxiety over the possibility that her dress was about to slip and cause her embarrassment. But I'll venture to say that she did not go home and make any alterations to correct this flaw in the cut of the garment — because it was built just the way she intended it to be.

Here and there was a man or woman who looked like some kind of celebrity — but not in consequence of any achievement that really mattered. The great majority of the diners, however, were transients — simple, out-of-town folk who go to bed about 9:45 at home, and, finding it difficult to occupy themselves when in a big city, drop into cabaret restaurants to ascertain what it's all about. The whole atmosphere of the place was one of Pomeranian-like uselessness. And it was to this acme of no-place-to-talk-business that Dines had brought us for our conference.

As we could not well bring ourselves to huddle up together and forget our surroundings, and discuss what we had come to discuss, I tried to effect a conversational compromise by steering the talk into a somewhat philosophical line about net social results of such restaurants, whether they served any necessary purpose or are only what the economists would call a disutility.

Dines immediately leaped to the defense of cabaret-dining, declaring that it was a great boon to the tired business man.

"I find," he said, "that dropping in here once in a while after a hard day of toil at the office gives me just the sort of relaxation I need."

He was always ready to defend anything which purported to give relief to the tired, frayed-out business man. The truth was, though he doubtless would not have believed it, that if he had really been through a bona fide hard day's work at the office, that kind of eating place would not have appealed to him at all. We could look about us and get the answer. Two thirds of the diners were there not because their work had tired them and forced them to seek needed recreation, but rather because they were tired of themselves and bored with life because of not having been at work.

Pleasure, you see, was Dines's one great form of intemperance. He was not given to drinking nor any other of the usual vices that wreck men's careers. In fact, with his clean-cut, clean-skinned youthful features, and athletic physique, anybody would have picked him as a man conspicuously free from any form of intemperance whatsoever. He was even careful about his eating, never touching pastry, nor anything which might make him put on too much flesh.

"I can't do a good day's work unless I keep myself on a proper diet," I've heard him say.

The truth was that he did not do a good day's work even with the proper diet.

At times he seemed to realize that perhaps he was playing too much, and he would make an effort, in much the same way that a drinking man does, to take a fresh start. But just as in the case of the man whose intemperance is along [*Continued on page 83*]

Coming in February

Stories by

Edna Ferber Arthur Stringer Leonard Merrick
Algernon Blackwood Richard Washburn Child
Ellis Parker Butler, and Others

Are We Approaching A Cataclysm?

Was Herbert Spencer right in his prophecy of civil war, immense bloodshed and a military dictator in this country instead of a president?

by Newell Dwight Hillis

TRAVELING up and down the land this summer has not been an exhilarating experience. Entering Washington the morning after the race riots, one found the police wagons carrying away dead bodies, street sweepers cleansing the blood from the sidewalks, with a civil war going on, under the very eaves of the National Capitol. Reaching Chicago, the day after the race riots began, the midnight was made hideous with the crack of revolver shots, the hiss of rifle bullets, and the thunder of the hoofs of horses of armed policemen; and the carrying of twenty-five bodies from the scene the next morning, was strangely reminiscent of Ypres. In Winnipeg, the traveler is shown the spot where the leader of the mob announced his programme and the revolutionists started toward the government buildings to demand the resignation of elected rulers, and in the spirit of the French revolutionists of the bloody days of 1789, to announce the reign of the rifle, the dagger and the bomb-shell.

Out in Seattle, I was shown the places where the machine guns were placed at the ends of the street, and the spot where armed citizens lay behind sandbags, while others hid themselves in the safety vaults of banks, and five thousand four hundred minute men were registered and each had his own appointed place where he was to stand in defense of his city, against the I. W. W.'s, the communists, the Labor Union crowd, and the Bolsheviki.

Something Going On

In a Canadian city I was shown the spot where the revolutionary leader shouted to the thousands of his followers: "Some of you, perceiving that the common people hear me gladly, may think that I am the late lamented and crucified J. C., returned to earth again, but I am not! I am simply the leader of the I. W. W.'s." Therefore, a visit this summer to Washington and Chicago, with their bloody streets and their crimson gutters, to Seattle and Winnipeg, still under the shadow of riots, was about as exhilarating as a trip to San Francisco the week after the earthquake, or to Texas the day after the awful tornado had ruined the villages, torn up the vineyards and orchards, and left the whole region desolate. No traveler goes to the top of Vesuvius when it is in a state of violent eruption and pouring forth lurid lava, for the purpose of writing a poem upon the pleasures of peace or the silence of a calm and tranquil night.

On the second morning of the battle of Belleau Wood, when a huge German shell exploded, tore a hole ten feet deep in the ground, scattered the fragments of half a dozen army mules over an acre lot, tossed one of the American drivers a hundred feet, blowing his very clothes away, the driver was heard to say languidly as he rose, and slowly disinterred his legs, "It looks as if somethin's goin' on." And certainly any one who has eyes to see blood spots on sidewalks, or ears to hear the low rumble of a vibrating earth, must realize that strange things have begun "to go on" in this Republic.

However, there is no reason for astonishment.

Our Republic has never had a warmer friend than Herbert Spencer. Through fifty years Spencer had watched seedlike movements unfold their harvests of hate and ruin. "In the United States as here (in England) and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis, I believe to be irresistible. We have bad times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you — civil war, immense bloodshed, and eventually, military despotism of the severest type." No thoughtful American citizen can read these words in a light spirit, in view of the solemn fact that their fulfilment in Washington and Chicago and Seattle is already a part of our national history.

Interpreting Civil War and Riots by Great Principles

When Darwin explained the development of the seed and root, the rise of literature, art and liberty, by a principle called evolution, isolated facts suddenly became plain. It is for that reason that the sinister events in our national life must be traced back to some principle that will in part explain them. Years ago, Macaulay told the American people that our failure to assimilate into the body politic millions of aliens who had no stake in our institutions, our traditions, our history, literature nor ideals — aliens, every drop of whose blood was monarchical blood — aliens whose every thought and every habit were anti-American — would soon or late bring us to anarchy, chaos and inevitable revolution. "The Republic has no instruments for protecting either life or property, once the cheap land has gone.

"As to America, I appeal to the Twentieth Century. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the Twentieth Century as the Roman Empire was in the Fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals will be engendered in your own country and by your own institutions." The Twentieth Century has now come, and so have the events predicted by Macaulay.

In view of the riots of last July and August, his words would seem to be the words of a newspaper reporter describing what had just happened in the towns and cities of the United States, rather than those of a prophet foreseeing inevitable coming events!

What is the Matter with English Working-Men?

Thoughtful men in Great Britain are asking what is the matter with their working-men? In their bitterness toward the landed gentry, the title classes and the social and industrial abuses of the old régime, the English working-men have reacted to an extreme that threatens to destroy the very industrial life of England, and to utterly ruin all classes. By threats of going over to Bolshevism, by strikes and riots and physical force, the trade unionists have lifted the wage in many of the occupations to twenty shillings or five dollars per day, while at the same time the unions have shortened the hours, thus reducing the output.

But when this five-dollar-a-day wage has been spread over all the occupations related to the mining of coal and iron, the transportation of the iron flux from Sweden, with the affiliated industries, these united increases in wages have lifted the price of steel in England to eighty-five dollars a ton, at an hour when the United States is producing and delivering steel for sixty-five dollars. Out of twenty-one great bids for steel in different foreign countries, American firms obtained nineteen contracts, Germany one and England one.

If the British Trade Union man had increased his output to a degree corresponding to the increase of his wage, he might have obtained one-half of those contracts, and thus kept his own steel furnaces going and earned his own livelihood. But these trade unionists' leaders seem to lack the power of thinking. No sound industry can be built upon big arms and little intellects. Hitherto, England has maintained her cotton, woolen and steel industries by differential wage, but now that the working-men have forced the same wage as our American working-men, and have also limited their hours and their output to three-fourths of the American product, the result is inevitable. These working-men are starving to death their own plants, making it impossible for their own employers to obtain contracts, and so are destroying their own jobs. Every American wants the British working-man to win out, to keep his share of the world's business, and have his high wage, but the Britisher cannot expect to be let off with three-fourths of the productive work against our working-men who produce four-fourths. Even a working-man lives in a universe of economic law.

OUR own American working-men now seem to be about to imitate their English brothers. Nothing is more common than this statement: "We shall never stop the strikes, nor the agitations, until we get a working day of eight hours, and an average wage of eight dollars." Now that is precisely the plan that was proposed by one of the most bitter and relentless labor agitators of Europe at one of the recent foreign trade union conferences. The sum of his argument was this: the Bolsheviki have got control of all capital in Russia through theft and murder, by a bloody revolution; I will show you a way to transfer all capital in the United States to the wage earners by a bloodless revolution.

For example, the United States has fifty billions of dollars annual income. There are twenty millions of wage workers in the United States. Suppose now we agitate and strike until we force eight dollars a day for three hundred days in the year, which will give each trade unionist twenty-four hundred dollars income. But twenty millions of workers times that twenty-four hundred dollars a year, will equal forty-eight billions of dollars.

There will then be two billions out of the fifty billions national income, as interest on the war bonds. The muscle-workers will get all the rest, leaving nothing for interest on capital, no [*Continued on page 49*]

Somebody ought to say at least one ***kind*** *word for the so-called "better classes," scoffed at by the agitators on nearly every street corner and by revolutionists all over the land*

The girl who forgets

The girl you cannot forget

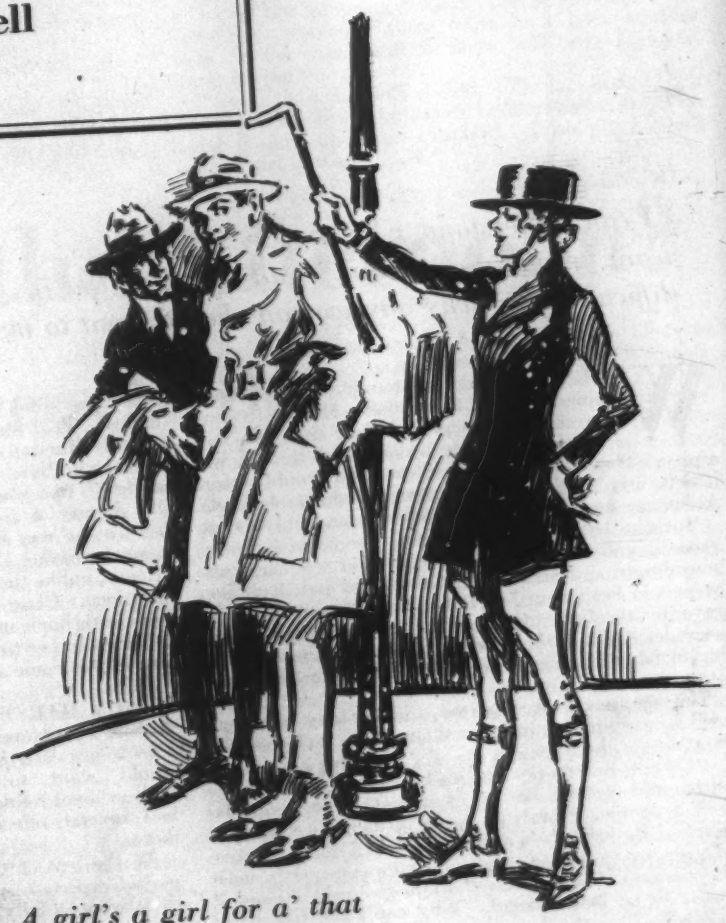
The girl who never forgets

Which Kind of Girl Are You?

A Page of Sketches

by **Seddie Aspell**

The girl who never forgets herself



A girl's a girl for a' that

The Woman Who Wouldn't

By **Barry Pain**

Illustration by **Wilson C. Dexter**

"I can understand why a man should want to marry a woman," said Clare. "But it's rather difficult to see why any woman should want to marry a man!"

WHEN at the age of twenty-six Clare Arnot emerged from the Nursing Home after her mysterious illness with hair that was now quite white, her friends said that it was a pity. They also discussed whether she would restore it to its original tint or choose a more fashionable shade. At her age she could not be expected to leave it like that.

But she left it just like that. She looked pretty, French, and eighteenth-century. She set her stage accordingly and installed gilt furniture and Aubusson carpets in her flat in Mayfair. And there at times she gave, by the light of many candles, little dinners that were delightful in their accessories but somewhat wanting in facts. Some people said that Clare Arnot had a style.

But her aunt, Lady Harston, a heavy lady who occupied a heavy house, just round the corner in Grosvenor Square, did not approve.

"I don't dine there," she said. "I dare say it's very witty, and elegant, and all that, but I don't consider that a couple of prawns and a pistachio ice make a dinner. Besides, she's only a girl, and I don't approve of girls having their own establishments. It's most unfortunate that she has the money to do it, and it ought to be made illegal. Why can't she live here? She always did before that illness, and was perfectly happy. That illness changed everything."

Lady Harston somewhat understated both the dinner and the hostess. Clare was not well described as "only a girl." She was young and unmarried, but she had the dignity of a woman; in shops where she was unknown she was generally addressed as "madam." As a matter of fact Lady Harston and her niece were great friends, unlike though they were in their tastes and dispositions. Clare spent some months of every year at her aunt's home in the country. But it had always been a luxury to her to be sometimes alone, and that luxury had now become a necessity.

LADY HARSTON'S prophecy that Clare would never get married proved correct, but not for the reason her ladyship gave — that no man of sense would want to marry anybody so independent and so over-refined. As the years went by Clare had several offers and dexterously evaded several more.

At the age of twenty-eight a millionaire who employed experts to procure for him the beautiful things that he was totally unable to appreciate, desired to add Clare Arnot to the collection. Her refusal had Lady Harston's approval. Nor did she object when in the following year Clare refused a scrupulous young gentleman who would probably succeed to an earldom. But there were other refusals that tried her aunt's patience sorely.

"It's one of two things, Clare," she said. "Either you think no man on earth is good enough for you — which is conceit — or you think you know better than nature — which is atheistic wickedness."

Clare said that the only nature she knew at all intimately was her own nature, and that she was humbly obeying its orders.

Lady Harston's exasperation reached its limit when Sir James Morvian told her with sorrow that his letter of proposal to Clare had received an unfavorable reply. Sir James was young, good-looking, and accomplished. He had considerable prospects in the diplomatic service, a direction in which ancestors of his had distinguished themselves. And Clare had certainly seemed to like him. On several occasions, when her brother played host for her, Morvian had been a guest at one of Clare's alleged dinners. They had met at many houses — Lady Harston's amongst them — and had appeared to be sympathetic. He quoted her frequently. The phrase "As Clare Arnot says" was becoming familiar in a certain circle.

"They were made for one another," said Lady Harston despairingly to Mrs. Byrne. "They're both too good to live and they both know it. Can't you do any-

thing? You were at the convent school with her. You're her oldest and most intimate friend."

"Perhaps," said Jean Byrne. "But I doubt if anybody really knows her thoroughly. Of course I feel just as you do about it. She ought to marry. There is no real happiness for an unmarried woman, and she has only half a life. And this time I really did think it was coming all right. She would be the ideal wife for him. But what can I do?"

"Go and talk to her. Go now, she'll probably keep you to lunch, but you can come to me afterward and get something to eat. It's of no use for me to see her for she's heard my views too many times. But you might do something. Start talking about your school-days together and get her confidence."

"If I do, I shall be the first," said Mrs. Byrne. She went but with no great hopes.

She had invented her tactful way of leading up to the subject but Clare Arnot spared her the trouble.

"If you've come from Aunt Mary," she said, "you've probably heard about that wretched mistake of Morvian's. But I have an idea that it will all pass over and that we shall be good friends."

"I hope not," said Jean earnestly. "I want you to be husband and wife."

Clare's eyes sparkled slightly. Jean's unconscious humor was one of her priceless gifts. "But why?" she said. "Things were very well as they were."

"But how much better they might be," said Jean. "Will you never hear the voice of nature calling you?"

"Come in to lunch," said Clare. "And we'll wait on ourselves. I think one always talks more easily about the voice of nature when the servants are not present."

"I am a married woman," said Jean Byrne stoutly, when the maids had retired.

"I know," said Clare, "I was one of the bridesmaids."

"Yes," said Jean, "but when I say that, what I mean is that your life is totally incomplete."

"Very likely," said Clare. "But you forestalled me. George could not marry the bridesmaids."

"SURE," said Jean, with the unconscious humor still in action. "But it's not so much that I wanted you to marry George ——"

And here Clare laughed joyously.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Byrne, "you are quite right. I did not express my meaning. What I meant was that I did want — and do want — you to marry somebody."

"I can understand why a man wants to marry a woman. A woman has beauty and charm. But it's rather difficult to see why any woman should want to marry a man."

"Because it's nature," said Jean earnestly.

"Dear old nature!" said Clare. "We are always fetching her out of the back-shop to use her as an argument, but we are rightly agreed that some of her ways are too absurd for discussion. I don't overrate nature. The best of us have to take some trouble to circumvent her. I often think that a beautiful statue is in some ways more admirable than a beautiful woman."

"You cannot really think so, Clare."

"Why not? The statue does not eat, nor have a cold in the nose, nor grow old, nor die and decay, nor do anything revolting."

"It cannot think nor speak."

"Therefore it does not use its speech to betray its want of thought — as we human beings do."

"But we are straying from the point. Why should not a woman want to marry a man? Sir James Morvian is admittedly one of the best-looking men in London, and he has most attractive manners."

"Undoubtedly. It was neither for his looks nor his manners that I refused him."

"He has most refined tastes. He is nearly as over-cultured as you are."

"Oh, really, Jean, would you call me over-cultured? That's rather terrifying."

"Of course you are. You never swear. You avoid all the popular slang words like poison. You get your dresses out of pictures. You read far too much. You speak three languages well. Of course you're over-cultured."

"I sometimes think that I do accentuate my type a little too much."

"Candles instead of electric light in the living-rooms. And you won't have the telephone. Heaps of things like that which I could think of. Now, Sir James Morvian ——"

"Well, it was not for any want of culture that I refused him."

"Then I know why it was. I've attended a course of lectures on eugenics myself, and I know it's important, but I don't think it should weigh with you in this case."

"I've never attended lectures on eugenics myself. Teaches you how to be indecent scientifically, doesn't it? But what are you talking about?"

"About the black sheep of the Morvian family, of course — his cousin, Gilbert Morvian."

Clare Arnot began to turn a wine-glass round very slowly. "Gilbert Morvian, the sculptor. He died several years ago."

"Died? You knew him, or at any rate knew of him. Why should we mince matters? The poor man drank. It was not his only failing, either. The family packed him off to the South Seas, and in Samoa he committed suicide. Otherwise, he would probably have died of drink. You see, I admit all that. But it does not affect your marriage with Sir James in the least. All that bestial part — you can't call it anything else — in Gilbert Morvian was inherited from his mother's side — and therefore does not affect Sir James at all."

"I see," said Clare slowly. "And his artistic gift — where did that come from?"

"Yes, he was supposed to be very clever, I believe. Well, I've not been into that. Probably that also came from the mother's side — artistic gifts and a bad moral character so often go together."

"Really? You've probably studied the subject more than I have. I've known people myself with quite bad characters and no artistic gifts at all — nor any other gifts. But really, Jean, I don't think we need discuss the — how shall I put it? — the stud-qualifications of a man whom I have no intention of marrying. The question of heredity never entered my mind at all."

"Then in that case, Clare, can't you tell me plainly why you won't marry him?"

"Oh, yes," said Clare. "Principally, because I'd much sooner attend lectures on eugenics, or commit suicide in Samoa, than even think about the possibility of such a thing. Let's talk about something else."

But Mrs. Byrne did not remain much longer and went off to carry her despairing tale of failure to Lady Harston.

And when she had gone Clare gave instructions that she would see nobody that afternoon. Alone in her room she read through once more a bundle of letters that she had read many times and had intended not to read again. They were beautiful and passionate letters from the only man she had ever loved — that drunken genius, Gilbert Morvian.

THE affair had been a secret. It was to have been told when his reclamation was complete. And even her love had failed to reclaim him. But reclamation had seemed to be in sight. And then, far away from her, there had come another relapse, and following upon it the wave of remorse and depression in which he had taken his life. She read the last letter of all, telling her how he had burned all her letters and meant to make an end of himself. "I've had work and letters destroyed," he wrote. "I love you too much to be able to endure myself."

The day that she received that letter Clare had gone about as usual. The secret must be kept still. She went through a fortnight of long days and sleepless nights. And then the flesh was too weak for the fire of the spirit, and there followed a nervous breakdown, and wise men from Harley Street, and six weeks in a Nursing Home. But still the secret was kept. Neither the wise men from Harley Street, nor Lady Harston, nor Jane Byrne ever knew the real cause of that illness.

And as Clare, with wet eyes, read that last letter of all and pressed it to her lips, at the heavy house in Grosvenor Square, Mrs. Byrne narrated her failure to Lady Harston.

"Well," she said, "I lunched with her — excellent lunch, by the way — but I've done no good at all. It's impossible to influence her."

"How did she seem?"

"Oh, well enough, but unusually dull. Never said a witty nor amusing thing the whole time. I sometimes wonder if there could have been another man in the case. But if there had been I should have known."

"And I most certainly should. The fact is that she's as cold as ice and as proud as Lucifer, and no man on earth is quite up to her standard. It's a pity. She's a good girl in many ways."

Coming in February — a Leonard Merrick story

Do You Slump in the Afternoon?

by Edwin F. Bowers, M. D.

FEW men or women — especially among those holding down "indoor jobs" — are capable of putting as much "pep" into their work at three P. M. as they did during the morning hours.

Now, "pep" is largely a matter of proper rest, better nutrition, and a more perfect elimination. So perhaps the most important cause for that afternoon slump is a lack of the proper amount and quality of sleep the night before.

Remember it is only during sleep that the final transformation of food pabulum into finished cell-structure is effected, and that a man can be starved to death, if only he is kept awake long enough. The Chinese used to demonstrate this in that cruel form of capital punishment which consisted in prodding a victim into wakefulness until he was finally killed off by cell exhaustion and fatigue poison accumulations.

So, the first method of insuring "pep" is to get another hour or two of refreshing sleep every night — even if this should necessitate the curtailing of a fair flock of social pleasures. Eight, or even ten hours' sleep every night — preferably in a bed all to oneself, is time very profitably spent.

The next important thing in the prevention of the afternoon let-down, is to avoid "speeding." This applies with equal force to the stenographer, the office man, or to anybody else who uses up all of his available supply of energy in a grand burst, and hasn't anything left in reserve for the long, dragging hours of the afternoon.

It's a great mistake to think that one can get more work accomplished by this practise. For sustained, high-tensioned effort is always followed by a curve of diminishing returns.

If possible, change, from time to time, the character of your work. This is a rest, in itself — as a different set of muscles and a different set of brain cells are brought into play — thus enabling the original set to rest up.

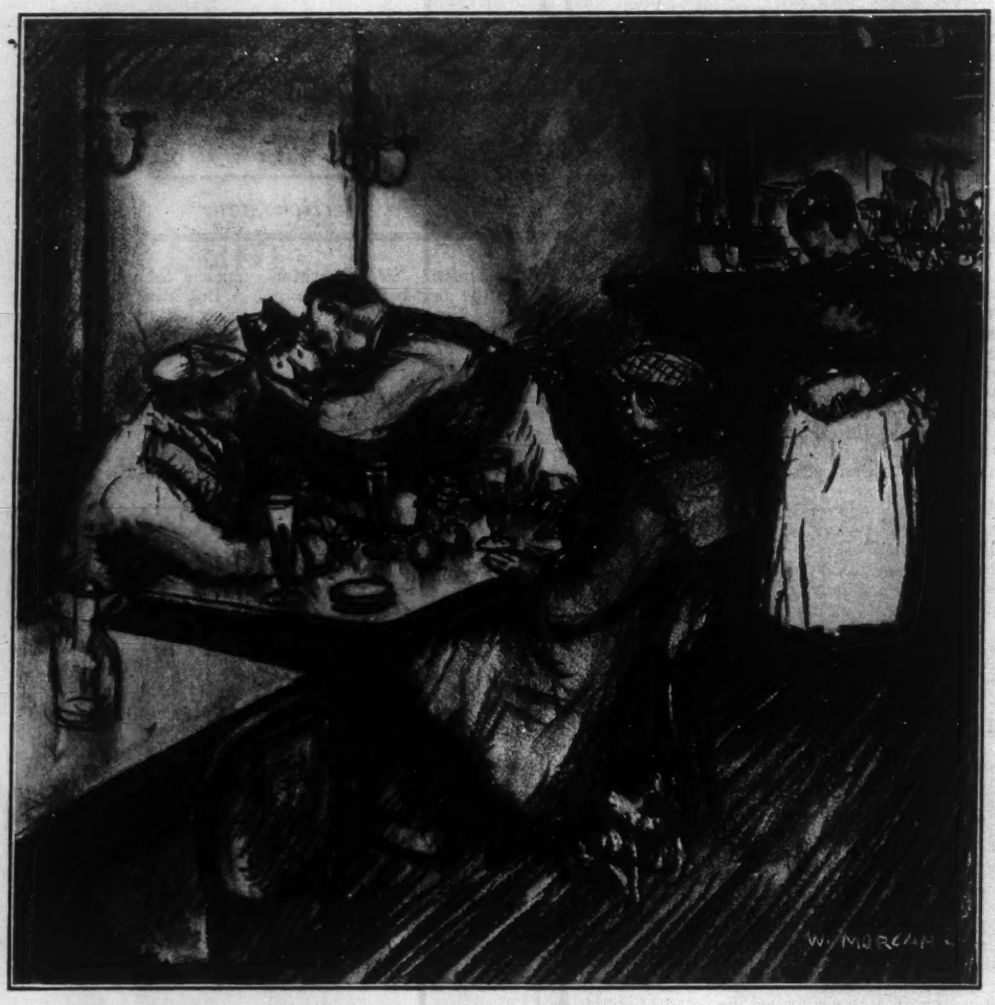
Fresh air is also a great preventive of mid-session languor, as nothing is more potent than oxygen for burning up accumulated fatigue poisons. Of course if one attempts to sit under a gentle draft of pure air, while clad in diaphanous habiliments that Solomon, in all his glory, would never have dreamed of wearing in Jerusalem, the result will very likely be an attack of rheumatism or pneumonia.

One of the most invigorating of all stimulants in "clearing out the cobwebs" is the "fresh-air cocktail" —first brought to my notice by Umberto Sorrentino, the concert tenor, who finds it of immense value as a health aid. To get the full benefits of this lung bath one should stand by the open window, with shoulders thrown back, and take ten or a dozen deep breaths in rapid succession — or until a slight feeling of giddiness is felt.

This forced rapid breathing stimulates the action of the heart, sends the blood coursing through the veins, and oxidizes the carbondioxide in the system. If you have no organic heart defects, nor high blood pressure, this exercise may prove an excellent tonic.

A frequent cause of afternoon sluggishness is a too-hearty midday lunch, which leaves the indulger in the plethorically comfortable condition of an anaconda digesting a peccary. An excessive blood supply being required by the alimentary organs to facilitate the digestive processes, the brain suffers from temporary anemia.

A heart of lettuce salad and a cup of weak coffee — without sugar or cream — might lift many a man, who now eats a young steak or a [*Continued on page 65*]



"Vous êtes Américains!" he exclaimed, and before Don could defend himself, he kissed him on both cheeks.

These magic adventures of an American Aviator who, captured by the Huns, makes his escape with some of his pals, has now reached a most dramatic chapter.

In Full Swing For Freedom

Friends and Enemies We Met Along the Road

by **Robert A. Anderson**

First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service

Illustration by Wallace Morgan

BY three o'clock we were dead weary. We began now to think about a hiding place for the day. The next farmhouse had a shed beside it that was open to the road. We were attracted by it as we passed. After cautiously making certain that the place was empty, we walked in to take possession. On the bare earth we stretched out to rest, but it was frosty cold that morning, so before long, one after the other, we got up and walked about to restore the circulation to our benumbed bodies.

At half-past three, the limit of patience had been reached for everyone. We all hopped on poor Rogers and told him he must knock at the door. But he would not, he insisted, get any more people up in the middle of the night.

At last a light came on. Just a few weak rays penetrated to us through the cracks of the shuttered windows, but they were like blessed beams of sunshine. George and Oscar moved forward to knock. Again a kindly fortune smiled upon us. Once more we found friends who threw open their doors to us.

He was a fine old chap, this Belgian who took us in. Of huge stature, he towered above all of us by many inches. He had a fine face, too, kind, yet strong as the magnificent frame which it dominated.

His family was small. It consisted only of his wife and a baby that lay in its cradle beside the stove.

As soon as the fire was alight, the woman put the coffee on to boil. Before long, we were happily eating our breakfast with the Belgian and his wife. The old man became quite excited at times, as he damned the Germans. Once he left the room, to return a moment later with a revolver. This gun, he told us, he had kept hidden for three years. He was saving it for the first Hun who seriously molested him or his family. When a few minutes later we asked him to hide us, he eagerly jumped at the opportunity. All these years he had been waiting to aid the cause of his country. Now the chance had come.

We must keep out of sight all day, he warned us, for there was a German artillery school just outside this village — the village of Maffle — which was only a few miles southeast of Ath.

That day we slept in beds for the first time. Our host led us out through the back door to another building, a cottage of two or three rooms. In one of these there were two beds, a double and a single one, both of which he told us to use. He built a fire on the hearth across the room, then, wishing us pleasant dreams, locked the outside door and went back to the other building.

Oh, the luxury of those beds! To be sure we were a bit crowded with three in the double one and two in the single, but the mattresses were so wonderfully soft after sleeping on the hard ground that we all slept like logs.

In peaceful slumber we spent the day, with only one interruption at noon, when they brought us soup, potatoes and bread. By five o'clock we were all awake, feeling much refreshed and eager to be off once more. Presently the key turned in the door outside and in walked our host with a beaming smile.

"Vous avez bien dormé, n'est ce pas?" he greeted us cheerfully.

We assured him that we had slept very well indeed. Then he offered us the suit of clothes he was carrying over one arm — a good-looking brown suit, probably his best. The good old soul! He explained that this was the only suit he could give us, much as he wished to clothe us all. This would do for Mandel, who was the largest in the party. Now there would be but three of us in uniform.

After dinner, when we would have said good-bye to our very kind friend, he would have none of it. He insisted on accompanying us, to guide us by the numerous footpaths with which he was familiar to a point well to the west of Ath. He studied the map with us and advised that we travel on the south side of the Ath-Enghien road, paralleling it through the village of Silly.

When it was quite dark, we said good-bye to the woman, who presented us with a huge round loaf of bread and some baked potatoes as a farewell gift. We stowed them away in the knapsack, then off we went in company with our giant guide.

He did not lead us immediately out of the village, but instead took us by an alley to an inn. Somewhat surprised we entered with him. [*Continued on page 71*]

For Beautiful Floors

BEAUTIFUL FLOORS are largely a matter of prevention—the great secret is to put them in perfect condition—and then ***keep*** them that way. Doorways, stair-treads and other parts receiving hard usage should be polished frequently. This requires no great amount of time or effort if the proper finish is used.

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Make War Necessity Peace Prosperity

Food Is Trumps To-day

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

LESS than five years ago, as a people, we knew little or nothing about food, except to grow it and sell it, eat it and enjoy it. The nature of it, where it came from, how much there was of it, how much was needed, what became of it — were all of comparatively little moment, so long as the food itself was to be had when we wanted it.

Then, suddenly, the whole world went together in a heap. We stacked our cards — to live. Food was trumps. Nothing else mattered until the food supply of the world was accounted for. And in the accounting, Food — with a great capital F — was relentlessly thrust into the limelight. No phase of it was left untouched by the glare that the War threw on it. Its production, handling, cost, preparation, final disposition were probed, studied, balanced. Its value was measured in the finest terms of nutritive requirement. The extreme food needs of humanity were definitely computed. The total world-supply of food was hunted down, measured — not only in crops, tons, bushels, pounds, ounces but in grams and calories, with due regard for the non-measurable factors — and the whole divided as fairly as possible among the people of the world.

But this was not all. The authorities whose professional knowledge made this work possible were just as lavish in distributing scientific data, in thoroughly usable form, about food, as they were careful in guarding and controlling the food itself. Surely never in history has an ordered array of facts about any one subject been so freely, completely, and vividly loosed upon a people. So much so, in fact, that the man largely responsible for it all has been termed the biggest man of the War, and a people stirred by the part their newly gained knowledge played in accomplishing the failure of the German surprise party are more or less determined to hold what they have learned, and apply it, just as practically to peace times; while the food scientist reiterates that an "adequate diet is the first essential of national existence." We have come to realize, at last, that wise feeding is not unrelated to a country's progress and prosperity, and that some understanding of the science of nutrition is a practical asset for any one to possess.

We Spend $12,000,000,000 a Year For Food . . . . But the Question Is, Are We Well Fed?

The dark ages in the history of food are over for the American people. Facts are now commonly available that once belonged only to the laboratory or the library. Doubtless no single greater material good has come out of the War than this common education in scientific food knowledge. But when one reads, from day to day, that "recent investigations have led to great advancement in our knowledge of what constitutes an adequate diet," that a new edition of an authoritative work has "half again as many pages and chapters as the original edition of a few years ago," or when one comes across some such blurb as "accepted food theories exploded," one wonders for how long and to what extent all this recently acquired food education by the people will be of practical avail.

WITH the present rapid progress by research workers in the field of nutrition and food economy, what we must guard against now is confusion, and consequent loss of all that has been gained by recent popular appreciation of this knowledge. We must hold on — and follow. That is the next long step in our food education. But this is not as difficult as it may seem, for, if we examine into the advancements made, we find, in many cases, that even such discoveries as may appear startling at first are merely corroborative evidence of what has been found, or concluded before. What is new now is in a sense largely a whittling down, a finer polishing of much that has gone before. So viewed, and so understood, apparent complication resolves itself into simplification. The more we know, the simpler the whole scheme of right living grows.

This is best illustrated in one of the biggest forward strides made in recent food research work, — the study of the specific nature of food by means of biological analysis in addition to chemical analysis. The latter taught us that proteins, fats, carbohydrates, and certain inorganic salts, with water, were the important constituents of a normal diet. Actual experimenting in the feeding of animals has taught much more about the function of food. It has taught that the above elements alone will not feed the body; but that many natural foods contain other factors, not formerly recognized, that must be present in any diet that will completely feed the body. It has also taught that while these newly discovered factors are variously present in our common foods, they are very definitely present in milk and its products, and all the leafy vegetables, and that no diet, however otherwise complete or varied, will furnish adequate nourishment unless it contains these two foods.

THE steps by which this new knowledge has been reached cover several years, and thousands of experiments, and are not easy to follow. But, after all, does this work really teach us anything more than substantiation of the fact that milk and green vegetables are necessary and particularly wholesome foods — a big, plain truth most of us have always known, if many have ignored it. We were brought up on it, at any rate, when we were told that milk would make us grow, and spinach put roses into our cheeks. In the same way, it is only because of the progress made in the science of feeding that we can name so glibly, to-day, the five great groups of food — meat and its substitutes, fats, sugar and syrups, cereals, fruits and vegetables — and know that each group must be represented in some form in the day's feeding. A few years ago it was apparently possible to classify foods only in such terms that it required a student of chemistry to understand them. "Energy requirement" is another new term that befogs some of us, but, notwithstanding, it has enabled us to know very exactly — in pints, pounds and ounces — just how much milk, and butter, and sugar, and syrup, and bread, and meat we need a day.

It is really only for reasons such as these that the chapters in our great food books must be continually rewritten, and, so, day by day our whole feeding problem grows more simple, theoretically at least. Our food scientists are making good. We have, in addition, producers, and shippers, and packers and specialists, and cooks, and housekeepers, each skilled to the highest degree in his own particular line. We have, further, good food in the country. We are enviably rich in it. We spend twelve billion dollars a year on our tables.

And still — with all this wealth, we are not yet well fed. There is a gap still to be bridged between theory and practise. We need still larger understanding. The scientist, the economist, the producer, the packer, the dealer, the cook, the housekeeper must find a way to unite on more common ground. The lines each represents must converge, so that as a people we shall have the nourishment required in the form of such food as is best and most enjoyable — without prohibitive cost, without making slaves of our women, without destroying the American home. The new food prophet is not the theoretical scientist, but the practical scientist — the one who, with all the theory at his finger tips, can transform it for the people into three square meals a day.

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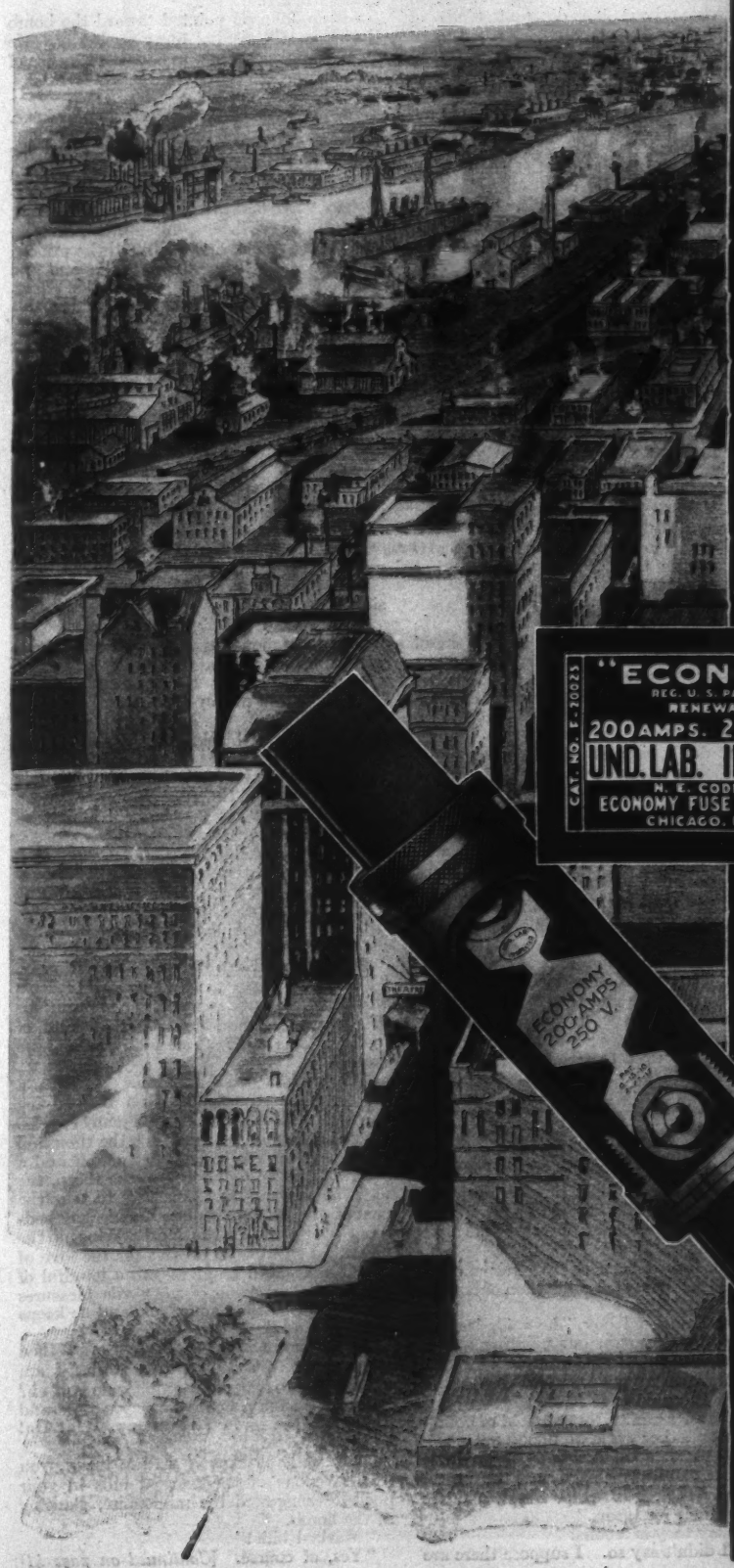

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The Bomb — *Continued from page 12*

Blum. Nine out of ten of you fellows are bugs. I think the tenth has a little sense, but it is pretty well drowned out by the flub-dub of the various kinds of revolutionists."

"Various kinds, eh?" said Blum. "What you mean — various kinds?"

"Well, since you want to know, put that bomb on the table there," Johnson answered genially. "I will not touch it. I give you my word of honor."

"Ha, ha, word of honor!" laughed the assassin, and put the bomb gingerly down on a chair out of the millionaire's reach.

"Never heard of word of honor?" inquired the host. "No? Well, let it go. Take off that tweed cap. It looks hot and uncomfortable and there's egg on it. You really ought not to put it on the floor when you eat at lunch-counters."

Blum took off his hat and exposed a bullet-topped dome with a small round bare spot which shone. He said, "Go on — You was saying about the different kinds of revolutionaries."

"Yes," said the other, flicking the ashes of his cigar toward the instrument of death on the chair. "I see you have a clock arrangement inside that thing. Listen! What an unpleasant little tick!"

"A dollar and half watch," the potential murderer said. "But I didn't fix up this bomb. It was did for me. And once the plug is pulled out like what I did when I come around the corner, it's gotter go off."

"Yes, I suppose it has," said Johnson with a sigh. "But I was saying — "

"Yes, you was sayin' — "

"That one of the kinds of revolutionaries is the writer and lecturer. Some are busted magazine writers. Some of 'em are publishers who have been turning sour. Most of 'em are interested in women — but don't dare. They find a short cut to fame and a hundred dollars a week by being 'liberals,' as they call themselves. They write for the weekly reviews and lecture to women and you will notice that sex and socialism go hand in hand with those fellows."

"Aw, I knows *them*," sneered Blum. "Us fellers who has done a day's work with our hands is wise to them. Ve calls 'em god-sakers because they is alvays sayin' 'Fer Gawd's sake, sumpthin' ought to be done.'"

"They are sissies," said Johnson.

"I'll say they is," added Blum. He paused a moment and said, "Look here! You ain't sayin' I'm one o' them, eh?"

"Tut-tut," answered the millionaire. "Don't grab the bomb. I know you are not."

At this moment the bomb itself uttered a menacing click.

"You don't suppose there is any mistake?" Johnson asked, looking down at his time-piece. "By rights we should have eight minutes left."

"I guess it vill be all correck," the other answered with some assurance. "I was promised exact twenty minutes to make my getaway."

"Well, then," said the millionaire, dusting his sleeve with the tips of his fingers, "I will speak of the other two kinds. They are found everywhere — in all classes, no doubt. Speaking in a way that you will understand, they are the wolves and the sheep, the trap-setters and the suckers, the squirrels and the nuts. There is always about one wolf, trap-setter and squirrel to about eight or ten thousand lambs, easy marks and nuts."

"You mean that the leaders of our cause is playin' us for suckers, eh?"

"Well, they would deny it. Maybe they'd deny it to themselves. But do you ever notice this, Blum? They're always talking about equality. But their leadership is the one thing you can't take away from 'em. They profit most — don't they? Make more money than you, don't they?"

Johnson leaned back in his chair and indulged himself in a good simulation of hearty, care-free laughter.

"Why, Blum, old boy," he said, leaning over toward the bomb, but pointing at the other man as if to hold his attention, "Blum, old turnip, can't you see these leaders of yours are only trying to make another little world all over again? Not a world of equality — just another world of human nature — not perhaps as good a world as we have now — but one in which they get the cream. Take away their leadership, Blum, and see how cold their feet grow."

"You say they is crooks?"

"No, I didn't say so. I suppose there are crooks among them. There are crooks among the leaders everywhere — the church, politics, business — but they are growing less. Probably there are more crooks among your leaders than among any other leaders. Why? Because it's a new business, and in a new business or a new church or a new party there is always a happy feast for crooks. It just so happens that the particular leader you are following is a crook."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Blum. "Besides, how you know vat leader I follow? I follows no leader. I am a thinker from myself!"

"That brings me to the point, Blum. I said before when you claimed to be a thinker that you were a greasy jackass. Now I say that you are one of the nuts. And a very poor nut, too. Your shell is so thin that no self-respecting squirrel would crack you. But you have been cracked, old man."

"How do you mean?" The assassin's eyes narrowed.

Jessup Johnson pointed toward the bomb that was still ticking away so busily. He said, "Do you know who bore the expense of manufacturing that infernal-machine?"

"No."

"I did," said the other, crossing his knee.

"That is a lie!"

Johnson sat up in his chair, and looked severely at the other. "Now you've said that enough," said the millionaire threateningly. "The first thing you know I'll lose my temper. There'll be a mix-up, the contrivance will go off and we will both be minced and shredded. We will be on the wall and on these bricks in a kind of stippled effect. I said that I did — that I paid for this bomb."

There was something so convincing about Johnson's manner that Blum said defiantly, "I'd like it to have you tell to me how you paid from it."

The host looked at his watch. Perhaps the shortening of the time had caused the beads of perspiration which had now come out upon his forehead.

"Blum, somebody must have put this bomb in your hands. Probably some one who had influence with you. Somebody who told you that you were going to do a great thing for the Cause."

"He would have did it himself, but he vas sick."

"Sick — my eye!" said Johnson. "He took the big money that was paid to do this job and he bought you cheap to do it."

Blum protested. He replied angrily. "There vas no money from this job. It is done fer lof."

"You are a black, sinning liar," said Johnson.

"The money I took it from him vas only fer one more good time."

"That's what I say — he kept almost all of the thousand dollars."

"Thousand dollars!"

"Yes, I said thousand dollars. He only gave you a few bills. Have you got any left?"

"Yes. A couple dollars."

"Good!"

Blum looked at Johnson suspiciously. "You can't make such a monkey business with me," he said, snarling and showing his yellow teeth like a dog. "What kind of foolishness is this? You paid a thousand dollars!"

"Certainly," said Johnson. "I gave a detective the thousand. He's been living with you fellows for a good many weeks. He gave the man you call Abe the thousand dollars. But Abe is a leader, a wolf and a squirrel. So he found you — the sheep, the nut, the easy mark. You were to take the chance of planting this bomb under my bedroom over there in the North Wing of the house. You were to do this for the love of the Cause. And he gives you a handful of money to buy some of your vile pleasures which have marked your face, and he keeps the thousand."

The assassin started forward and then laughed craftily. "You must think I am one big fool to make a listening from you, eh? No man is such a booby to pay a thousand dollars to get himself blown up. Ha! Ha! I laugh with you!"

"Oh, well, perhaps if we are lucky, you will have one of the marked bills in your pocket," suggested the millionaire, glancing at the bomb.

"Marked bills!"

"Yes, of course. [*Continued on page 41*]

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, the famous motion picture actress who now appears at the head of her own company, says: *"Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum, which tastes like a combination of delicious fruits, is the most delightful and refined flavor that I have ever found in any gum."*

Virginia Pearson

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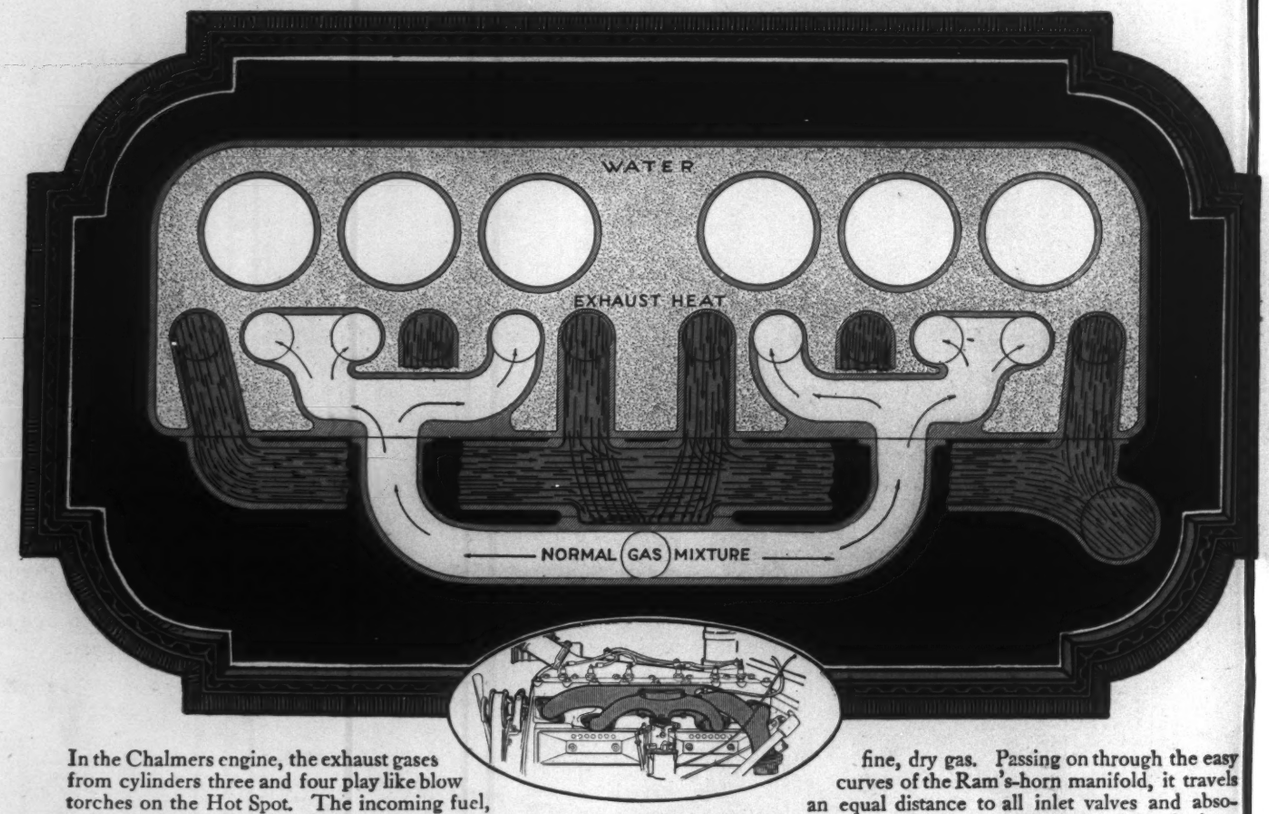

In the Chalmers engine, the exhaust gases from cylinders three and four play like blow torches on the Hot Spot. The incoming fuel, striking this Hot Spot directly, is converted into fine, dry gas. Passing on through the easy curves of the Ram's-horn manifold, it travels an equal distance to all inlet valves and absolutely even charges are delivered to all cylinders.

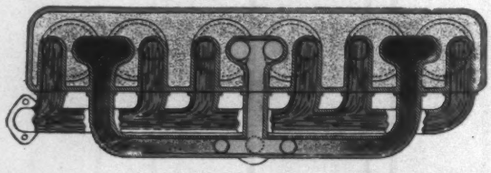

Fig. 1—In this overhead type of motor the gas passages are long—of different lengths—abrupt bends in the manifold—resulting in condensation, uneven volume and excessive vibration.

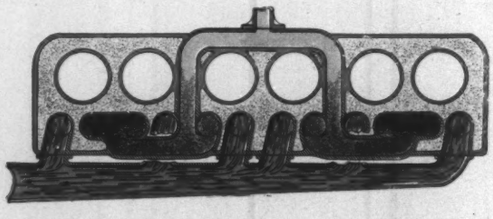

Fig. 2—In this type the manifold runs through the cylinder block and is water jacketed. During the long uneven travel to the cylinders, condensation with all its attendant troubles is certain to be excessive. In cold weather the water jacketed manifold makes for hard starting.

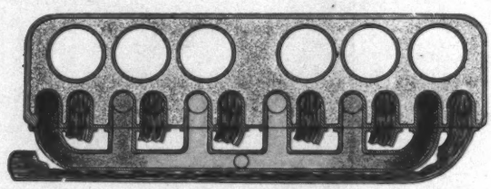

Fig. 3—In this manifold with its varying lengths, accumulation of angles, etc., the difficulties in the way of even volume or even mixture are apparent at a glance.

Fig. 4—Here is another overhead valve type of motor, with an inlet manifold having three abrupt bends and three remarkably different lengths of gas travel.

Why the Hot Spot Chalmers is Two Years Ahead of the Times

A GREAT many motor cars today are not behaving the way they once did. They are slow to start, often make a fuss over an insignificant hill, sputter and backfire, use up a lot of fuel and deliver abbreviated mileage.

The temptation is natural to blame the fault on the car, but this is unfair. The trouble is not with the car, but with the gas you feed it. The fuel it was designed to "digest" can be purchased now only at isolated points and at drug store prices.

For gas has gone down and down in grade and engines have not been redesigned to take care of the inferior quality.

You can imagine the difficulties you would experience with your own digestive apparatus if you had lived all your life on a diet of fine food and then of a sudden been forced to eat low grade, coarse food.

That is exactly what happens with automobile gas engines nowadays, and there has been only one engine designed which meets successfully this condition. That engine is found in a Hot Spot Chalmers.

No doubt you have heard much about the Hot Spot. Certainly if you live near a Hot Spot Chalmers owner, you have received a pleasant impression about this wonderful car. It possesses two devices, both ingenious in the results they provide, that have lifted the Chalmers far above its price field.

First of all, Hot Spot takes the gas that comes from the carburetor, and in order to get out the power that nature put in "cracks up" the gas into a fine vapor. So fine, as a matter of fact, that engineers term it "dry" gas. You know there is as much power in a low grade gas as in a high high grade gas—if the engine can ever get it out.

The heavyweight gas striking Hot Spot is affected the same as a drop of water thrown on a hot stove.

This refined mixture is then delivered to each of the six cylinders in equal volume through Ram's-horn—the most efficient manifold yet devised.

Its efficiency is due to its "easy air bends," absence of sharp corners, and the fact that it provides a very direct route from Hot Spot to each of the six cylinders.

Now Ram's-horn not only feeds the "pulverized" gas to the cylinders in the most direct route known to a gas engine but also the quickest route.

Note the diagrams on the opposite page. Figure 1 shows the prevailing type of engine manifold with long gas passages, and the tendency to deliver a rich mixture to four of the six cylinders.

Figure 2 shows another prevailing type with four awkward bends and a normal mixture to only two of the six cylinders.

Figure 3 shows another prevailing type with three different lengths of gas passages and a normal mixture to only two cylinders.

Figure 4 shows still another prevailing type with three abrupt bends and three different lenghts of gas passages.

In these four prevailing but old fashioned types there is a tendency towards "jerkiness" in the engine, vibration that annoys and ultimately shakes a car to pieces, engine knocks, slow starting, burned bearings, thinned out lubrication, scored cylinders, repair bills and your car removes itself from the asset column to a liability.

It is the elimination of these through Hot Spot and Ram's-horn that makes Chalmers one of the few great cars of the world.

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'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

The Bomb — *Continued from page 36*

I don't always trust detectives — completely. The bills given him were marked. He did not know that. It just came into my mind that when you, or whoever planted that little exterminator, was arrested it would be comforting to my faith in my detective to have some of my marked money found in your possession."

Blum was interested. "How much time we got?" he asked.

J. J. gazed down at his watch. "It's just four-fifteen," he said. "Five minutes to go."

"Let's see your vatch," said Blum.

The millionaire held it up; the other man nodded and took a revolver from his side coat-pocket which he gripped with his mechanic's stained hand.

"I suppose in a minute or two you'll cover me with that," said Johnson. "Then you'll go off far enough to throw the bomb. I can't see why the bomb was necessary. Why wouldn't the revolver do?"

"I don't know," said Blum.

"I do," the other answered, throwing away his unfinished cigar. "It was because I insisted that it should be a bomb."

Blum, without taking his cautious gaze from his victim, drew two or three crumpled bills from his trousers' pocket.

"How was it made the mark, eh?" he asked.

"A little circle of red ink inside every zero in the serial number of the bill," said Johnson.

Blum looked down a moment and when he raised his glance again he had turned color. No doubt it may appear to be an exaggeration, but Blum had turned yellow. His cheeks and forehead had taken on a yellow cast. His bulby nose was yellowed. There was yellow in his red lips, which made them look for a moment like thick strips of orange skin. There was yellow in the whites of his eyes.

"My God, it is it!"

"So naturally I objected to your calling me a liar — on general principles and because of the special injustice on this occasion," said Johnson in a pitying tone. "However, this must be a great disillusionment to you, Blum."

The oily welts of veins were standing out on the prospective murderer's forehead. He wiped the back of his hand across his low brow upon which the fringe of black hair hung.

"You wanted to be killed, eh? You must be an unhappy man, eh?" he said hoarsely.

"We are all unhappy if we get to believing it," said Johnson. "But I did not want to be killed. I will tell you the truth — I am very vexed about being killed. Self-preservation is a strong instinct, Blum."

"How many minutes we got?" the wretch asked, moving away slightly from the chair where the bomb was ticking with its grim little insistence.

"It's all right so far," said Johnson. "Don't move." He spoke in a tone of command which was almost hypnotic.

"You spoke of happiness, Blum. You who have sought for it ought to know the rudiments of its chase. I only have a moment to speak of it, but I do not doubt that you feel that the world has been kind to me and unkind to you. You think there is some hardship about working with the hands — a kind of injustice about it. If you are going to work with your hands, you think I ought to as well. You'd like to make me. And I'd not mind. But the truth is, Blum, that you are fitted to work with your hands and I am fitted to work with my head — my poor old head with its worries and aches. It may be darned unfortunate that it is so, but fitness is a fact. If it weren't, the gorilla would be elected President. There is a rough system, to select us according to our fitness. It falls down often enough. Perhaps it fell down when it let me get by, as you would say. I wish you weren't so nearly like the gorilla, Blum. But it is not anything to theorize about. You were made as you were made — greasy, unbalanced, profligate. The only chance you had was to have a son better than you and fit to compete with sons of men like me. You threw it away. Just like you, Blum — you greasy jackass."

"I don't want no lecture," the other said. "Vat you know about being up against it vithout food, eh — that's vat comes from being worn out and at the bottom."

"And what do you know about being without a digestion?" asked Johnson. "That is what comes of being worn out by the strain of the top."

"I said I didn't vant no lecture. I vanted to know why you vanted this bomb, eh?"

"Oh, yes, why I wanted a bomb planted. Well, that's easy. The idea of all stupid revolutionary fools is to go the limit, talk about monsters of greed like me, and terrorize us. We fellows you call capitalists have the same fool group of nanny-goats. They want to suppress everything. They want to terrorize, too. They forget that they can't suppress thinking — now can they?"

"But they try it, though," shouted Blum. "By God, the injustice, I vith my eyes have seen it!"

"Certainly — exactly!" admitted J. J. "It's only the foxy ones on both sides who see the real strategy. If the stupid ones want one thing, then the shrewd ones on the other side want that same thing, of course."

"Like vben the police raided my friend's house and struck his vife in the mouth."

"Ha!" said Johnson. "You see it! Your friend was an agitator. Next day he had something to tell, eh? And those who heard him and knew what he said was true knew that the other side was afraid and that it had done something villainous, eh? And then when their minds were hot from a sense of injustice they would swallow almost any silly idea as a cure-all of injustice."

"Sure. Ve knows that — same as you."

"Well, I'm on the other side, Blum. That's why I furnished the money — which you didn't get — to plant this bomb. It would have helped to discredit your crowd, Blum. Indeed it will, I feel sure. As chance has brought it about, I will have to make a sacrifice I did not intend to make. I was willing to devote the North Wing to it but not myself. However — "

He sighed.

"You say you did not mean it to blow you?"

"OH, no," said the millionaire calmly. "That was very unfortunate, and I understand now how it happened."

"How much time is left?" Blum interrupted nervously. "I ain't going to be blown to Hell, mister. I'm going back to run a knife into Abe for holding out on me."

"I understand they call him Abe, the Idealist," J. J. remarked. "Oh, the time? I almost forgot. Why, look! We've got nearly two minutes more."

"What do we run them chances for?" Blum asked, with narrowed eyelids.

"Because there's no hurry, Blum. Two minutes are two minutes. And I just thought I'd explain that the reason I came out here — to be alone — and to think, was because I am as interested in this social business as you are. I've got a bad mind for it because it has kind of hardened with the years, like concrete in a mold. But let that go. I was going to tell you that I set the date for this bomb on Friday the thirteenth. I thought, 'Well, Saturday is a good newspaper day, followed by Sunday, too. And the whole country will read about the latest outrage of the reds.'"

Blum picked up his tweed cap with the spot of soft-boiled egg on the top.

"The trouble was, Blum, that you came on the twelfth."

"Is this the twelfth?" exclaimed the astonished assassin.

"Yes. Just like you muddle-headed incompetents. You can't even follow instructions. You came the wrong day! But now I've only got about a minute more. Perhaps these will be my last words. You better listen."

"What you want now?" Blum said, cocking his ear to hear the ticking of the bomb, which apparently had stopped.

"Well, just this, Blum. I'll be saying good-bye to you soon. We may never see each other again. But before you go I'll prove to you that there is a vast difference between us. Perhaps we would both like to reduce men to equality and a common level. But equality is like the sea serpent. It just isn't so. Inequality of virtue, brains, fitness is a fact — just like Wednesday is a fact."

"I believe in eekvallity!" answered Blum, giving the word his own pronunciation. "I do!"

"You do, eh? Well, good-bye."

Johnson arose, and immediately Blum seized his revolver.

"I vouldn't kill you unless you tried monkey business," said Blum.

The millionaire looked once more at his watch.

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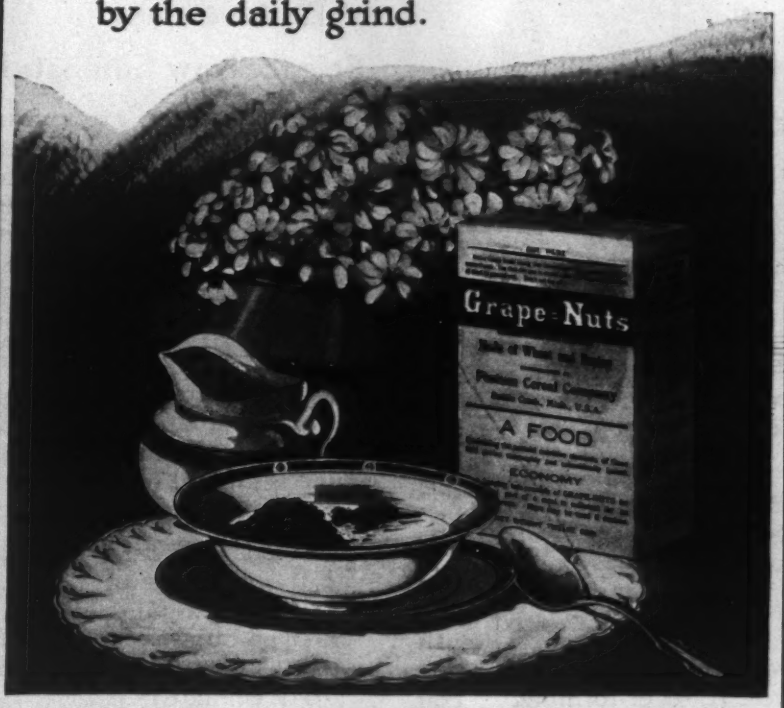

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Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

For long this method seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And that discovery opens a new teeth-cleaning era.

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Look in Ten Days

Make this ten-day test. Note how clean teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days let your own teeth tell you what is best.

292

"Ain't you frightened?" asked Blum.

Johnson did not answer. He reached for another cigar and lit it.

"When you go, Blum, leave that bomb here with me."

"For vat reason, eh?"

"To prove that I am — well, never mind. Take my advice and leave it."

"I don't believe there is nothings in it," said Blum from a distance.

"I said leave it."

Blum came back.

"There is somethings funny business. It has stopped ticking and you ain't ever been afraid. I suspected all along there vasn't nothings in it."

Johnson smiled. The sun had dropped behind the garden enclosure of hedge and poplars.

"Leave it with me."

"I vouldn't do it!" exclaimed Blum. "You ain't never been afraid of it. You filled me with suspicion from the first time. You just vant me to leave it for some reasons. Maybe evidence, eh — or somethings."

"Take the advice of a man better than you."

"Bah!" said Blum hoarsely, his face contorted with animal passion. "You ain't so smart. I'll throw it in the sea. There ain't nothin' in it but evidence to use against me or something. You liar!"

"It's full of danger. I beg you to let me suffer the consequences of my own naughty schemes," said Johnson, adjusting his tie.

But Blum was crafty.

"You met your eekvall this time," he said, and picked up the bomb. "Don't you move or yell or nothing. I got a gun. I'm going back to run a knife into Abe, the son of a — "

His blasphemous words were lost as he turned away and crossed the lawn.

When he had come to the middle of the tennis-court and had stepped on the white receiving line there came a crash which shook Jessup Johnson's château, the trees, the rocks and perhaps the waters of the Sound. After this detonation a great stillness followed, and particles of dust and débris as they fell upon the leaves of the shrubbery made a little pattering noise.

There was no sign of Blum. He had vanished as completely as a broken soap bubble. Johnson might have been inclined to believe that he had only imagined that nasty presence, had he not fixed his fascinated gaze upon a dark object which came down from somewhere and lit in a patch of flowering plants.

It was a tweed cap with the egg still there.

Johnson looked at his watch. He held it to his ear. He shook it. It would not go. It said four-twenty.

"Poor devil," said J. J. "How unfit he was — compared to me — or even to Abe, the Idealist."

"Us Girls" — *Continued from page 22*

announcement, a month later, to the effect that Mrs. Miller took great pleasure in inviting her to the marriage of her daughter Effie to Mr. Theobald Bibley. She knew that she intended to accept the invitation. She knew that wild horses would not keep her from attending the ceremony. Nevertheless, she tore the invitation into bits, threw them upon the floor and said to her mother:

"Isn't it disgusting?"

In the meantime, Mr. Park had called upon Drina to "take farewell" before returning to Milwaukee. He found her in pink, which seemed to make her blue eyes look bluer than ever.

"I think you're wonderful," he said.

"I know I am," remarked Drina, placidly. She was entirely through with Mr. Park.

"Do you mind," he began anew, "if I talk to you seriously? Miss Schmalz — Drina —"

"Miss Schmalz, please," said she.

"You don't seem to like me at all," said Mr. Park, with a tragic air. For a moment — just one moment — Drina hesitated. It would serve him right if she encouraged him to go on, she thought, only to disillusion him with a violent jolt. But there was that within her which forbade it.

"Of course I like you," she said, rising, "and I hope you have had a nice time in New York. Effie thinks you're awfully interesting."

Mr. Park could not climb the heights. After a few gasps and floundering banalities he departed with a promise to send Drina an illustrated postal card occasionally.

The bride herself took no greater pains with her personal adornment on the afternoon of the wedding than did Drina. As they were leaving immediately for their honeymoon Effie was handicapped by the necessity of wearing a traveling-dress which has not the lure for the masculine eye that fluffs and frills possess. And, after Drina had kissed her friend, Mr. Bibley said:

"This is the one time in my life when I think I'm entitled to a kiss, too. A fellow doesn't get married every day, and when he does, he isn't always lucky enough to have such a rare vision of beauty grace the ceremony."

Drina kissed him and Effie, with murder in her heart, nodded approvingly.

"We're just waiting for that nephew of mine," explained Mr. Bibley. "He got in from France this morning and ought to be here at any moment."

It was a very quiet affair and a mere handful of guests had been invited to the ceremony itself. There was to be a reception afterward to which many more had been asked. And now, the door opened and a soldier lad crossed the threshold. He stood still for a moment, a tall, erect figure, his hand in a sling, a winning smile upon his sunburnt features and then his eyes met Drina's. The smile slowly faded from his face and his mouth opened as though he were gazing upon an apparition. And Drina, her eyes shining, suddenly felt a most wonderful warmth steal through her whole being.

"Here he is!" cried Mr. Bibley, hastening toward the young soldier. "Welcome back! Why, you young rascal, you never said anything about being wounded. What is it?"

"Hello, Uncle Baldy!" said the soldier. "Oh, it's only a scratch on the hand. Am I to be allowed to meet the bride?"

He was presented to Effie but, somehow or other, he could not take his eyes from Drina. Of course he met her, too, and, of course, she had to know instantly how he was wounded and whether he was sure that the wound was not more serious than it looked and whether he wouldn't go to her mother's doctor who was a grand old man and let him take care of it. And while he was explaining that he had not won the War single-handed and Drina was shaking her head incredulously, the minister pronounced the words that made Mr. Bibley and Effie man and wife. Somehow or other Drina and the soldier boy had both forgotten that they were at a wedding.

Sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks! Mrs. Schmalz gazed at her daughter curiously that night and wanted to ask many questions, but a certain mysterious instinct of caution which mothers of girls possess warned her to refrain.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to an enameled star pinned to her daughter's waist.

"That?" repeated Drina, looking at it. "Oh, that's a service star to show you've got a friend in the army. Mr. Bibley's nephew just asked me to wear it for luck."

Mrs. Schmalz had to keep her lips pressed tightly together to prevent a torrent of questions from popping out. When she was Drina's age . . .

Well, you know how it is. Just the old, old song whose words keep constantly changing yet whose tune is ever the same — a wondrous melody of youth and sunshine and spring eternal. He called the very next morning and also the morning after that and the morning that followed, too,— in fact, he told Drina that he intended to call every morning for the rest of his life. Then they both laughed and — yes, you know just how it is.

As a matter of sheer formality, of course, the consent of Mrs. Schmalz had to be asked.

"Uncle Baldy," the soldier boy explained, "is trustee for me, but in two years I get the whole estate. Uncle Baldy gets an income for life."

Mrs. Schmalz hesitated.

"Drina is very young," she said.

And Drina burst out laughing. "Why, mother, when you were my age —"

She paused, suddenly, and her eyes began to twinkle with mischief. She fairly ran to the telephone, took the receiver from the hook and called up Mr. Bibley's apartment.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the soldier, who had been somewhat bewildered by her sudden change of mood. "You want to tell your friend that you're engaged."

But Drina, holding her hand over the mouthpiece and swaying to and fro with laughter, shook her head.

"I'm going to tell her," she gasped, "that she's going to be my aunt!"

The Ripped Golf Coat

[*Continued from page 15*]

made some excuse when I wanted her to go to art exhibitions, and if she did go, it was only because I told her there was something there that we ought to buy, or else it was some ultra-fashionable affair that cost five dollars a ticket. She didn't want to go around and discuss the pictures with me as we did at first,— she was always hurrying off to the dressmaker's or a bridge game.

Card-playing I consider one of the curses of married life. I have no moral scruples against gambling, but when I see people with brains and intelligence sit down night after night, and often all afternoon, too, and play cards until they are bemused and stupid, I'd like to burn every pack of cards in the world. There's just one excuse for card-playing — it is the easiest way of entertaining a certain type of person, but when that's said, all's said. In this world of ours, when a dozen lives lived simultaneously wouldn't give us time to experience half its fun or its variety, it is criminal to give good waking hours to cards. It seems to me the last refuge of the inane and the stodgy. Music to hear, plays to see, books to read, people to talk to, the endless pageant of life to play in — work, love, politics, business, trade, art, — where cana vital, growing mind find time for hours of card-playing?

But Clara was enraptured with auction. She had to have daily lessons, and she soon got hold of a crowd of women who had nothing to do, and no brains to do it with; so, being possessed of what I might call card-intelligence, they were putting in their days at that.

You may think I ought to have broken it up, when I found her getting away from me. I tried — I tried with all my power. But Clara was stronger than I. She simply wouldn't come back and be a companion to me, the way we had been. I jollied her, I begged her, I got angry and I scolded. The first she put off, the second she replied to by telling me that we were only silly youngsters then, and at the third she cried and said I was unreasonable, and that she had never imagined that I had such a temper.

She got angry in her turn, too, sometimes. She said that the house was perfectly run, and that the children were well and happy, that she was the most careful and circumspect of wives and that no scandal ever attached itself to *her*.

WHEN she gave up tennis and canoeing, I tried to make the children take her place, but they were too young. A man who has had adult companionship will always crave it, unless he's a lot more paternal than I am. I love my children, but they didn't give me what I wanted, and they were always under the thumb of a tutor or governess, and if I interfered with that routine Clara reproached me.

There were plenty of men whom I knew, good friends, always ready for golf, or tennis or squash, for a walk or a ride; but, without talking any sex nonsense, no man wants to be with men alone all the time. He wants, and he particularly wants it if he has ever known how satisfying it is, the companionship of an intelligent, attractive woman, the play of her lighter humor, her more facile faculties. There is nothing like it. There are not so very many women who are capable of giving such companionship, and if you ever find one who is, you'll know it, and you'll find your most delightful hours with her. Clara had been that to me. I wanted her to be that still.

Slowly, as I observed her, I saw that her quick and eager mind was not so quick and eager, nor was her responsiveness so great. She simply couldn't pump up any interest in big things. She read the papers and the magazines and reviews as superficially as possible, and muddled her facts and conclusions. She was simply letting her mind atrophy under the influence of continuous bridge-playing.

It didn't all come about at once, you understand. One summer she gave up tennis. The next summer she refused to so much as get into a canoe or on a horse. Two winters later she decided that she didn't want to dance any more. She said she got so short of breath. I got worried then, and made her go and see a doctor — I had a horrible fear that she might have some organic weakness. But no — she hadn't. The doctor, who was one of these brutally frank fellows who love to hurt and shock, told me bluntly that all that ailed Clara was too much limousine.

He prescribed exercise and a diet, and remarked that she was twenty-five pounds too heavy for her age and height.

I give you my word, up to that time I hadn't thought whether she'd changed in appearance or not, but with the doctor's words in my ears, I looked at her and I saw a perfectly strange woman, no more like the Clara I'd married than if — oh, well, what shall I say? She had thickened up all over, with that ugly set look about the waist and hips that comes in early middle age to so many women who sit too much. It's the feminine equivalent for the watermelon stomach of the male sex, and it's just as ugly.

Besides the change in her figure, her face had lost its sparkle and vivacity and color. It had *set*. Do you know what the perfect bridge face is? Ah, yes — you do. You've seen that hard vacuity too many times not to know it. Clara's was well on the way to becoming a perfect bridge face.

I went and looked in the glass at myself, and I got on the scales. I hadn't an ounce of fat and I was as supple and strong as I had been at twenty — setting-up exercises and outdoors had kept me so. I had some gray hairs, but I looked ten years younger than Clara. I decided that I'd give her a shock to see if it would do any good, and so I told her just that:

"I look ten years younger than you do."

Of course, it was exactly the wrong thing to do, but I don't suppose it made any difference, in the end. She got angry and told me I was vain and conceited, and that the way I was trying to hold my youth was ridiculous. That she, at least, knew what was suitable for our age — a lot of things like that.

I realized then what I was up against, and I sat down and fought for my life — for more than my life, for my happiness. I told her how I missed her, how lonely I was without her companionship, how she was driving me away from her and wrecking our marriage, and I begged her to come back to me and be my chum again. I dropped my pride and I broke through every reserve. God, what that speech cost me you won't believe! It was exactly as if I had let her put her hand on my naked heart and feel it beat. I stripped my soul bare to her.

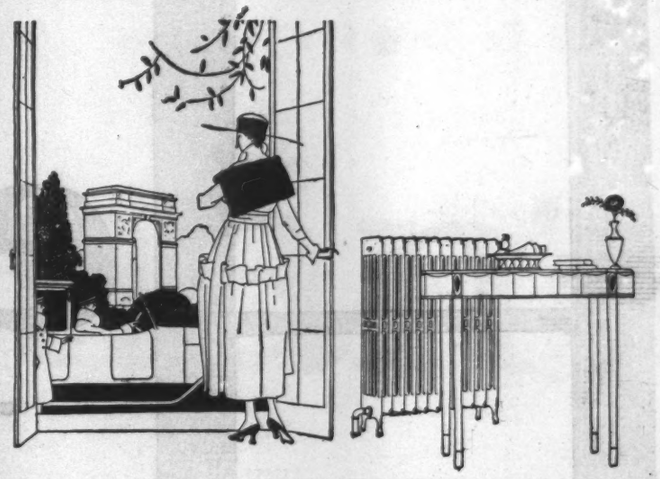
But it wasn't any use!

The dear and lovely girl I had married had been crushed out by the weight of luxury I'd loaded on her. There wasn't a thing left but this fattish woman with the hard cold eyes, and the set mouth. Oh, I don't think she meant to be unkind — she simply wasn't there — she didn't have anything to answer me with. Do you understand? I stopped talking in the middle of a sentence and rushed out of the room. You know you can't stand everything. I went off and fought it out by myself. Here we were, tied together, she quite willing to live in my house and spend my money and sit at the head of my table, provided I would let her go on her way undisturbed toward being a selfish, stupid, ungainly old woman. She would always be perfectly moral — if by morality you mean chastity and honesty. She saw no immorality in murdering her mentality and her spirit, and losing her beauty. I've often wondered if there is anything more immoral than just that.

I suppose you've wondered, all this time, why I didn't find another woman who would give me what Clara couldn't — or wouldn't. Plenty of men do it. I know that, but it's a rotten business, look at it any way you will. Most men would prefer to be decent. I certainly did. I like women, but I'm not a philanderer nor a rake, any more than any other average man. Yet I've seen plenty of men whose wives were fairly pushing them into the arms of other women, just by their temper and their neglect and their lack of sympathy and their unattractiveness. And don't forget that there are always plenty of other women who are ready and waiting, and capable of playing the game so artfully that most of the time the man doesn't realize he's getting in deep until he's going down for the third time. I made up my mind I wasn't going to drown that way.

In fact, I told myself that I'd see it through. That I'd made my bargain and I'd have to stick to it; that personal happiness wasn't the biggest thing in

[*Continued on page 48*]



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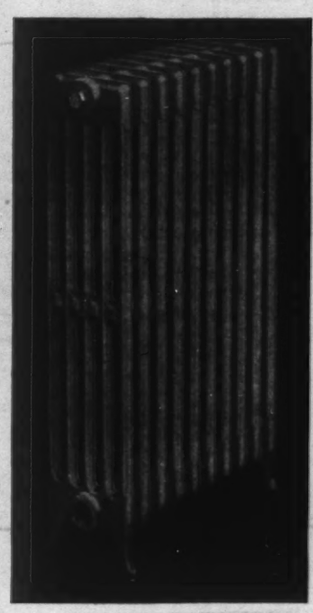

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Senator Kenyon
Chairman
Committee on Education & Labor
On the floor of the Senate,
October 27, 1919

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Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.
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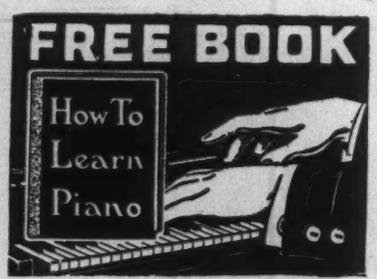

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The Ripped Golf Coat

[*Continued from page 43*]

the world, by any means, and that for the good of the world at large — a fat lot the world at large cares about the individual, too — I'd put up a bluff of being a contented married man.

Oh, I laid out a wonderful program for myself. I was to make work the big thing of my life, and after that I'd go in for sports with the men I knew, and play the decent citizen generally. I thought I might have a look-in at politics, and this new social service game. I planned to put a lot of time and thought into the lives of my children. You'd laugh your fool head off if you knew what a quantity of junk I determined to throw into the big hole in my life.

Things ran on that way for a while, and although it wasn't pleasant, I managed to hold myself to my plan. And I don't know but what I might have got away with it, if I hadn't ripped my golf coat while we were up visiting the Clancy Urquharts at their little place in Canada. Clara didn't want to go, but I insisted, and she finally decided it might be a good chance to know Mrs. Clancy better, and you know what that means to a woman in New York these days.

Clancy and Jane are the real thing — that little place of theirs is in the wilderness and you've got to rough it. We didn't even take a maid for Clara, and she made an awful fuss about it on the way up, but it was wonderful to be without those droves of impassive neutral-tinted servants of ours, I thought. Clancy had warned us to bring old clothes, and that's where the golf coat comes in.

Every man, I suppose, has a pet old coat that seems to him the one perfect garment. Mine was an old gray golf coat that I loved like a brother. It was an old English coat, solid comfort, just right — and I'd had it for years. I took it up to Canada with me because it was just the thing for rough wear, fishing, and so on, but on the second day of our stay I ripped it out a good three inches in one armhole.

That night I said to Clara: "I ripped my old coat to-day,— would you mend it for me?"

She looked at the coat and raised her eyebrows. "Really, Jimmie, you're impossible," she replied. "Wear something else, why don't you?"

"But this coat is so comfortable," I pleaded. "It'll only take you a minute to mend it." (Remember, she used to make her own clothes, if you please.)

"Oh, I *can't* mend that great heavy thing," she protested.

"It's not really heavy, and I want to wear it to-morrow," I urged.

For a moment she didn't answer and I could feel her sullen anger like a darkness in the room.

"Well, I'm *not* going to mend it, and that's all there is to it," she said. "Perhaps one of the guides can sew."

It sounds like a very little thing, as I tell it, but, man, it finished me. It was the culmination, just the one little touch needed to turn the scale. I stood there looking at her, holding that old coat in my hands, and I couldn't trust myself to speak or to move. Rage, such as I never felt before, swept over me and burnt me. You know how the films snap past in a series of quick vivid scenes on the screen — just so I saw a vision of life beside that woman for perhaps forty years to come. And I knew that I couldn't do it.

Furthermore, I knew that it was absurd to try it,— that there wasn't any sense or reason in my sacrificing myself for the rest of my life as a provider of cushions for that lump of consummate laziness and selfishness.

People may talk and preach as much as they like about the inviolable marriage tie and the sanctity of marriage. . . . Sanctity of marriage with a fat bridge fiend! — It's a joke — a farce!

Do you know what I did? I packed my clothes that very night and made Clancy send me down the trail with one of the guides. I came back to New York, and I went to my lawyer. I told him to tell Clara that she had to get a divorce from me, and if she wouldn't I'd go into another state and get one from her. I didn't want a separation, for they're only nagging makeshifts. I wanted to be free, absolutely, permanently. I said I'd provide for her more than generously, but that freedom I proposed to have at any cost.

Perhaps you remember what a row she kicked up. At first she declared that there must be another woman — that I hadn't been faithful to her. And so on and so on. Lord, how she raved! Finally I told her, yes, that there was another woman, or rather had been — a woman who had made me terribly dissatisfied with her. And when she had hysterics and demanded to know who the vile creature was, I told her that it was the Clara of our first five years of marriage who was her only rival, and who had spoiled me for any one else. She didn't believe me — that goes without saying. Yet it was God's truth.

After that she talked a lot about the children — she, who didn't see 'em more than half an hour any one day in the week, and not often so long as that! She said she'd always been a good wife and mother. What she meant was that I'd been a good thing, and she was afraid to lose me. Finally she said she just plain wouldn't,— that she'd fight every move I started.

I called her bluff. I told her that though she could go into court and get a big separation allowance granted to her, she couldn't prevent me from squandering my property so that pretty soon I wouldn't be able to pay it,— and then where would she be?

At the thought of losing the money and her idleness and her luxury, she gave in. I knew she would. I gave her everything she asked, and I let her get the divorce. I believe she's genuine when she tells everybody how shocked and hurt she was by my behavior. So she was, as far as she can be, I suppose. She can't imagine where she's failed me. She can't understand what I wanted, what I needed. Sometimes it seems to me that an evil magic has wiped out of her memory all the charm and the beauty and the joy of our first years of marriage. She looks back at them now as squalor and pities herself for ever having been obliged to wash dishes and sweep. Her mind and her spirit coarsened and grew gross when her body did.

And I'm free of her. I won't pretend that I'm not glad of it, and I won't pretend, too, that it hasn't been hard, but when the woman that I married died— and she did die in all the essentials, for everything I loved in her died— I could only treat her as though death had really come to her, and put her away from me.

That's the story of my divorce.

I now have the right to re-adjust my life and make it over in decency and self-respect, and later, I hope, real happiness.

OLWELL stopped talking and gazed out at the rain. The marks of what he'd been through were on him, but he was still youthful looking, with something of that genial boyishness that had won him so many friends, and kept them won. A fine type — a good man all through; and I thought of the numberless women like Clara Olwell who fatten in mind and body and become little more than leeches. Jimmie'd had the moral courage to cut away, but lots of men are not so brave. I think he was justified, I even hope more men may follow his example, though I daresay the ladies will shriek at me for saying so. Marriage, the success of it, lies in the woman's hands. The sooner they realize it and honestly take their proper responsibilities, the sooner our high percentage of divorce will be lowered.

In the meantime, Clara Olwell, aged thirty-eight, weight 165, is playing bridge.

Edna Ferber knows how to write stories because she knows how to read human nature. In February, we will publish her: "The Maternal Feminine."

Are We Approaching A Cataclysm?

[*Continued from page 28*]

dividends for the factories, and no salary for the employers, and within ten years on that wage, we will have transferred all the property of the country by a bloodless revolution into the hands of the wage earners. Now, of course, this would mean a complete industrial revolution in the United States, but without the shedding of blood after the fashion of the Bolsheviki.

On the other hand, England has, including her women workers, twelve million workers, and if they can force their wage to five dollars a day, that will take all of England's twenty billions annual income, and leave the British capitalist no interest on his investment, no dividends on his business, and no salary for the owner and managers. For weeks, this man and his friends worked to get the international eight-hour-day, and the eight dollars a day wage, into the constitution of the League of Nations that is now before our Congress. Their purpose was to bring about a bloodless revolution in this country, and to transfer the entire national income and ultimately all property over to the muscle workers, and to do this by "a bloodless revolution."

They won out as to the one-half of their program, since the international eight-hour-day is in the constitution of the League of Nations, but they lost out on the eight dollar daily wage. But neither this man nor his friends seem to have the remotest idea of the fact that if the muscle worker takes all of the income, and there are no dividends to keep up the factory, or for inventing and making new tools, with no salary for ability, that it is only a question of a little time when the muscle worker himself would starve to death in the starvation of ability, management and capital.

When the human legs and arms go to war, against the eye and the ear, against the brain, stomach and lungs, the legs will soon begin to shrivel for want of blood, the arms will grow weak, and in the warfare between the members, all the limbs and organs will perish together. This illustration is as old as Cicero in its statement, but in its truth it is as old as eternal justice itself, or as the mountains and the stars.

The Coming Warfare

JUST now, employers and working-men are over against one another like two castles, with cannon shotted to the muzzle, and no one knows which side will fire the first shot. Unfortunately, one chemical factory can spill enough refuse into a river to poison the waters for scores of miles. Unfortunately, also, one selfish employer, with his secret rebates, his bribes, his cruel selfishness, can involve in black hatred and bitter strife nine hundred and ninety-nine honest, sincere employers who play the game fair. A few capitalists who are selfish and hard, and believe that money alone is the only thing worth living for, have given a bad name to all capitalists.

On the other hand, it is the curse of the working-men that the very heart and soul of some of their most influential leaders can be summed up in their view that every working-man must hate capital and that it is the duty of the man who belongs to the union and works in the vineyard to hate the man who at the end of the day's work pays the wage. Thus a few despicable employers and equally despicable labor union agitators have involved millions of men in bitter strife. One drop of gall has spoiled the pot of honey.

The Muscle Man Overlooks the Man of Ability

ONE of the things that is wrong with the worker is that he gives no due credit to the occasional man of ability. There are billions of blades of grass, but only a few big trees in California. There are millions of hills in this land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but only three or four mountain ranges. There are millions of one-talent men and two-talent men, but only an occasional inventor and organizer who is a ten-talent man. For scores of years, men have turned tempered steel into watch springs, and earned five dollars a day wage. Recently, a boy came along who for years put his brain into the problem, and he made the watch spring first and tempered it afterward, and now that hair spring does not break in the coldest winter nor the hottest summer, everybody says, "What fools we were not to have thought of that simple device." That man will not only make a fortune out of his years of study, but he will earn the fortune that he will receive.

In 1861 Fort Sumter was fired upon, and Lincoln called for three hundred thousand men. The college boys left their lecture halls, and the farmers left their fields. Lincoln became alarmed lest there, be no harvest and he called upon the women to go into the fields. In that crisis there was an inventor named Cyrus McCormick. Instead of the little sickle and the long scythe, McCormick invented a reaper. He called on the people to furnish the capital, enough to double, quadruple and multiply by twenty his reaper plant. The minister brought his savings, as did the school teacher, while the physician and lawyer, the banker and the widow all contributed their earnings of yesterday.

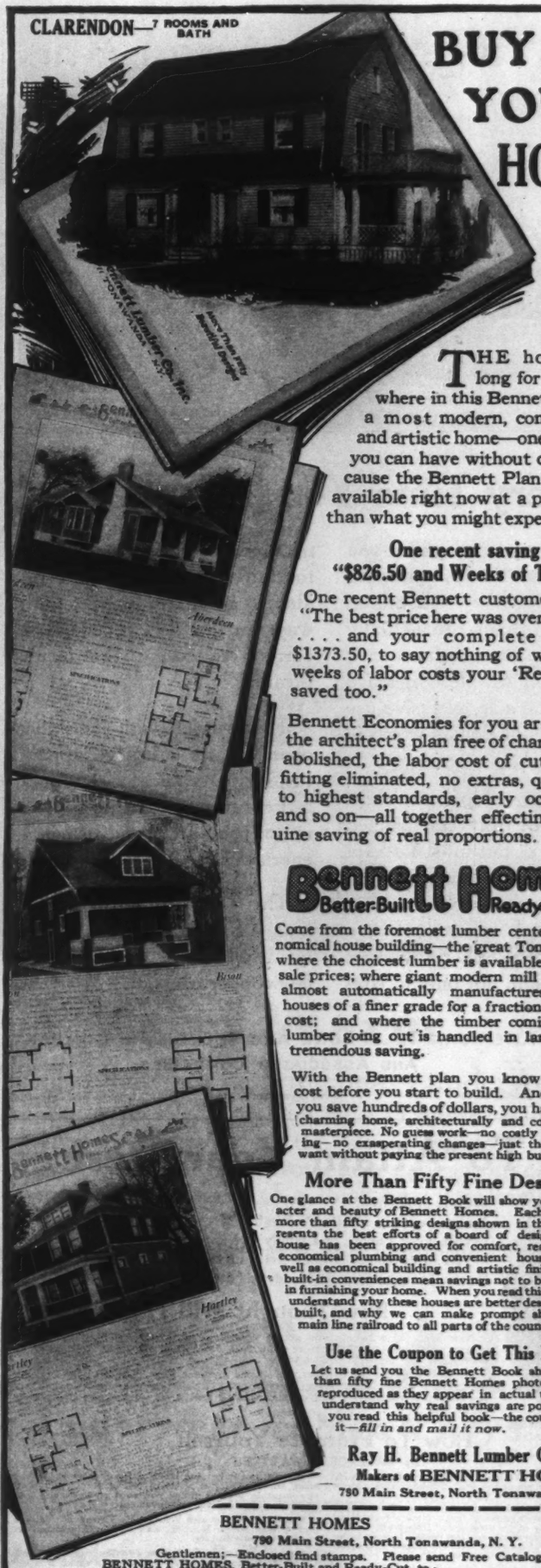
United labor of yesterday made up "capital" and in that critical hour nobody damned that capital, or swore at those people who had saved up a little money, or called them robbers, or planned to set fire to their houses. Soon the manufacturers turned out enough reapers to harvest the wheat and release enough boys from the farm to win the war, free the slaves, and save the Union. Without that reaper and the scores of factories that sprang up, Lincoln and the North would have lost that war.

To be sure, various inventors like Cyrus McCormick made some money, but it has been estimated that during the seventeen years that his patent was continued, McCormick did not receive one thousandth part of one per cent. of the increment of his invention and his ability. Ninety-nine per cent. of the profit of his reaper went as a free gift to the people of the United States and probably nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of the remaining one per cent. went to the people.

Without having given one thought to the reaper, the workers received, as a free gift, cheap flour and bread.

In 1870, we had miserable steel. The iron used was cast iron, soft and friable. Little cars, baby locomotives, frail wooden bridges, five to ten cents a mile for travel, and high freight rates — that was the story of cast iron. Then Bessemer gave himself to the problem of pig iron. He built a furnace and cast out the sulphur and phosphorus from the coal and left only coke. He mixed limestone and coke and pig iron and vanadium, and produced steel, at a time when the working-men in the pig iron furnaces were receiving one and two dollars a day. Now there were a million muscle working-men in the iron furnaces of the world. Not one of them gave a passing thought to the chemical problem of turning pig iron into steel, while Bessemer gave his days and nights for years to the problem. He put all his own money into the experiments, begged money, borrowed money, hired money, everything — and finally succeeded.

Then, Presto! came the miracle. That inventor's steel made possible huge locomotives, palace cars, permanent rails. Passenger rates dropped to two cents a mile, freight rates on the working-men's meat and flour and fruit to a half a cent per ton, per mile. Meanwhile Bessemer's discovery and ability quadrupled the wage of the workers, lifting them to four dollars a day, and twenty dollars a day. Ability and capital, handed millions of dollars a day in wages to muscle workers as a free gift, a gift to men who had never given a thought nor breath to that almost miraculous achievement of Bessemer's. But as soon as Bessemer's friends built these enormously expensive plants, borrowed millions to erect them, a few aliens among the working-men who could not speak our language, looked at the great steel plants, and immediately called secret meetings, and the agitators brought this message: "Fellow working-men! yesterday, with ten hours work we produced *pig iron*. To-day, these money barons, with only eight hours work are using us to produce *steel*. That steel to-day is worth four times as much as the pig iron we used to make, yet these money barons are only giving us double the wage we had before, and only reduced our hours from ten to eight.



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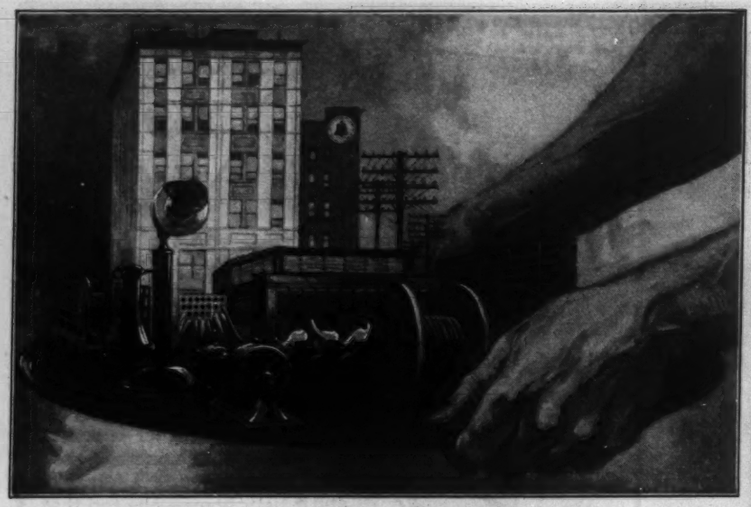

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"Who made this steel? We made it with our muscle. These money barons are making slaves of us! They are robbers! How long shall we let them walk over our bodies, and starve our wives and children to death? Shoot them! Put bombs at their doors! Oh, these wicked men! These capitalistic devils! Let us arise in our might, and grind these cruel masters to powder!"

Almost every morning the working-men in the various factories and shops in this country find that a printed statement like this has been stuck under their kitchen door during the night. Some of these documents are incendiary to the last degree. But are there no labor leaders of sanity and sound sense to correct these glaring falsehoods? Bessemer's friends have robbed no one. Where the steel manufacturers who were friends of Bessemer, and who had risked their money on his plan, made one dollar, the people of the United States, with their steel cars, steel reapers, steel looms, steel ships, and the ten thousand tools that would be possible through steel, received a thousand dollars.

A million Shetland ponies starting around a race track cannot trot a mile in two minutes simply because they are many. A million muscle men working on pig iron cannot change it into steel. Inventive genius is a birth gift. Ability to unite a thousand delicate parts into an automobile that will go, is a birth gift.

Organizing ability in a great factory is a gift, like the genius of Lincoln. What this country needs to-day is a man who has a gift by nature and God to show us how to save the eighty-five per cent. of smoke that goes out of the top of the chimney, and is utterly wasted. That man will come, he will save the United States one thousand millions of dollars every year, but when, after years of sleepless nights and tumultuous days to solve the problem, he gets possibly a million dollars reward, where the people of the United States receive billions, then, an ungrateful multitude will reward him with curses, slanders, try to shoot him, or kill him with a bomb-shell.

Ours is a world where the people crucified Jesus, poisoned Socrates, burned Savonarola, starved Swammerdam, assassinated Lincoln. If nature and Providence should grant to the American people three inventors, to show us how to save the eighty-five per cent. of wasted coal, how to convert all coal in mines into electricity without the intervention of steam, how to release nitrogen from air, the average income of the American family could be carried up to at least five thousand dollars per year. But if the American people were to hold a big meeting, and fall on their knees and pray to God, by day and night for these three inventors, as soon as Providence had lifted them up for our national guidance, and the people's income had been raised to an average five thousand dollars a year, then the fool agitators would raise a mob, surround their three benefactors, and shout, "Now, damn you! We've got you!" and so kill them. This country needs many things, but it needs one thing by way of pre-eminence, *i. e.*, an outpouring of common sense upon our people. Carlyle once said that England had thirty millions of people, of whom twenty-nine millions were fools, but later he repented in dust and ashes, saying: "I placed the number too low." Charles Lamb explained the occasional mob in England by saying: "Our people are all crazy one day every year." After visiting Washington and Chicago, Butte and Seattle, during last July and August, it seems to me a great mistake to say that the American multitude is "crazy one day in the year;" it would be far more accurate to say that an American multitude has an occasional sane interval.

American working-men are wrong in assuming a natural hatred between labor and capital. Demagogues for their own purpose and selfish ends never tire of talking about the War between labor and capital. The simple fact is that labor is no more hostile toward capital, than it is toward labor. No working-man says to the plumber: "Take this extra dollar for fixing my sink," or to the carpenter: "Here are two dollars extra for repairing my door-steps." The brick masons do not hold a meeting to pass resolutions to request the members of the clothiers union to add five dollars to the price of a suit, nor even two dollars to the price of a pair of shoes.

The trade union man is just as hostile toward his brother working-man, who happens to be a non-unionist, as toward a capitalist. Just now union carpenters charge ten dollars a day and if a non-union man is found to work for eight dollars, a man is hired to go around and beat up that non-union worker. A union man has a right to refuse to work for eight dollars a day, but that cannot destroy a non-union man's right to work for seven dollars a day. The Labor Union that uses force represents anarchy.

A historian once said that "the labor guild without force may be imperfect, but with violence, it is infamous." Labor is as truly, therefore, an enemy of labor as it is of capital. It may be a blunder for a non-union man to surrender his right to make his own bargains to the agent of the Union, but what if the non-union man does make a mistake? A man's first rights are his right to liberty; his right to blunder; his right to make a fool of himself — if he wants to. Without personal liberty, life is not worth living. If a boss should come to me and say, "You are on the road that leads to destruction," and by physical force make me go to heaven, I would answer: "I refuse to go, I would rather go to Hades and be free, than to go to heaven and be a slave!" — and so would any man that has a drop of red blood in him! Mohammedanism in the world is dead to-day because it propagated itself by physical force, and any guild or union that uses the lead pipe, the hired thug, the bomb-shell, is already death struck and dying.

Another thing that is wrong with our working-man is that oftentimes the poor and ambitious young working-man, who struggled yesterday to succeed, and was admired by his associates, to-day is hated and bitterly attacked, because he won out. Who are the successful men of to-day, but the poor working-men of yesterday? And who will be the capitalists and employers of to-morrow? Plainly the ambitious working-men of to-day. We put the poor boy into the free school, train him in a factory, tell him the story of other poor boys, urge him toward industry, energy, thrift, foresight, honesty and loyalty, and then, when we have made him successful, his people turn and call him a "thief," "hard-hearted," "selfish," and an "enemy of the poor."

AMERICAN life to-day holds no tragedy blacker than the tragedy of certain successful men who created every dollar they possess, who never knowingly injured a human being, who invented tools that have redeemed tens of thousands of their fellow-men from drudgery. For every dollar that they have received for their inventions and their factories, society has received a hundred dollars, and yet they find that their early friends have become cold and critical. The successful manufacturer pays dearly for his success.

Just as soon as all the Armenians and Servians have been fully redeemed; just as soon as all the Hottentots and savages are civilized, then a society should be organized to do something to right the wrongs of the so-called "better classes," who will soon be without a friend in the world. Thousands of pleas for drunkards and outcasts, for penitentiaries and insane asylums, would seem to make it possible for somebody to say one kind word for the so-called "better classes" carrying their load of opprobrium, public criticism and shame, and scoffed at by the revolutionists all over the land.

The American people need also to remember that labor alone without ability and capital is impotent and alone will starve to death. Only when the three members of this trinity work together, can you have the new bridge across the Hudson River. The ability of the engineer draws the plans in a blueprint and at the end of a lead pencil pushes the first delicate wire thread across the river. Then yesterday's laborers assembled under the name of "capital" (with their accumulation of iron and wire and steel and concrete), offer the raw materials, and to-day's labor, called "working-men" takes the plans furnished by ability, brings this steel and wire and wood and concrete together after the plan proposed by the inventor, engineer and architect.

Working together—ability, capital and labor build bridges, tunnel mountains, launch ships, grow harvests, build factories, and fill that granary called civilization with immeasurable treasure. The banner of labor is glorious. Its cause is so high and worthy that a labor leader should have the genius of Edison, the common sense of Benjamin Franklin, the breadth and fairness of Abraham Lincoln. The most infamous men in our country to-day are those traitors who live by appealing to class hatred and stirring up warfare and strife. Between the old working-men of yesterday, whose savings are named "capital," and the young working-men of to-day and to-morrow there should be

[*Continued on page 62*]

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A minor advantage is that no matter how we may look elsewhere, we plump people shine on the printed page

The Fat of the Land

by Helen Hambidge

So much has been written about the misfortune of the obese (if you object to that term take your choice from the list given below) it seems only fair to present the other side of the case, and that there is another side, all of us described in Paragraph 192 know full well.

A minor advantage — but one that happened to be jotted down on my list first — is that no matter how we may look elsewhere, we plump people shine on the printed page. There is an opulence of suggestion about the words and phrases used to describe us that is most satisfying to the lover of beauty. I am supported in this by Mr. Peter Mark Roget, dean of dictionary sharps; and from Paragraphs 192 and 193 of his ever-glorious *Thesaurus* I may sum up the good and the evil of our condition very much as did Robinson Crusoe his:

We are, it is true, considerable, massy, comprehensive, towering, fine and magnificent; full, amplitudinous, Cyclopean and infinite; as large as life, colossal, leviathanic and prodigious. We are behemoths, thumpers, large portions and Tritons among the minnows.

But we are not, glory be, rudiments, dwarfs, pigmys and microcosms; neither are we vanishing points, worms nor buttons; and pigwidgeon, mite, shrimp, minnow, runt, small fry and tomtit are not, never were and never can be synonymous of us.

But all joking aside, the stout person has his innings as well as his outings. Despite the silly old bromide, the fat man is more often than not the best loved of men, and a fat old maid is one of the seven wonders of the world.

One of the foremost advantages of being Cyclopean is an undisputed talent for good-nature. The amiability of the stout is proverbial, and despite all that the scientists say about "the dangers of being too fat," I believe that these dangers are minimized by the life-preserver of good humor. Statistics would undoubtedly show that as many of us live to ripe old age as those on the other side of the scale.

In proof of this I quote the manager of one of the country's great circuses, who told me that three living skeletons had "died on him" in five years, while the pink and white, if super-abundant charms of "Bertha the Blimp" (world's fattest fat lady) withstood all shocks and surprises year after year.

"If the public didn't demand 'em," he further explained, "I'd do away altogether with them there livin' skeletons. Every darned one of them seems to suffer with an ingrowin' disposition, and they are that temper'mental they even get on the nerves of the trained seals. But Bertie, there, — ain't she the grand little peacemaker! She's wuth all she eats and that's sayin' a good deal these days."

And again: "The good nature of the fat" — words of a well-known medical authority — "is due to the fact that their nerves are so well padded." True, without doubt.

Seldom do you hear the behemoth speaking of things "getting on his nerves," since these same nerves are placed as comfortably deep as the spring of an over-stuffed armchair, while those of the pigwidgeon are dangerously exposed and as easily irritated as the surface of a nutmeg grater.

Speaking of a lack of nervousness on the part of the amplitudinous, the warden of a big state penitentiary told the investigator that he had never had a very fat man or woman "in for doing murder"; that there were isolated instances of the sort, no doubt, only they had never come under his lock and key. (The warden did well in allowing for the exceptional cases, the writer thinks, since there *are* times when even "the good nature of the fat" is tried beyond all endurance.)

A massive woman friend once told the writer that although impervious to the common-or-garden variety of insult which is the double-portion of the Tritoness, there was an occasion in her life when she actually "saw red" over something not intended that way at all.

Upon entering a street car in Charleston, South Carolina, a Southern gentleman of the old school instantly arose to give her his seat, insisting as well that the man who had been seated next to him also arise and tender her his.

In time my friend saw that it was a really Raleighan act, and was ashamed that she had lost her temper, but for a few minutes she told me she was fully resolved to enter upon a life of crime and to henceforth carry and wield the poisoned needle of a Borgia.

We are looking upon the pleasanter aspects of our situation, however, and another benefit is that by merely being ourselves we can invariably start the conversational ball a-rolling. No hostess need worry about the success of her dinner when we are present.

As a dinner guest we can be perfectly certain that when the potatoes are passed the most emaciated individual at table will glance (involuntarily, of course) in our direction and quickly refuse them, accompanying the refusal with the statement that he or she has recently taken on a few ounces of flesh, and, therefore, must go on a strict diet.

Then off we go, thick and thin alike, since the topic diet, like its ugly twin, the servant problem, is the same in all languages and all companies.

Naturally, we of Paragraph 192 know all there is to know on that subject. (Does not our waist-line ebb and flow with the tide of every new authority on such matters?) Once launched, so authoritatively do we speak, our friends soon regard us as one who, alas, is Gargantuan now, but who when next seen will be all but invisible to the naked eye. Even the butler is fired by our eloquence and does not insult us by presenting to our notice the whipped-creamy dessert confection. We leave the table of our friend empty, yet filled with a strange exhilaration, for have we not done that well-nigh un-doable thing, kept to our diet? Not only do we reap a reward in this way for our abstinence, but the little supper we take home with us from the neighborhood delicatessen tastes much better than usual.

In that troublesome matter of providing a wardrobe is it not also of certain benefit to be as large as life?

Our outer garments must be made to order, so that we never have that odious ready-to-wear look. And as for the under-furnishings, the sales-person merely gives us one of those quick, undressing "once-overs" and announces in the stern voice of an oracle: "*You* take extra-size." Which simplifies matters at the outset.

Very lately, however, a few adventurous spirits have breasted the tide of commerce with more of an eye to the sartorial possibilities of the stylish stout, and before long we, too, may have to worry about nuances in styles. A few merchants already carry what they term "double-extra" sizes for both sexes, as they carry "under-sizes" for the small fry. (Even here, is there not that opulence of suggestion in terms? — "double-extra," the suggestion of, say, a second helping of lemon meringue pie, whereas "under-size" insinuates the boarding-house portion.)

In addition to our other blessings, we leviathans have the advantage of always knowing what to expect when an old friend is re-met after a lapse of time. For some reason or other, remarks of a distinctly personal nature are permissible then, and it does not always prove an occasion of joyous reunion.

When Triton goes back to his club after an absence of a few months he knows that nine out of ten of his minnow friends will slap him athletically on the back with an affectionate: "Well, you old fat slob, you! Where you been all this time?" Being so thoroughly shock-proof against this elegant salutation, Triton swallows it without even showing his Adam's apple.

Mrs. Triton, back in the old home where she was loved and lost as a mere slip of a girl, also has preparedness for her motto. She need not be disquieted—as are so many of us on a like occasion — by wondering what people will think and say of the changes the years have made. *She knows.*

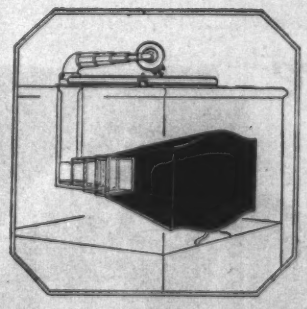
The town fathers — who think her "a fine figger of a woman" — only tell her with a chuckle that she has "fleshed up some."

But her townswomen! And her sisters and her cousins and her aunts! But Mrs. Triton has her gas mask nicely adjusted, you see, and seldom flinches, visibly, at any rate. Once in a long time, however, it does slip, and somebody gets hurt. I was present on such an occasion and gave first aid.

After the usual greeting formula, my friend so addressed, merely smiled and smiled and was a villain-ess, saying: "Yea, verily, haven't I? And how yellow and stringy *you've* grown, dear Mary." (That "dear Mary" never spoke to her again proved, in this particular instance, to be one of the minor blessings of being "spacious and comprehensive.")

Another thing that you quickly learn, despite your size, is to be thankful for the little blessings of life.

You are grateful when your tailor or your dressmaker tells you sympathetically that he has "fitted lots worse figures than yours"; or when, being a woman, you are in such close communion with your husband that he reads your very thoughts, and on the occasion of another full and towering woman passing he breathes out an instantaneous and reassuring, "No, dear, you *are not.*" You understand that your old nurse only means to solace you when she tells you "You ain't got no need to worry 'bout bein' fat 'cause you is married an' done fo'"; or when your physician, — kindly, facetious soul that he is, — assures you again and again that "Death by apoplexy is much more entertaining than by pernicious anemia, Triton, old boy."



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The CHENEY

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PRESENTS

HOBART BOSWORTH

IN

"BEHIND THE DOOR"

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Picturized by Luther Reed. *Directed by Irvin Willatt.*
A Thomas H. Ince Production.

McClure's never published a more dramatic story than this one now picturized

YOU who *read* "Behind the Door" will never forget it. Imagine, then, the impression that will be made on you by *seeing* this strange tale brought to life on the screen!

You felt the power of the story more than anything else you have read for years.

See the Paramount Artcraft Picture.

You will be thrilled as deeply as though you experienced the adventures yourself.

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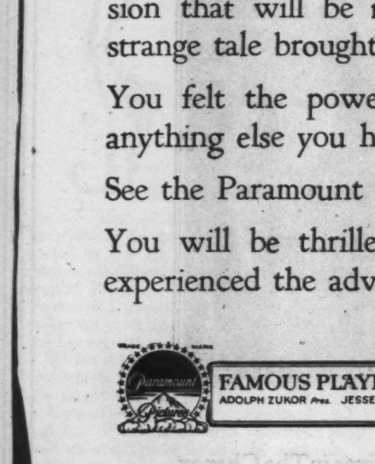
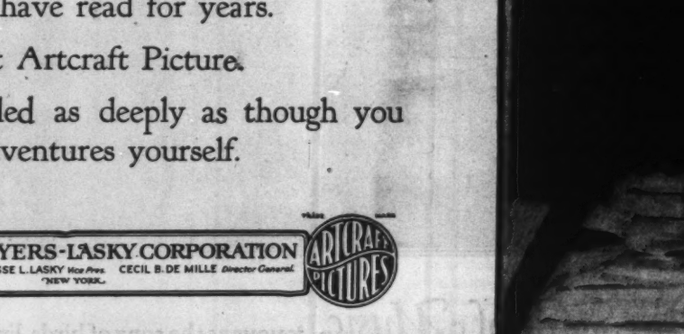




Roosevelt on Two of His Hobbies—*Continued from page 22*

forget friend or foe. In a public exigency one should for the moment forget a personal injury if so doing would let him work with the other person in the public interest — that as a matter of public duty, but only as a public duty.

"By this I do not mean that he should sit and nurse his wounds. Not at all. But I'll pardon him if he remembers his scars when opportunity offers."

Colonel Roosevelt was the most punctilious of men in recognizing the claims of others upon him. For this reason, if no other, not everyone could do him a favor.

"I am," he remarked whimsically one day, "a bit particular in the matter of receiving favors. If a man does anything for you, you are bound, if you can, to do something for him when the occasion offers. If it happens to be the right sort of man, it won't matter much, but with the other kind, it can be very, very embarrassing. It's not everybody I care to be under obligation to."

The Colonel not long after this practised what he preached. In a matter that was of much importance to him, a politician whose standards were not of the highest, but who was in a position to assist, offered his aid.

"I shall have to decline with thanks," said he. "If I allow him to do anything for me, I shall have to do something for him later on. He knows that as well as I do, and I am simply not going to be under any obligation to him. He's not the kind I want to be beholden to.

"A man should be as careful in accepting favors as he should be in making promises. If he's careless in either, he soon finds he's in trouble of one sort or another. There's where many a man in politics has wrecked himself, as men in business go bankrupt, endorsing notes for friends."

ALL that is near to me in the male line is in France. If they do not come back, what is the Presidency to me?

"If they do come back, and the Republican party wants me and I can see where, by accepting the nomination, I can advance the ideals for which I stand, I will be a candidate. But I will not lift my finger to secure the nomination."

That was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's position as expressed to me in June a year ago when it began to appear that nothing could prevent his nomination. It was his position in December last when, convalescing from rheumatism, we talked in Roosevelt Hospital. I had remarked that it had begun to look as though he would be nominated by acclamation.

"That may be," said he, "but if I am, I will accept only because I see where, as President, I can do things, can advance those ideals for which all right-thinking Americans stand. And if I accept, it will be because the platform is 100 per cent. American. Nothing less would induce me to consider the nomination for a single minute.

"To be President is an honorable and commendable ambition in any man. I have been President. Personally it would mean nothing to me to be President again. Its only value would be in what I would be able to do, what I could accomplish."

This was substantially his position in 1916 when, it will be remembered, the issue at the Republican convention in Chicago was Roosevelt or Hughes and the Republican convention deadlocked with the Progressives on this point, a deadlock broken by Colonel Roosevelt's declination to run as a Progressive and his declaration that he believed it his duty and the duty of all Americans who felt as he did to support Justice Hughes.

His efforts in these years, however, were not to secure the nomination for himself or any other man. They were first, last and all of the time directed to bringing the Republican party and its leaders around to what he believed to be the real American ideals and needs of the hour, and to make this party the instrument through which the real will of the American people might be registered and the ancient landmarks defended.

If in doing this, the party should nominate him, well and good. If the nomination went to another, well and good, provided that other was 100 per cent. American and dependable in his Americanism.

"It was," he said to me early in 1916, "the necessity for saving the Union that called the Republican party into being. It accomplished that purpose, and for many years governed this country wisely and well. Then it became fat, and soft, and lazy. It ceased to be the party of all the people and it has been punished for its sins.

"The hope of the country is in the Republican party. Through it the mass of the people will work, will express their real opinions. The mass of the people are all right. They will be, they *must* be awakened. For that reason, and that reason only, I am interested in party politics. I would not give a snap of my finger for the nomination. I would take the nomination only because of the chance to do things, were I again President, that must be done."

With this background it is easy to see why, following the defeat of Justice Hughes in 1916, he began a campaign to bring all wings of the Republican party together.

This campaign began the last Saturday of 1916. It began in Bridgeport where the Colonel closed his speaking tour with a wholehearted appeal for the election of Mr Hughes. Incidentally, it is worth noting here that it was Bridgeport's big vote (Bridgeport is the chief city of Fairfield County) which saved Connecticut to the Republicans and made California's vote so all important.

After this meeting, Colonel Roosevelt went to the Stratfield Hotel, where John T. King, the Republican National Committeeman, had a light supper waiting. King had been anti-Roosevelt, but had come around to Mr. Roosevelt's way of thinking, and between bites of supper, the two talked organization.

"I am not against the organization and never have been against it, because it was a party organization," declared the Colonel, "but I have been against the organization when it stood for private plunder.

"You have the right idea here—taking the workingmen into the organization and making it a popular institution in which the idea of social justice for all is uppermost. It is a spendid idea, that of insisting that the man who takes a place in the organization must quit drinking and start a savings bank account.

"I want to see that sort of organization everywhere — an organization where the workers and the small farmers sit in and really belong. That sort of an organization will not stand for plunder. It will stand for what is right and decent in public life. You can call such an organization a machine if you will and I'll still approve of it. Calling it a machine will not make it offensive to me. A machine is just as necessary for successful party work, for a party to serve the public, as organization is in the army or in a bank.

"I have no quarrel with any man who has been in the organization for what he has done in the past if he's straight now. There are a good many things everybody sees are improper now, that only a few thought were improper a short time back. It's like the lottery — Harvard College and many of your old churches were financed by lotteries in the old days. Times have changed.

"If the organization is straight, runs straight, if its leaders and the men in it run straight, I have no objection to it. I will work with it just so long as it *is* straight and I won't worry over the possibility that some of its members have not always held as high views as they do now."

"Well," laughed King, "that would let Barnes in."

"By Godfrey!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Yes, I'll even take Barnes in when he is ready to run straight and so long as he is working for the party and the people."

"If we had known you as well before Chicago as we do now," remarked King, "Connecticut would have been in a different position there."

The Colonel laughed, asked more questions about King's methods which had made Bridgeport a banner Republican city, and the local situation generally.

"I like King," he told me afterward. "He has the right idea of organization — clean men close to the people, with the workers well up to the front and *in* front if they have the ability to get there. Organization like that won't go wrong."

This conversation was followed not long after by Mr. King becoming the closest of Colonel Roosevelt's political advisers. Through King he worked for the reorganization of the Republican National Committee which made Will H. Hays, of Indiana, National Chairman. King was his choice for that place, but when, on the eve of the St. Louis meeting of February, 1918, at which Hays was chosen, it became evident King would have to fight for the place, the Colonel advised him to keep out.

"The place is not worth a fight," he advised, "especially where there is so much at stake."

This was his last political act before the serious operations which brought him to the doors of death that winter. He was semi-convalescent when he was told of Hays's election and insisted on wiring him immediately. He saw Hays before he was out of bed and was much impressed with him.

"Hays," he told me before leaving the hospital, "is a trump. He is all right. He may make mistakes, but he won't make many. The party seems to be united on him and that's something well worth while. Now we've got to back him up. With Hays at work and on the job, I think we'll get results. For one thing, there's only one party now. Most of the Progressives have come back. Most of the others will follow. Those that won't return would, sooner or later, have quit even the Progressive party — they're just natural born mavericks who won't stay long in any herd, and won't stay branded.

"Hays will, I'm sure, weld the party firmly together. The day of factions has gone, but we have all got to help him."

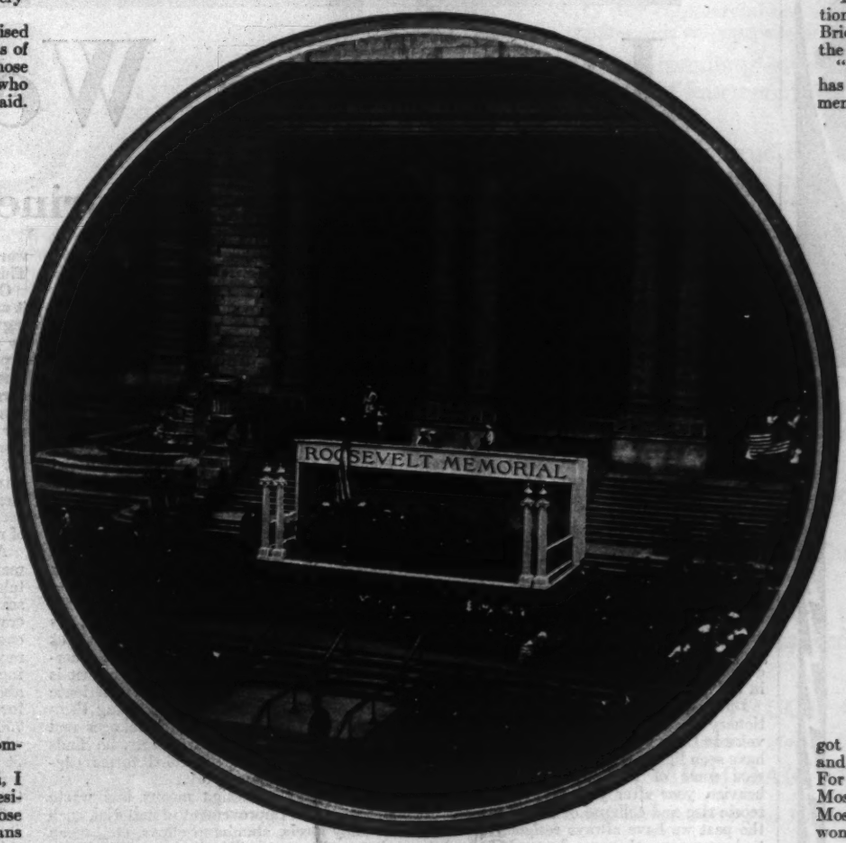
Colonel Roosevelt's desire to help sent him to Maine a few weeks after he left the hospital to address the State Convention.

"It looks more and more like Roosevelt in 1920," I told him on his return.

"I'm not so sure about that," said he. "I don't know that Roosevelt will care to be a candidate in 1920. He certainly will not be if he has to scramble for it, and he *won't* take the nomination if it is handed to him on a silver platter unless he sees where by accepting he can be of real service, can do real things. Otherwise — you couldn't drag him into an acceptance."

"I don't believe you'll have to scramble for it, there will be a chance to do things and there won't be any doubt as to the platform—all of your conditions will be met," I replied.

"In that case," he replied, "I'll have to run, but remember this: almost anything can happen between now and 1920."



If ever a man was alive after death had claimed him, that man is Theodore Roosevelt. During the recent drive for a memorial of this great American, every city and town in the country uttered his name again and again. In front of the Public Library in New York City reverent and loyal crowds were addressed unceasingly by the most eloquent speakers. Ex-President Roosevelt and the ideals for which he stood, cannot perish from this earth.

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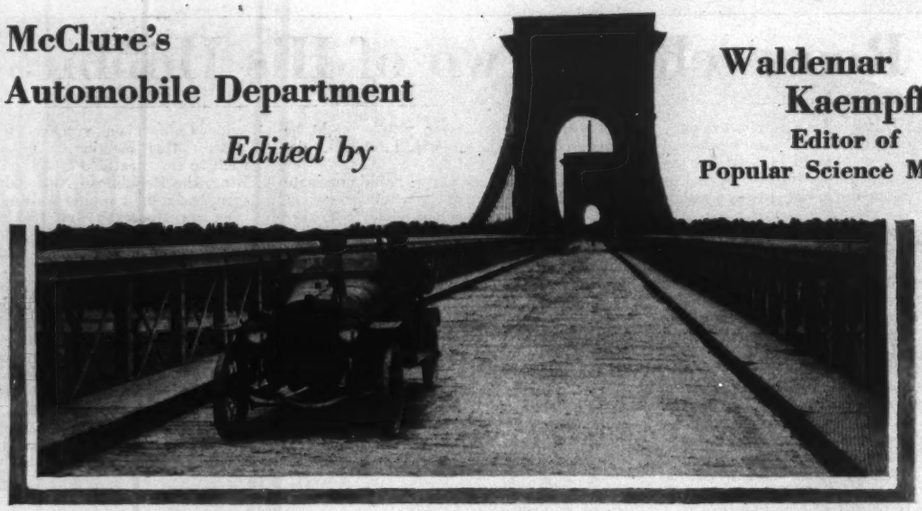

Light on Weight

by Merrill C. Horine

LIGHTER cars are coming — nobody denies that. Some of our more daring prophets are freely predicting not only radical reductions in automobile avoirdupois, but early materialization of their dreams. It is certainly true that the gradually decreasing average weight of cars of given power, wheel-base and passenger capacity has made them more economical of tires, gasoline and repairs despite better performance on the road than we used to get. These lighter cars are getting better looking all the time and safer, too, even though the prices of cars have increased much less than the average of other manufactured articles, and under normal conditions would undoubtedly be declining. They are also easier riding than formerly, though lighter.

A score of manufacturers who in the past built heavy cars are now concentrating on lighter models or have dropped the heavy ones altogether — leaders in the business, too, nearly every one of them. Almost every one of the new cars put on the market in the last two years has been a light car.

But this thing of light cars is no revolutionary idea. We have been listening to the voice in the wilderness for a long time. We have seen light cars come and go. We have seen some of the prominent models get heavier, year after year. We saw the meteoric rise and collapse of the cycle-car. In the past we have always resigned ourselves to heavy cars when we demanded absolute ease of riding and cars that hugged the road at any speed. What has happened to revive the light-weight idea?

For one thing, we have discarded the dollar-a-pound idea. Heretofore, when a concern put out a lighter car, it did so in order to make it cheaper. But cars that were cheap because they were light, and light because they were flimsy, did not stick. We were startled, before the War, when a few of the European light cars came over. We saw almost juvenile conveyances at prices that would buy full-sized American cars of twice their weight. "How do they do it?" American builders wanted to know. They did it, all right, and are still doing it in Europe. Not many Americans would put so much money into so little a car, however.

We did learn, though, that a light car is not necessarily a cheap car and we might have known it. Airplane engines cost a great deal more per horse-power to build than marine engines, but they will take you more miles in an hour and more miles for a dollar. Everybody wants a light-weight thin-model watch, but no reasonable person expects to get it for less than an alarm clock because it weighs less. We must not expect light cars to cost less than present ones of the same general characteristics and luxury of riding and performance. We shall be fortunate if they do not cost more.

All mechanical progress is toward lightness. Compare the first safety bicycles with the featherweights of to-day. Good 5-ton trucks to-day weigh less than the best 3-tonners of several years ago. Recall the heavy, cumbersome vacuum cleaners of eight years ago with the light, convenient ones we have to-day. A perfect machine is always lighter than its early forebears of equal capacity, but the process of reducing its weight is gradual. When a new thing is built, its designer has to guess at how strong it ought to be. For safety, he usually guesses generously, so that the first successful product is always heavy. As he gains experience through making others and watching them operate, analyzing causes of breakages and experimenting with lighter parts, he finds lighter materials and simplified forms capable of doing the same work.

Refinement of design means less waste of material. Improvement of material, such as alloy steels, aluminum alloys, etc., mean that smaller parts will be just as strong. Heat-treatment takes the weak spots out of metal, so that it does not have to be used with such a high factor of safety. Drop-forgings and steel stampings enable stronger material to be used in complicated shapes, thus reducing the amount of heavy castings necessary. Simplified design permits fewer parts to be used to perform the same number of essential functions. This is all in the natural order of development and will normally bring the weight of motor cars steadily downward until a practical minimum is reached. This we can bank on.

On the other hand, it is possible to go at it another way. If, instead of carefully paring down useless weight, piece by piece, year by year, we resolve to substitute theory for experience, we are playing a game of chance where the stakes are big. Predictions are current that cars will soon be built weighing less than 1000 pounds, carrying five-passenger closed bodies. Wise men do not use the word "impossible" these days, but let us not set our hopes on such a car in the immediate future. Only by that genius that occurs once in a century or by a series of fortunate accidents can all of the obstacles in the way of realizing this dream be overcome.

Any one can build a racing shell in which a man may row at race-horse speed; but it takes a Herreshoff to build one that is seaworthy. Any one can build a seaworthy craft if he is permitted to make it heavy enough. And to-day it is true that our most luxurious cars, luxurious in ease of riding, stability, safety and performance, weigh about three tons, with passengers, ready for the road. As five passengers weigh 750 pounds, the car weighs four times what its passengers do. At this rate an outfit to haul fifteen tons of merchandise would weigh 120,000 pounds, or considerably more than a freight car. A bicycle, which carries a 250-pound policeman, weighs but twenty-six pounds. A five-passenger touring car at this rate would only weigh 130 pounds. The reason a bicycle only weighs a little over one-tenth what its rider does is because it has no propelling power of its own, it provides only a tiny patch of leather for him to sit on and is not even capable of standing alone.

A 7½-ton motor-truck weighs less than six tons. At this rate a five-passenger touring car need weigh but 937½ pounds; but the motor-truck moves slowly, rides comparatively hard and provides no soft cushions, comfortable seats, plate-glass windows nor dainty fittings for the load it carries. It is not safe to deny that such weight in a touring car with real luxury combined is not possible, but it is evident that some new principles must be evolved. In order to build lightweight bridges, it was necessary to make them of the suspension or cantilever type rather than the old masonry arch or rigid truss form.

Certainly the improvement of all desirable qualities in

(*Continued on page 58*)

Free Motor Truck Information

Automobile Editor, McClure's Magazine
25 West 44th Street, New York City

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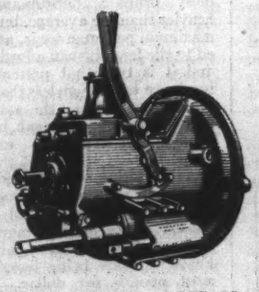

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Model Sixteen is only one of the GMC family, every member of which has equally as good a record.

GMC Trucks are made by the exclusive truck-making unit of the General Motors Corporation and backed by this strongest of automotive organizations.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

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Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities

How Riches Came to John Wilson

The Story of a Bank Account that Grew In Spite of the High Cost of Living

"WE who were John Wilson's most intimate friends knew almost to a dollar how much money he made. We knew his position in Dawson's wholesale house could not pay him more than $40 a week. For a long time he had worked for $20 a week. When he married Mary McConnell he wedded a poor girl, and we were certain that John, his wife and their two kiddies did not have an income from all sources, of more than $2,500 a year, if they had that!

"Yet John and Mary seemed to have not the slightest trouble in keeping up with our set, where the average salary of the men was probably $5,000 a year. John dressed himself as neatly as any of us; his wife wore good clothes; the cottage he was buying was in a good neighborhood and was kept up as well as any home in our town; his children were always dressed daintily and went to the same school as our children. Over and over again we wondered how John and Mary managed to do it, especially when the cost of living went higher and salaries stayed about the same.

"One night when we were calling on him, and Mary and my wife were in the pantry preparing the "eats," I told John that I envied him his power to make a dollar go a long ways. We had been friends from boyhood and he did not hesitate to tell me just how he managed.

THE SECRET

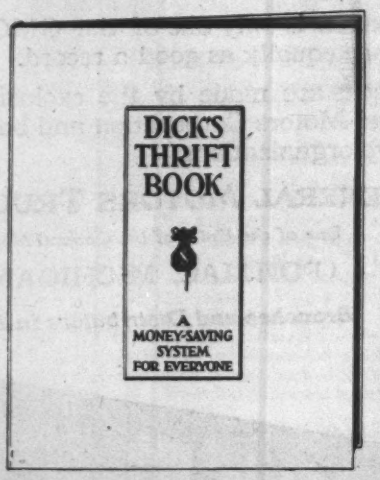
"The whole secret lay in a well-thumbed volume, "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK," that he had on the table. He opened it for me. I saw that it was an easy, money-saving system of household accounts. A daily record was kept in it. The idea was not new to me. I had seen such a system advertised many times and had made up my mind to try it myself, but while I pondered John had acted. The page was ruled off so that one could show just how much money the individual or the family spent for clothes, food, rent, fuel, church contributions, amusements, etc. The monthly or yearly income was apportioned between all of these various expenses so that John and Mary knew at the end of each week whether they were spending more than they should for a certain item, and if such were the case, could lessen their future expenses to keep the balance even.

"The best part of it was that there were departments for saving and insurance. Part of every week's salary was divided among all of these necessities of life, but the bank and the insurance company got their portion. Thus John did not have to worry about the future and managed to live just the way he had planned at the beginning of the year.

"John told me that the scheme had worked among friends of his who were earning as low as $1,000 a year. He joked about my well-known habits of spending money for everything that came along, and he told me that if I would adopt his system I would make my salary go twice as far. I laughed, but I went away that night and had a serious talk with my wife as to whether this was not the way to restore our dwindling bank account.

"I sent for a copy of "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK" and I have used it long enough to know that I am going to get rid of a lot of financial worries and to know that I am going to enjoy my adventures in keeping personal accounts. I am advising all of my friends to get started on the track shrewd John Wilson started me on."

This young business man's story applies to every man, woman or child.



THE SCHOOLS ARE TEACHING IT

It may surprise you to know that in a hundred or more American cities, and also in business colleges, private academies, the subject of personal thrift is being taught. The first principle taught is that a simple but systematic record should be kept of all money receipts and expenditures. Keep abreast of your children. Help them to carry out in their daily lives what the schools teach. With DICK'S THRIFT BOOK you can do it.

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The few minutes a day devoted to making entries in DICK'S THRIFT BOOK become sport to the members of the household. They begin to vie with each other in keeping their expenditures within the bounds set for them. While your neighbors are living extravagantly, you are building through this money-saving account book a sure road to prosperity and future enjoyment of the good things of life. Don't think, however, that this book will cause you to go without things that add to your present enjoyment. On the contrary, it enables you to make provision for it and you can enjoy the movies, books, vacations, etc., knowing that you have not "robbed Peter to pay Paul."

THE AUTHOR

The man who originated DICK'S THRIFT BOOK is A. Blaikie Dick, an official of McClure Publications. Here is a high-salaried expert who puts all of his experience at your command to help you save money. He has made a success of his own life and is helping thousands of other people to make a success of their lives. A number of years ago A. Blaikie Dick originated the personal account book "Where The Money Goes," which is now being used by thousands upon thousands of thrifty persons. More copies of it have been sold than of any other similar book on the market. He has perfected and enlarged this system to meet present conditions, and has now produced the simplest and most comprehensive account book on the market. It reduces the work of personal and home account-keeping to a minimum.

SEND NO MONEY

"DICK'S THRIFT BOOK" comes to you on approval without your paying one cent in advance. Keep it for five days and note how easily it can be applied to your personal or business or household expenditures. If you decide against it, send it back and the matter is closed. If you want it send us $3, and your substantial savings are begun! Every day you do without the book means an actual money loss to you. It means dollars in your pocket to mail the coupon, or a letter, RIGHT NOW!

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.....McC. 1-20

present cars despite the fact that they weigh less proves that ease of riding and stability are possible without great weight. Heavy cars are stable and easy riding by accident rather than design. The real cause is that their weight above the spring is much greater than that of the wheels and axles, proportionately, than is the case with most lighter cars, and being heavier but not materially higher, their centers of weight are closer to the ground and so they are harder to tip over.

The horsepower of a car is no measure of its ability to perform, for a high-power engine requires big, strong, heavy chassis and driving parts to stand the strain it imposes and bear its weight. Ability is determined largely by the ratio of power to total weight of the car. An engine of one-half average weight will not develop one-half average horsepower, nor will an engine twice as heavy necessarily be twice as powerful. Somewhere between the lightest car and the heaviest is found one that has the maximum power-to-weight ratio. At present the cars with the most brilliant performance are usually heavier than the average, but the demand for maximum performance is, and must be limited to the few who can afford to pay the price, and it is true that present maximum-performance cars weigh less than those of a few years since. If this is the case, then the weight of average performers can be decreased correspondingly — perhaps even in greater proportion.

As motoring becomes more generally enjoyed as a pleasure and more commonly employed as a business and social necessity, owners are acquiring more discrimination and soundness in their judgment of value. Fewer cars are being bought on a basis of most pounds per dollar. Buyers are not buying cars at all, they are buying transportation. If light cars produce equal results, equal comfort, speed, hill-climbing, acceleration, beauty and wear at less running cost, they will quite readily pay even a higher price for a lighter car. The test is results, not means.

Our Boudoir Bolsheviki

[*Continued from page 19*]

to become a singer, an actress, a nurse, a suffrage leader — anything worth while. But any woman can become a Boudoir Bolshevik over-night. All she has to do is to say, "I'm a Bolshevik." And lo and behold! a Bolshevik she is. And then she can mingle with the elect and discuss the most *interesting* things — the Great Problems of Life, if you know what I mean, over a two-dollar-a-plate dinner, with coffee served in the nut-cellar, and cigarettes and everything, and all so interesting, that is to say, and the most charming people, so unconventional, and all that sort of thing!

I talked to a prominent lady Bolshevik not long ago. She sat in her new six-cylinder car. I stood by the running-board. After she had finished telling me that Trotsky and Lenine were the greatest men in the world, and how Bolshevism was the only possible government, I ventured to ask her just what the idea of Bolshevism was.

"We believe," she said, "that the present governments of the world are wrong, and we are going to destroy them."

"And may I ask," I ventured, "what you are going to put in place of them?"

She became slightly scornful.

"I don't worry about that," she said. "My Mission is to destroy. Some one else will come along who will know what to do then."

"In other words," I said, "if grandpa complains of a pain in his right side — or is it the left? — you will get a coal chisel and a hammer and open him up and chop off his appendix, and then go away and leave him, hoping that some one will come along with a needle and thread and sew him up again before he bleeds to death."

I forget just what her answer was. It was probably over my head. But I feel that I owe her a great debt of gratitude. She explained Bolshevism to me more clearly and succinctly than any one else ever did.

In February:

Poems by John Drinkwater

"The Trap" — [*Continued from page 18*]

I had, too; the same thing you are, I was, too."

"Well," Lester returned genially, "I have Mawsby's word for it that you've been one — been a gentleman; but his opinion of myself I haven't had; I've never dared ask it. The point, though, is that you're the man I need. Are you sure you're ready to go through with it?"

The man's eyes fixed themselves on Lester.

"Haven't I said I would?" he growled, thickly. "Don't fret," he added, as Lester stirred himself, making ready to depart; "I ask nothing better than to see this through! I'll do it, never fear!"

"Thank you, I believe you will," said Lester, adding, "I remember it was a woman, you told me, who'd ruined you."

Again in his voice was a veiled mockery. Again his smile was subtly derisive. In silence, he stalked down the stairway, got into the coat Mawsby held for him, and walked out into the rain. The other followed; and opening the door of the car outside, Lester waved him to get in.

Then he turned to the car's chauffeur.

"Drive to Ferncliff," he directed.

Chapter VII.

THE house at Ferncliff, Lester's country place half way up the Hudson, was another of those relics of a time when size and pretentiousness were more the object, perhaps, than mere fitness or any convenience of the tenants. Immensity appeared the architect's one idea. To this purpose, having had unlimited money placed at his disposal, the designer seems to have run the gamut of all that conveys magnitude; not only the house but all the other buildings,— stables, lodge, barns, greenhouses and dairy,— having been laid out in that one key.

The upkeep of such an estate may be conjectured. A small army of laborers was employed about the grounds; the wide sweep of lawns, always of a velvety texture, supported a retinue of their own; the greenhouses, the gardens and the orchards required another; in addition, there were the hands employed in the stables and dairy,— the lodge-keeper and his family as well. Of all these, Butes had charge. Mr. Butes had been butler to Lester, Senior; he was now major-domo at Ferncliff, though at such times as the house was opened he resumed his former office.

It may seem strange, perhaps, that with an estate so magnificent and one that required so much expense to maintain, the proprietor should find so little use for it; but somehow Lester did not care for Ferncliff. He visited it, in fact, so infrequently that the neighborhood wondered he did not dispose of it.

Butes lived in dread of this. The place was a fat berth for the former butler; and in an agony of apprehension, he once had given tongue to his fears. It was to Ashe he'd spoken. "Strike me, sir!" said Butes, casting discretion and most of his h's to the winds; "Mr. 'Arry 'ates it 'ere, I believe! 'E'd sell if 'e gets an offer, I'll wager!"

But Ashe knew differently; and what he knew was, curiously, another hint of Lester's complex nature. The estate had been his father's hobby; it was to him a sort of monument. He and his father had been inseparable; and after the father's death there had been something pathetic in the loneliness, the solitude in which the son had mourned. If he had not sold Ferncliff, however, he still had avoided it. The place, like his town house, stood vacant for long periods, the servants with the full run of it, the gates closed and house and grounds consuming in wages, taxes and repairs, thousands a year for which the owner had no apparent return.

But now Ferncliff was opened and occupied.

The pitch-black darkness of a night of storm,— of rain and a gale that gusted among the elms and beeches,— was deepest in its gloom when the motor chartered at a city garage came splashing up the drive, mud-streaked and dripping as it halted under the porte-cochère. Butes, up and waiting, sprang to open the door.

In the hour his master had chosen to arrive the butler saw nothing unusual. Lester's uneasy habits long were known to him; besides, as Lester alighted, he was at pains to explain himself. "Sorry to keep you up, Butes; I was detained in town." But Butes was too delighted to feel the inconvenience. As he bustled about, his pink, chubby face aglow, he protested vehemently, "I'd wait up the night, Mr. 'Arry, any time to 'ave you 'ere." He meant it, too, not all of it quite self-interest either. Queer, but most of Lester's dependents showed that devotion.

Mawsby, descending from the front seat, was already handing out the bags, and Butes stirred himself to help. "Mawsby tells me, sir, you'll be 'ere for a month. 'E says as we're to 'ave guests!" bubbled Butes.

Lester nodded. He still was standing beside the car, the rain streaking in under the porte cochère falling unheeded on his back and shoulders; but as Butes rattled on, fussy in his excitement, the master beckoned to Mawsby. "Lend me a hand here," he directed. Inside the car was a figure huddled in the folds of a huge fur coat. The coat was one of Lester's, and, engulfed in its bigness, the man within it seemed to have collapsed. Inertly, he suffered himself to be half led, half carried within doors. There he was guided up the stairs to a room near Lester's, Butes agape and his eyes protruding, following at the heels of the procession.

So Ferncliff had been reopened. So, too, had its master returned, bringing with him the first of his guests. Of that guest, though, Butes saw little the next few days. Nor did he see more of his master, either. The day following Lester departed for the city, leaving Mawsby in charge of that other, the guest, immured in the up-stairs room. "Indisposed," explained the ready Mawsby. "Off his chump, Mr. Butes." But the fifth day, succeeding the arrival of several trunks, all new,— Butes had a second glimpse of the visitor. Attired in smart tweeds, Butes beheld him wandering the aisles of the greenhouse.

"You're better, I 'ope, sir?" Butes inquired solicitously.

The guest smiled pleasantly. "Thank you, yes." He reached over, and with his fingers — slender fingers, frail and delicate they seemed to Butes — he separated a rose from the cluster of buds and leaves about it. "Wonderful, your *Gloire de Dijons*," he remarked. They were, indeed; and Butes was expatiating on the prizes the same roses had won when the guest smiled. "No need to tell me; I grew them myself once for prizes,— not so fine as these, though."

Butes, charmed by the guest's urbanity, volunteered to show him the place. Together they rambled over the grounds, the guest's eye quick to estimate, to appreciate the finer points of it all — the blooded cattle, all registered Ayrshire stock; the field of sheep, imported Shropshires; the barnful of heavy draught horses, Flemings of the finest type,— these and the stalls of lighter, springier animals, the dozen or more riding and driving horses reserved for Lester's own use. A big, rangy roan, well up even to Lester's heavy weight, the guest admired especially.

"I'd like to put him a few times over the bars," he remarked to the head stableman, adding: "I'd do it now if my legs weren't so wobbly." The stableman bowed him out delightedly. "Knows horse, that gentleman!" he confided to his assistant. "See the way he picked Hector out of the lot! Only gave him a look, too!"

THE extent of the guest's discrimination did not end with this. That night, he appeared down-stairs at dinner; and in honor of the event, Butes placed at his elbow a decanter. The guest took a sip of the amber, crystal liquid in it, then looked up swiftly.

"This Madeira can't be less than thirty-five years in the wood," he remarked. As a matter of fact it was forty. "Do you hand this out to everyone?" he inquired.

"Indeed not, sir," Butes replied flatly. "It goes only to them as appreciates."

"Thank you, Butes," smiled Mr. Hastings.

Butes was charmed with him. To have even one guest in the long deserted establishment was itself a pleasure to the butler, but to have one so appreciative and discriminating added to his joy.

Half past five was striking on the city clocks when a Fifth Avenue bus, bound north, stopped at the corner of a street uptown, and let out Sally Raeburn. Ordinarily, in her journeys about the district, Miss Raeburn was wont to walk, but to-morrow, she and Mrs. Steese were leaving for Ferncliff; and having been out all the afternoon running errands for her aunt, she had still to pack her belongings.

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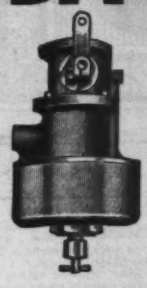

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She looked charming. The spring air, in its briskness, had heightened her fresh, vigorous color; and as she hastened along, her alert, boylike figure trim in a cloth dress and furs, more than one passerby turned to glance after her.

The hotel was in a side street off the Avenue. The place, one of the many in the neighborhood, was reasonably modern and convenient, though it hardly could be termed exclusive. Neither was the suite Mrs. Steese and her niece occupied what one would deem smart for a lady presumably so well-to-do as the aunt. It comprised a bedroom, bath and sitting-room, the aunt occupying the bedroom and her niece at night using the sitting-room. But then, Mrs. Steese was not one given to what she considered useless expenditures. However, Miss Raeburn having entered the hotel, she hurried along the lobby to the desk. "Have I any mail?" she asked.

During her week's stay, not any had come for Miss Raeburn; but just the same, after her first night at the hotel, Miss Raeburn had asked the question regularly. It appeared now the luck had changed.

The clerk took from a pigeonhole a square, white envelope. "A messenger left this a few minutes ago; I was just going to send it up," he remarked; and taking the note, Miss Raeburn hurried to the elevator. Her color had heightened momentarily.

The note, however, she did not open as the lift bore her upward. It was still in her hand as she reached the door of Mrs. Steese's sitting-room.

Inside, Mrs. Steese could be heard stirring to and fro. As Miss Raeburn knocked, a trunk-lid was slammed down; there was the sound of a drawer being shut vigorously; and the aunt's footsteps could be heard tracking to and fro. These evidences, however, came from the bedroom at the back; and, as Mrs. Steese seemed not to have heard the niece's quiet knock at the door, the niece knocked again.

Instantly there was a pause.

Beyond the door all sound ceased. Quiet fell, a moment of silence as if the aunt, startled, stood listening. The next moment she could be heard crossing the floor. "Who's there?" she called.

"It's I — Sally," the niece replied. Then the door was opened.

Mrs. Steese was in dishabille. A Canton-flannel wrapper garbed her, while about her hair was a towel. That it was not just to her looks, though, that her delay in opening the door was due, was apparent. The niece had no sooner entered than Mrs. Steese closed the door again and locked it.

She was breathing rapidly. The room was in confusion,— chairs awry, table and bureau in disorder, the sofa crowded with handbags already completely packed. The room as well as the bedchamber beyond had the appearance of imminent departure.

"Why, what is it?" breathed the girl.

The aunt had begun to remove her wrapper.

"Don't take off your hat; we're going, leaving here!" she answered hurriedly; and the other gazed at her in wonder.

"To-night?" she exclaimed.

"Right now!" was the response. "We're leaving as soon as we can get out!" She had removed her wrapper as she spoke; and now stuffing it into a bag she reopened hastily, she snatched up a dress from the sofa. "Shut that bag and lock it!" she directed.

The girl, in bewilderment, made no move.

"What has happened?" she asked.

Mrs. Steese was fumbling hurriedly with her dress-fastenings.

"Plenty's happened! . . . do as I tell you," she ordered; and the niece went slowly to the sofa where, as mechanically, she closed the bag and fastened it. The aunt gave a movement of irritation. "If you'd been home, 'stead of gadding round all the afternoon, I might have been spared this!"

"I wasn't gadding around," replied the girl quietly; "I was doing the errands you gave me."

An unintelligible murmur was the aunt's only response.

"Has any one been here?" Sally asked.

"Never mind who's been here!"

"I wish you'd tell me," the niece persisted. "Was it Mr. Lester? Any one from him?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Steese.

"We're going there to-morrow, then?" asked the niece.

"Yes."

"Then he hasn't heard anything?"

The aunt was before the glass giving her hat a final jab. At the speech she looked around. "You seem pretty interested, for a wonder, about Lester. I hope you've come to your senses," she remarked. As the niece made no reply, she shot another look at her. "I wouldn't wonder if you're even glad to go to Ferncliff."

"Glad?" echoed the girl.

"Why not?" retorted the aunt.

Her niece gazed at her quietly. "I don't know anything I dread more," she said slowly; and the aunt turned swiftly.

"What's that " she ejaculated; and the girl's eyes fixed themselves on hers, their air quiet. "Why shouldn't I dread it? You know why we're going there," she replied.

The aunt came a step toward her. "Look here now, what really happened the night we were at his house?"

The Opening of "The Trap"

Henry Lester, a young millionaire of thirty-five, a bachelor, a traveler, and a man totally absorbed in himself, returns to his old family residence in New York months before he is expected from one of his prolonged ramblings. Great mystery surrounds his arrival. The very night he reaches home he gives a dinner party at which his guests are Horace Ashe, an old friend who has been one of the executors of the Lester estate; Fanny Dewitt, a divorcee whom people have expected Lester to marry; Mrs. Steese, a strange rather ill-bred woman of exuberant temperament who comes from California, and her "niece," Sally Raeburn, a slender, beautiful, clever girl.

At propitious moments throughout the evening, Mrs. Steese keeps prodding the girl, Sally, into some mysterious course of action by repeated remarks of "Mind! This is your chance. Now remember!" and, "I've kept my part of the bargain — now see that you keep yours!" When Mrs. Dewitt leaves to go home, Mr. Ashe and Lester withdraw with her for a few moments in which intermission Mrs. Steese says: "I haven't forgotten Fawcett; I haven't forgotten, either, the fellow at Santa Barbara — that Congressman, Barr. Remember, this time no excuses!" As Lester returns to the room, the niece warns her to be quiet.

"Nothing happened,— I've told you a dozen times," answered the niece.

"He didn't ask you to marry him?"

"No."

"Did he hint at it?"

"How do you mean?"

"You know what I mean! . . . take your hand . . . try to kiss you . . . anything like that?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, something did happen, I'm sure of that! Just what was it that took place?"

The girl moved restlessly, wearily. "I don't know,— not exactly. I was too confused, too fearful," she answered; and the aunt's eyes leaped.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "something did happen, then? He made up to you, and you, I suppose, did just what you did with Fawcett,— with that fellow, too — the congressman — Barr? Is that it?"

"PLEASE, please!" murmured her niece.

"I see now what happened! He tried to kiss you, take you in his arms, and you shrank away from him! . . . Oh, you can't fool me, young lady! I was watching, looking on, though you didn't know it, that other time,— the time Barr was getting ready to ask you! He had money, a million; and just because you didn't love him — love him, pshaw! or think you didn't!" continued Mrs. Steese, her scorn conclusive,— "you let him see it! Is that what you did to Lester, too?"

"I don't know," answered her niece.

"You don't know?" the aunt mocked. "Yes, you do, if only you wished to own up to it!" Again she gave her expressive shoulders a shrug. "I suppose instead of marrying a man willing to give you his money, his name, too, you'd be willing to starve again in a garret! Is that your wish? Are you hankering for your lodging-house room,— that and a meal a day,— half a meal at that? Perhaps you'd like to go back to it? — to your attic in Octavia Street. I guess you'd be just as successful,— giving those tin-pan music lessons,— playing the piano, too, in five-cent movie theatres! You see," she smiled icily, "I've guessed what you were up to that time you went to Seattle! Starved there, too, didn't you?" she inquired pleasantly.

The girl was facing her, waiting for the burst of eloquence to end.

"I'm playing fair,— I've done the best I could. But I wish you wouldn't go to Ferncliff, Mrs. Steese!"

"Not go to Ferncliff?" inquired Mrs. Steese, her inflection rising. "Why not? I fail to see why you should raise such a rumpus about it. Is it because you don't want to marry that man? If it is, I'll own up you've got me twisted. Any girl would jump at the chance."

"Please listen," begged the girl. "That man doesn't mean to marry me. I know you say he's head over heels in love; just the same, I'm afraid. I can't tell why, but something warns me he's only playing with us!"

"Don't be a fool!" Mrs. Steese responded bluntly. Then she leveled a look at the girl. "We've got to go!" she said grimly.

"Got to?"

"I'm not made of money," returned Mrs. Steese; "I've chucked away enough as it is. Besides, this is the biggest chance we've had. I'm not going to let it slip me now."

The girl again replied, "I can't do it — I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can!" bugled Mrs. Steese, her irritation rising with her voice. "You can, and I'll tell you why you can! Don't you think I haven't lived these months with you without twigging something! How'd you like your swell San Francisco friends to hear what you've been up to?"

The girl's countenance did not change.

"As if it mattered what they heard! It's enough that I know myself, isn't it?"

"Is it though?" inquired Mrs. Steese.

"Besides," responded the girl, "not even you would tell them."

Mrs. Steese was eyeing her narrowly.

"Maybe not, my dear; but then, some folks aren't so particular." She smiled now, though the smile was mirthless. "If you'd like to hear what happened while you were out, I'll tell you. I had a call, this afternoon, — quite a visit. It was from my husband."

"Your husband?"

"You said it," returned Mrs. Steese; and wonder dawned in the girl's deep eyes.

"Why," she murmured, "I didn't even know you had one, Mrs. Steese!"

"Well, you know now!" was the sharp reply. "Another thing: I've warned you enough not to call me Mrs. Steese! I'm supposed to be your aunt." Again she moved irritably. "This afternoon, that man dropped in here,— he's just off a train from Los Angeles. What's more, he seems to have heard of you."

"Heard of me?" There was alarm in her voice.

Mrs. Steese nodded deliberately.

"I don't know what he knows,— I don't know, either, who told him. He's got an inkling, though."

"What did he want?" asked the girl, her breath held, her eyes wide.

"What d' you suppose he wanted? — money, of course. I gave him some,— enough to get tight on; but he wants more. He'll be back for it, too. That's why I'm getting out of here."

"You don't think he'll do anything? . . . go to Lester?" She looked pale, frightened, as she spoke; she looked, besides, very young for this. Mrs. Steese sniffed disconsolately.

"I wish I knew! Once you're married to Lester, though, there won't be any danger. He won't make any fuss so long as he gets his rake-off."

The girl stared at her, white to the lips and tense.

"Be sensible, won't you, Sally? You don't want him giving us away, do you? Think what all your swell friends in Frisco 'd

say! And if you land this, think, too, what you can put over on them! — money to burn, a swell name, a place in N' York society. It's all yours for the asking, Sally,— I tell you again it's a case of head-over-heels with that fellow, Lester. I know, of course, you don't think much of those Frisco friends,— most of 'em, anyway,— the way they gave you the go-by once your father died, leaving you poor; but that's just it! If you went back with millions, think how they'd fall down in rows! Can't you see it? Be a good girl now, won't you?" A new thought, another means of appeal, seemed at this instant to strike her. "I'll tell you what, Sal; marry Lester, and once you give me my divvy, you won't lay eyes on me again!"

The girl's gaze was fixed distantly on the wall.

"You think he knows?" she murmured. "Your husband?"

Mrs. Steese's air was acute. At the question, she answered hurriedly, speaking as if she clutched at a straw.

"I wouldn't wonder, Sally!"

The girl's eyelids flickered.

"Very well," she said, her voice dragging, difficult,—"I'll take the chance. I'll go to Ferncliff." She wet her lips feverishly. "I'll have to now," she murmured.

"That's a good girl! — I knew you would!" she exulted. Her animation restored, she begged the girl not to worry; everything was all right. Convinced it was, she vowed it nonsense to think Lester meant anything queer. "Lands alive, girl!" she averred, "the man's just dying to get you!"

A faint smile hovered in the girl's eyes.

"Perhaps," she murmured.

It was maybe a minute later when Mrs. Steese, still striving to soothe the other's disquiet, spied the square white envelope Sally Raeburn had brought up-stairs with her. With an exclamation, Mrs. Steese pounced upon it.

"Why, it's from him!" she ejaculated.

Asking no permission, she hurriedly tore it open. The next moment she gave another cry:

"There! what did I tell you? Listen to this now!" Adjusting her glasses, she read the note aloud, the hand holding the missive quivering with excitement, exultation.

"DEAR MISS RAEBURN:

"I should be writing to your aunt, but I can't refrain from dropping even this line to you. I've been away, or before this you would have seen me. But now I've returned.— I'm at Ferncliff, as this will show; and eager to see you again. That's why I have written.

"To-morrow, instead of letting you and your aunt journey here by train, I'm sending for you. A friend has lent me his yacht, a swift power-launch; and you and Mrs. Steese must come by it to Ferncliff. I'm sending one of my men to the hotel with a motor; and he will take charge of your luggage, and see you safely aboard the yacht. I can't tell you how eagerly I look forward to seeing you. I trust you'll feel a little glad to see me.

"Faithfully,

"HENRY LESTER."

"Well, does that suit, Miss?" inquired Mrs. Steese.

She laughed, her laugh still excited, still exultant. "The idea of your worrying! As if he meant to put anything over on us! Why, he's just sick for a glimpse of you!" She glanced back at the note. "Listen to the postscript, too!"

P. S. The friend who has lent me the yacht is staying here. I'm trying to make your visit memorable; and if you tire of me, or the other guests take my time, he will make himself agreeable. You'll find Mr. Hastings a charming fellow."

Mrs. Steese executed a sprightly little step on the carpet.

"His friend with a yacht! With a yacht, Sally!"

But the next instant Mrs. Steese gave another cry. The cry was agitated.

"My husband! I'd forgotten him!"

It was a poser evidently. As Mawsby was calling for them in the morning, they could not very well flit now from the hotel. And the husband, like a destroying fate, might walk in on them at any instant.

"Well, we'll have to take a chance, I guess," Mrs. Steese sighed dolefully.

Apparently, there was nothing else to do; and with an air of resignation, she began to remove her hat.

The girl had sunk upon a chair. Her hands in her lap, her eyes dwelling on the carpet, she sat there wrapped in reflection. Mrs. Steese's animation again had kindled into speech; but Sally Raeburn did not seem to be listening.

"His friend with a yacht, eh?" said Mrs. Steese, still exulting. "I wonder what his friend with the yacht is like?"

[To be continued]

The Best Way to Borrow from the Baby's Bank

by **James H. Collins**

GRIGGS is a movie man, and he lay on his stomach in the sand cranking a camera while Ralph De Palma ran past over the Florida beach in a speed auto at two miles a minute. Griggs wanted to register a novel effect for the screen news — that of De Palma coming right on top of him, an ingenious stunt in perspective. He asked the speed king to whiz by within a foot of the camera. De Palma is supposed to be a dare-devil, but after several trials, getting within two feet of Griggs, he refused to come closer, declaring it dangerous.

That is the sort of thing Griggs does for a living!

He has a curious habit. Every dime taken in change was put away in a vest pocket, and on Saturday night he counted the accumulation — about four dollars, usually. His first essay at thrift, the money being saved for his only baby, a few months old. Thrift had become interesting, now that he had a baby. Savings banks were an unknown world to Griggs. Having saved the dimes he just put them into a tobacco box at home.

That same Saturday night over at the garage there was a brisk game of poker from which Griggs emerged with fifty dollars, won chiefly from one "Frenchy," a millionaire's chauffeur. When somebody suggested that he put this roll of bills into the baby's tobacco box he adopted the idea eagerly.

"How much money do you think your baby will have when he grows up?" I asked.

"Well, I've saved about fifty dollars since I started," he answered, "and Frenchy's wad makes a hundred. At that rate it ought to be a couple of hundred dollars a year."

"Enough to send the boy to college, or set him up in business."

"That's right."

"Ever borrow the baby's money?"

"Yes, I did borrow ten dollars the other day — but I paid it back."

"Suppose anything happened to you to-morrow — how about the baby, and the wife, and the little home?"

"Well, I'm pretty healthy and I guess nothing's going to happen," said Griggs reflectively. "But the money in the tobacco box wouldn't go very far."

"How would you like to put $5,000 in the tobacco box to-morrow?"

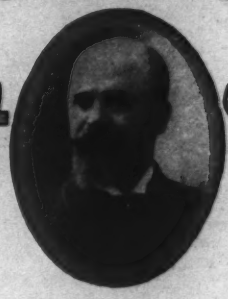
"I'd like it fine!"

"Do you know that Frenchy's money can be turned into a $5,000 life insurance policy as soon as you want to take the trouble? You're young and healthy, and would pass the examination like a shot. About fifty dollars would pay the first quarterly premium on a $5,000 policy. At the rate you are saving dimes, say four dollars a week, you could meet the payments with money to spare. That would be a twenty-year endowment policy. When your baby was ready to go to college you would have $5,000 plus extra earnings. If anything happened to you during those twenty years, even a day after you took out the policy, your folks would get $5,000 cool cash. Or you could have it paid to them in monthly instalments for ten or twenty years. If anything happened to your folks within the twenty years, then you would get the money. A life insurance policy offers the most sensible way of borrowing from the baby's bank."

"Say, is that really so?" Griggs asked.

It was all news to him, this possibility of immediately stretching a dollar bill so that it would cover one hundred times the area. Hundreds of life insurance companies doing business all the time, and thousands of agents constantly explaining ways to stretch money with dozens of different policies! Yet Griggs hadn't heard about it!

BEEMAN'S ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



Good digestion makes for efficiency

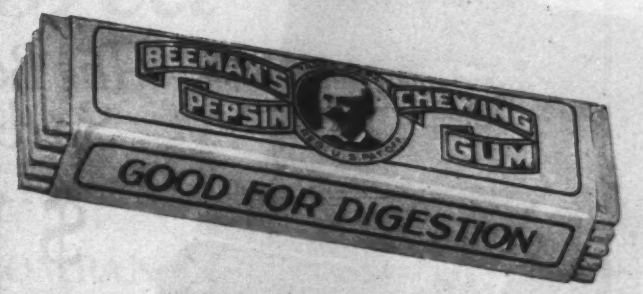
IT is rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating.

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And yet how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will greatly aid digestion—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.

D. E. Beeman



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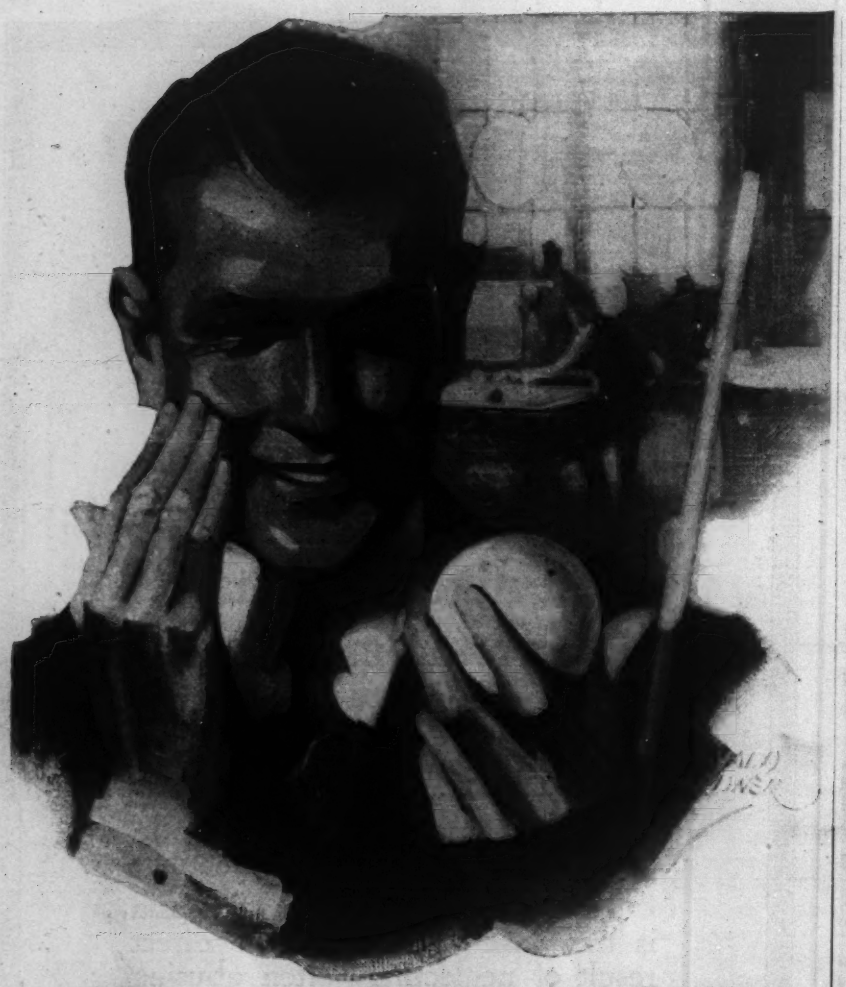

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Are We Approaching A Cataclysm?

[*Continued from page 50*]

no hate or warfare. Moses led the pilgrim band out of the wilderness by pointing to a pillar of cloud in the sky, and bringing springs of water out of the rocks.

The modern agitator guides the people by the light of blazing factories, and he calls oil out of the rocks, with which to burn us all up. He offers society only one thing! Power to turn a factory into a pile of hot ashes, and a city into a wilderness. The word of advice he offers to highly paid working-men is this: "Surrender your minds to me, and you will be better off after you lose your job than you are now with your job and wages."

Plainly, therefore, there need be no cataclysm in this country, and no armed collision between labor and capital, no "civil war, immense bloodshed, ending with military despotism of the severest type." The expulsion of revolutionists from this country, who want to overthrow our institutions, will do something; commissioners at the sailing ports of Europe and Asia, who shall demand full proof of the fitness of the candidates for American citizenship, will do something; the turning of the whole United States into a big schoolhouse for the Americanizing of the aliens who are here, will help; the teaching of all the boys and girls, as to the fundamental simplicities of labor and capital, wealth and poverty, the influences of the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and a full obedience to the plain duties of the American Constitution, and the Christian religion, will do more. Intelligence, integrity, the spirit of good will, loyalty and fair play, can help the American people out of this wilderness toward the promised land, foretold by our fathers.

Labor-Capital Parliament

BUT to all other influences must be added the Labor-Capital Parliament. Our forefathers invented the political machinery through which our people govern themselves. The time has now come for the principle of self-government to be applied to the industrial life of our land. For example, all the cotton and woolen mills of the country should institute a Labor-Capital Parliament. The officers, bondholders and stockholders, should elect, say, ten representatives, for the invested capital, and the working-men in all the factories of that industry, should elect another ten. These twenty men should pass the laws for the spinning industry, and acting in a judicial capacity should interpret these laws in relation to each new problem.

Nearly fifty of the secondary trades of Great Britain have already tried this plan, with the most surprising results, and some Britishers believe the plan to be as important and fundamental for the industrial world as the Magna Carta or the American Constitution for the political world. The working people have a financial right to a voice in the management, and also a percentage of the speculative chances of their industry.

Given a factory with a thousand employees and a capital of five million dollars: plainly the investors, having put in five million dollars, have a right to a voice in the management. But every employee who earns twelve hundred dollars a year, represents a capital of twenty thousand dollars invested at six per cent. and the one thousand employees represent one thousand times that man's value of twenty thousand dollars, namely, twenty million dollars.

It cost society, therefore, a large sum to produce these thousand workers, and in them the State and their ancestors have an investment of twenty million dollars. If, therefore, the invested capital of five million dollars through managers, has a right to a voice in the management, then surely the twenty millions invested in human machines also have a right to a share in that management.

The Labor-Capital Parliament, therefore must be constituted at once in the interest of peace and success in every great factory and trade. Once both sides have a right to express themselves and manhood is no longer repressed, there will be a rational basis of cooperation and an increased output. This Labor-Capital Parliament should end forever the Labor Union agitator, the walking delegates, the hired thugs, the endless strikes, the trampled cornfields, the bloody streets, and make impossible Spencer's vision of "civil war, immense bloodshed, and military despotism of the severest type."

The Man Who Played Too Much

[*Continued from page 27*]

drinking lines, his associates pulled him back.

If he pleaded an important business engagement as a reason for not attending an afternoon party, some beautiful and stylish woman of unassailable social position would laugh gaily and gurgle into his ear:

"Oh, now, see here! Do you mean to say that a big man of affairs like you can't arrange his own time to suit himself? There's nothing that can stop *you* from doing what you really *want* to. And I'm going to be awfully hurt if you don't come."

He usually ended up by feeling silly for advancing business as a serious obstacle to pleasure, and proceeded to neglect work. In defense of his friends, it should be said that they had no intention of leading him astray.

I doubt if two per cent. of the friends that Dines made in his moments of adopted leisure, on the plea to himself that they would be useful to him in business, ever proved any real use to him at all. They were not even useful as *friends*, aside from business.

Dines made arrangements to play golf one afternoon at three o'clock. There were to be one or two men participating in the match that he felt he ought to know better, because there was no telling, as he figured, when he could cash in on their acquaintance.

An hour or two prior to the golf engagement, Jenkins, a big out-of-town customer telephoned to Dines asking if he could be seen at four o'clock.

"I *can* see you," replied Dines, in his pleasant manner, "but I've got an important engagement. If you could possibly wait until to-morrow at say, ten o'clock, it would be a big accommodation to me."

So Jenkins said he would wait. He fully intended to have his meeting with Dines at ten the next morning. But it so happened that shortly before three o'clock, as he way coming out of his hotel he chanced to see Dines in a big touring car with a golf bag balanced between his knees. Without waiting to learn more, Jenkins telephoned at once to another firm, and arranged to see their salesmanager immediately. He gave them the contract that would have gone to Dines's concern, and left town on a late train that night.

Not only did Dines lose the Jenkins contract, but he lost contracts later on with various other persons to whom Jenkins had mentioned the incident. Business before pleasure is so deeply implanted as a part of the fundamental ethical code of most business men, that they are disposed to regard a violation of the rule as an unpardonable sin.

It is not to be wondered at that Dines's once prosperous business eventually found itself in the hands of a receiver.

Since then I have often tried to figure out just what ailed Dines. Perhaps it was because he was in the wrong slot. If his business had been the line to which he was best adapted it should have interested him to a degree that would have made it impossible for other forms of pleasure to entice him away. His business would have *been* his chief pleasure. Possibly he was in the wrong place from the beginning and was really intended for a professional golf player or something like that. On the whole, however, I think he became a failure because he lost his sense of perspective and placed a wrong twist on a good theory. He believed that one of the most important things a business man can do is make as large a number of friends as possible; but he did not realize that friends might be of scant advantage when most of them were pleasure seekers like himself who had not learned how to mix business and play in the right proportions.

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"Don't put me down as not earning a living! I'm a man's partner in the business of making America!"

Illustration by R. M. Crosby

The Greatest Self-supporting Job

by Hildegarde Hawthorne

TEN years ago, all over our broad land, the census takers were busy. And among other items they set down some fourteen million women as being housewives or farmwives.

So far as is known, none of these women raised any objection. Apparently they were content with the designation; even though it conveyed the intimation that being housewife or farmwives, they were mere adjuncts, non-self-supporting, weights carried by the farm or the house whose wife each was. To be sure, the farm or the house might in many cases have ceased to exist at all were it not for the modest wife, the mere adjunct, and her unending labors. Labors too often far greater than those of her sisters in business or trade, to whom the census takers granted an individuality and whatever importance may adhere to the term *self-supporting*. But be the facts what they might, the housewife was put in her place and left there, with that old simplicity now so absent from life and rapidly becoming so in statistics.

For to-day the voice of the housewife is raised in the land, and she doesn't want to be it.

The thing seems to have begun in the registration booths when so many women voting for the first time had to come out boldly in answer to the question "Are You a Housewife?"

"Housewife!" they retorted, shying at the sound of it. "Certainly not. I run my home and my husband . . ." but that is as far as they got.

"Put her down 'housewife,'" grunted the master of ceremonies, and down she went.

But it didn't end there. There were the public prints, and women are notoriously good letter-writers. So they wrote to the papers and they made it clear that they did not propose to be lumped together under any such term any longer.

"I have a husband, three children and an apartment large enough to contain us in moderate comfort," wrote one protesting housewife. "I cook, I am nursemaid and housekeeper and housemaid. Also governess, also a more or less adequate companion to my husband. Before I married him I was manager of an office in a big business house. I could get that position again, and possibly the salary would pay for the above-named corps of house-workers. But I don't believe the house would be as agreeably run nor the children so well off. But here I am, rated as housewife, non-self-supporting and entirely dependent. I object."

Wrote another:

"I run the family automobile a good deal better than I run the house. Oughtn't I to be rated as automobilewife?"

A man comes forward with the suggestion that, housewife being very clearly a direct translation from the German Hausfrau, why not adopt the Scotch term, Gudewife, as alternative. But there might be trouble there, too. Imagine the feelings of any sensitive woman voter on being asked bluntly whether she were a good wife, with all the other women of the precinct in hearing!

So far the criticism has been of the destructive variety. Women are refusing to be called housewife or farmwife, with all the description implies of dependence and inability to earn a living wage, but they have not come forward with anything that is going to fit better.

THE fact that, with the almost certain adoption of the federal amendment, twenty-nine million women are going to vote next year, lends a certain importance to this critical attitude. More than half these women are now called housewife or farmwife, and rated as adjuncts and dependents. A large proportion of the remainder are probably on the way to that same rating, as they pass out of gainful occupations to being mere wives. Yet the Republican National Committee announced, in adopting women into participation in the future affairs of the Party, "They are part of the party membership, not as women, but as voters entitled to participate, and participating in as far as the present legal limitations permit, just as other voters. Their activity is not supplementary, ancillary or secondary at all."

That is the point—this supplementary, ancillary and secondary position.

All over the country a tremendous movement is in progress to teach women just what the possession of the vote means to them. The woman who runs her own home, whether she be the wife of a factory worker or a bank president, a truck gardener or a rancher, is being trained in the knowledge of her new power. She is learning just what relation the conditions in her home bear to Congress, and to her State governing boards. She is finding out that no amount of good housekeeping on her part, of careful motherhood, can bring the results she hopes for unless that good housekeeping and good motherhood are extended throughout her neighborhood. And she begins to see that the vote has a good deal to do with actual conditions in her city, her village, her farm neighborhood.

The fact that she is objecting to the term farmwife or housewife is simply a floating straw that reveals the current of her mind. She is realizing almost suddenly the immense importance of her work as the woman in the house, on the farm. She sees that the running of a town and a farm are not unlike. If the man who manages a district is recognized as an important member of society, worth a salary and independence, she thinks that she, who runs a home, and who means to do something in running the district, too, deserves something better in the way of a rating than the way she has hitherto been regarded by the public.

Women are all from Missouri. The pragmatic philosophy appeals to them. The man or the party who can show definite good results is the man or the party that will get their vote. The Boss is tottering in his man-made security, because when it comes to bossing women his wife has long ago convinced him that he wasn't made for it. Woman is a practical creature, with tidy instincts. She is going to bring those qualities to the voting booth with her. There are going to be spring cleanings on quite a noticeable scale in this country of ours, once the women really get down to work.

She's methodical, too. Did you ever hear of men going to school to learn how to vote and why to vote and what you can do with the vote? The work of The League of Women Voters, that has a membership of fourteen million women, finds women enthusiastic attendants at such school courses. Among women on farms the response has been amazing.

We get back to that phrase used by the Republican National Committee: "not supplementary, ancillary or secondary at all." If this is so of the woman as a voter, it is so of the woman as a home-worker. And this whether she is what is called a hired helper, or the wife and mother.

Housewife is too vague, woman says. The woman who never does a stroke of work, whose husband's earnings pay for house-

Do You Slump In the Afternoon?

[*Continued from page 31*]

couple of bloody chops for lunch, out of the afternoon slump-pit he has dug for himself with his incisor teeth.

On the other hand, many people — especially young folks — try to nourish themselves with a dish of dessert for lunch. This is an even more reprehensible practise than overeating.

For there is only one material out of which tissue loss can be replaced — and that is protein. There isn't enough of it in a piece of cake and some syrupy soda water, nor in a lettuce sandwich and a piece of pie.

Starches, sugars and candy furnish only heat and energy. And these constitute only one leg of the food tripod — which embraces protein for building; starches or sugar for energy; and fats for heating — and also for their indispensable vitamine content.

A person who is anemic, or who is using up considerable vital energy (and one can sometimes use up quite as much energy in intense mental concentration, or in nervous effort, as is ordinarily used up in physical labor) — needs food, not fuel, in order to keep going.

Also, combinations of food that develop fermentation should be avoided. For this reason, acid fruit, used in combination with a lunch — or with any other meal, for that matter — should be taboo. For, according to Professor William H. Porter, — one of the ablest of living dietitians, — fruit, if taken in conjunction with a meal, invariably tends to create fermentation.

This, in turn, causes autointoxication from the absorption of toxic food products with a consequent lowering of vitality. While apples, oranges and other fruits are excellent in their place, — and at the proper time, — their place is not on the luncheon menu. Nor is their time meal-time.

Many people also overeat of fats for luncheon. This tends to make them heavy and bilious in the afternoon.

Try milk, instead of cream, with crackers or wheat biscuit for lunch. And see what cutting out the ice-cream for a while will do in the way of whittling an edge on that afternoon brain.

Don't drop down the elevator to the restaurant on the ground floor — nor right next door — and then eat, and go back up the elevator to work. Pick out a good restaurant at least a half a mile away, and walk there and back.

If you are a man, don't smoke too much. For the accumulative toxic effects of many cigars or cigarettes manifests itself in the late afternoon hours, and makes for "dopiness." Try reducing the quantity. Or else experiment with the effects of a milder brand.

So there are definite reasons for the four o'clock slump. It only remains to pick out the right one — and then govern yourself accordingly. The results will speak for themselves.

The Greatest Self-supporting Job

[*Continued from page 64*]

keeper, cook, waitress, all the servants required to keep his wife from working in the home, who has no children or who leaves her children to the care of servants or puts them into boarding schools, and whose fleeting hours are spent in the earnest labors of a society, not a social, existence,— call that woman non-self-supporting, *but* ——

It is the farmer's wife who speaks:

"Don't you put me down as not earning a living! I'm up at five every morning and when the time changes it's even earlier, for all they say. I milk the cows and cook the meals and make the butter and tend the chickens and wash up and clean house and make the clothes for the kids and put up the preserves and vegetables that save buying at the store. I do the washing and the marketing. I'm out of bed the first and into it the last. If I'm not a self-supporting member of this community, who is?"

And you know she is. Just as much so as the woman who runs her own farm, without a husband, or as the husband himself, who plows and reaps and tracks mud over the clean kitchen floor.

What then shall we call our fourteen and more million housewives?

Home makers?

Home maker. Recognized as a self-supporting job. Not secondary, not ancillary, not supplementary at all. Not a housewife, but a man's partner in the business of making America.

Perhaps, perhaps something else. It doesn't matter. The interesting thing is this revelation of the change in the attitude of women toward themselves. Just what are the twenty-nine million of them to whom the vote will so soon come going to do about other ratings? Where are they going to insist on new valuations, on what, in the management of the country, will they put emphasis?

The woman in the home has a lot to say about how the money that comes into that home is to be spent. Take her all over the Union, and she makes a good showing. Her expenditures are usually pretty carefully planned to get results in health, comfort and attractiveness. The silly, wasteful, inefficient woman exists in plenty, but she is not the typical American home maker.

It will be interesting to see what the housewife does when she takes a hand in saying how the taxes toward which she contributes are to be spent. And she is learning, in those lessons on how to make her vote tell as she wishes it to tell, who has the spending of them at present.

It is probable that she will want to have a lot more to do in that spending than she has had up to this moment.

It wasn't much of a question, this *Are You A Housewife?* But it seems to have set women to thinking, it has roused them to protest. "We've got a word here," they announce.

And who knows? Maybe it will be the last word!

"Tiny" —

[*Continued from page 25*]

dirty! Go 'way!"

But he whined and nibbled at her skirts.

"What's the matter with you, Tiny? You give me the fidgets."

"That dog acts funny," Mom volunteered. "See what he wants, Tim."

But no offerings of a drink or food would drag him away from Sis. She got up finally and he barked and frolicked back and forth toward the steps. It wasn't frolicking exactly, either. He seemed so dead earnest.

She went out toward the gate with him. He was overjoyed. Tore ahead and then pranced back to lick her hand. They went down the road together.

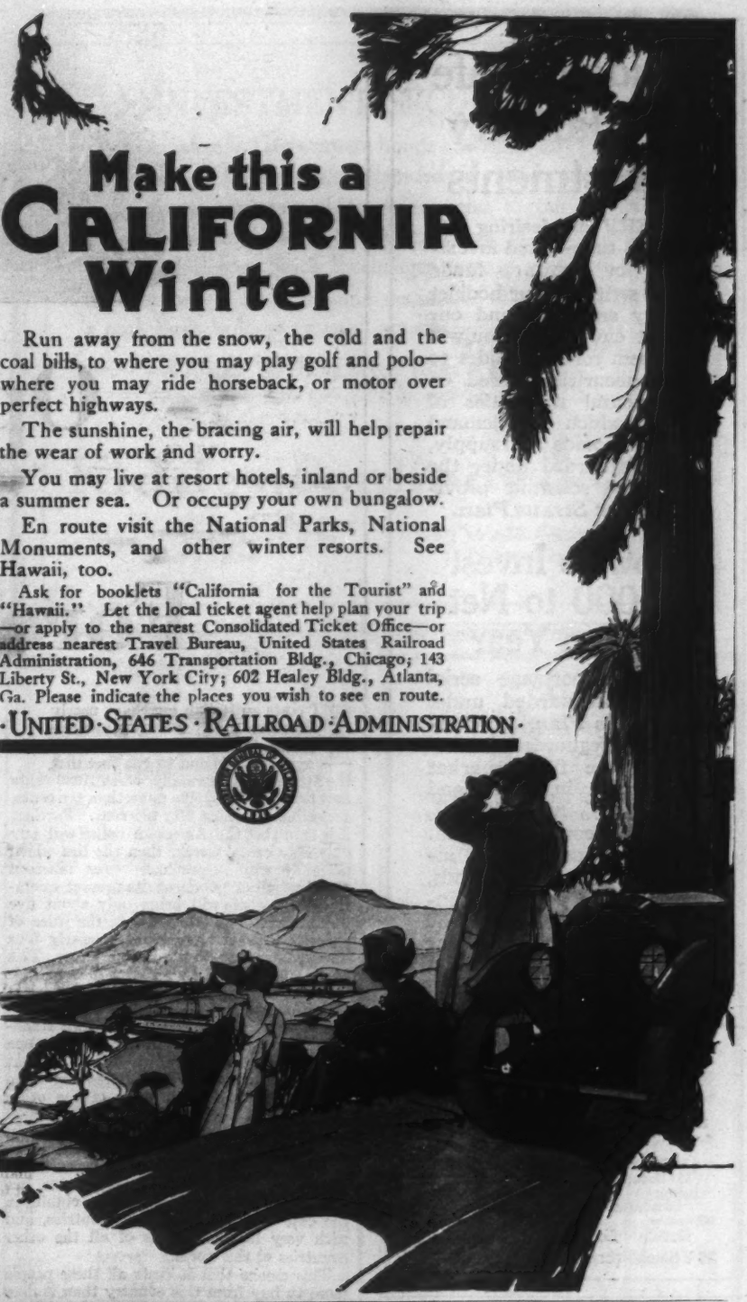
A while later Patsy telephoned us, rather incoherently. She was all right. (She didn't sound it.) Mr. Griffith's car had skidded and crashed into a tree that was down in the road. He was hurt. She was at the hospital with him. She'd get home later.

Just at dusk I heard Sis's step on the porch. By the time I reached the screen door, she was a hysterical heap on the top step. Crying into Tiny's shaggy back.

"It's all right, old boy. He's going to come through. The doctor *said* so. But oh, Tiny, I've been so mean. You *were* his, all the time. Those old pictures of you in his pocket! Oh, Tiny, he *must* get well. I want him so. I never knew it till I saw him all smashed and wobbly and everything. But he'll get well, Tiny. He *said* he would, when he came to. He said he loves me, Tiny. You're *our* dog, his and mine."

Sis was crooning and Tiny was whining and thumping his tail on the porch floor.

I'm glad Sis is going to marry him. Young Griffith, I mean. Keeps Tiny next door. And he's such a whale of a dog.



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Opportunities in Foreign Securities

by Paul Tomlinson

IT costs an Italian merchant nearly twice as much to buy American goods as it did five or six years ago. This is due to the fact that the Italian *lira*, normally worth .1930 cents now brings only a trifle more than ten cents, a decline of almost fifty per cent. Further, it is true that the American dollar will buy only fifty cents' worth, then the lira which normally would purchase over nineteen cents' worth of goods, at its present quotation of ten cents will bring only about five cents' worth. In other words, the price of American goods has advanced nearly four hundred per cent. to the Italian buyer. This is the high cost of living with a vengeance in so far as Italians dependent upon American products are concerned.

To view the matter from a selfish standpoint, however, the situation is a serious one for us. It may be flattering to know that the American dollar is at a premium when compared with the currency of the other countries of the world, but it is not a good thing for our international trade. American exporters are finding their trade opportunities seriously curtailed by the foreign exchange situation. The case of Italy is extreme, but in lesser degree the same situation obtains in the case of other European countries, and with very few exceptions of all the other countries of the world.

This means that it costs all these people more to buy from this country than it does from the other nations. Under the circumstances we can hardly expect that they will buy from us if they can help it. Take the case of Belgium. No one would accuse the Belgians of undue partiality for the Germans and yet Germany is getting a considerable amount of their business. The Belgians practically have no choice in the matter. The German mark is at a discount here of over eighty per cent. from normal, while the Belgian franc is at a discount of about forty per cent. What this means is illustrated by a quotation from the bulletin of one of the large New York banks: "A Belgian corporation having an investment to make in Mexico was in the market for machinery. The contract went to a German firm at a net cost only 35 per cent. of the competing American bid, the controlling factor being that Belgian money is worth a premium over German money but is at a heavy discount in American money."

The United States has a monopoly at the present time of food and certain necessaries. But under existing conditions it is not probable that we can hold this monopoly for long. A report recently came from Germany that a minimum ten-hour-day for labor was to be established — with no maximum. Compare this with the demands of labor in the United States. Suppose for the sake of argument that there are five million workers in Germany and the same number here. Suppose the German workers spend ten hours a day at work compared with eight hours here. The Germans will be working ten million hours a day longer than we, and considerable work can be done in ten million hours. In a year of three hundred working days the Germans will work 3,000,000,000 more hours than we. Keep this up for eight or ten years and it doesn't require much imagination to see which country will be ahead in its commerce. Wealth is dependent upon production and the output of three billion hours a year would, when converted into money, amount to so much that we should soon be at a decided disadvantage in the race for riches.

Europe is not bankrupt. The wheels of industry are once again beginning to turn, methods are being modernized and it will not be long before we find a steadily increasing number of powerful competitors bidding against us in the world's markets. As a matter of fact, the sooner the countries of Europe begin to produce and regain their trade the sooner they can pay us what they owe. We have loaned some nine and a half billion dollars to Europe, and this debt will be paid off as the debtor nations are enabled to increase production. Meanwhile it would not help the United States to have these loans paid off at the present time. Many authorities go so far as to say that even the interest on them should be allowed to accumulate. Remittances from Europe only serve to put American exchange at a higher premium than ever, and impose a corresponding handicap upon our merchants who are trying to do business in the foreign markets.

What the rest of the world needs is American money. That is one thing we have in abundance, perhaps too much of it. The prices we have to pay certainly indicate it. Dollars have become so plentiful that they are not worth as much as they used to be. The thing to do, then, is to loan some of our vast store of wealth to the rest of the world. The nations want money to buy machinery, and the equipment required to enable them to produce. Our banking centers are crowded with the representatives of foreign countries trying to borrow money. Why not lend it to them? Their requests are reasonable, the security they offer is ample, and to look at the matter from a selfish point of view, we help ourselves by helping them. The sooner foreign exchange is established the sooner our merchants will be relieved of handicaps like the one quoted above, — the inability to compete with the German firm which sold the machinery to the Belgians.

Foreign securities are being offered for sale in our financial markets in ever-increasing quantities. Foreign countries and concerns need credits here with which to buy our goods and manufactured products. If they can float these loans they will spend the money here. This will help our industries, and make business for us as a result of the orders placed. Every one will agree that this will rebound to the benefit of the country. On the other hand, the securities offered for sale present many splendid opportunities for the private investor.

Labor is demanding more for its services than formerly. Merchants are selling their goods for higher prices than ever. The investor naturally wants to know if he cannot receive a proportionately higher price for the money he has to loan, for money like everything else is after all only a commodity, and its price is governed by the law of supply and demand. From abroad comes the demand, and we have the supply. If the demand if it is reasonable, and it is, is backed by ample and good security, and it is, why not satisfy it from our vast supply?

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
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Safe Investments for Large Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
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Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
Investments Readily Convertible Into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War
The Partial-Payment Plan

Booklet will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

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Sent upon request. Ask for pamphlet CL-350

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Particularly as we are able to get a high return for our money in this way. In the case of investments the foreign exchange situation is to the benefit of the investor, even if it does hamper our merchants. Bonds of a British loan recently offered here, maturing in ten years, may at any time prior to maturity be converted at 100 and interest into National War Bonds at 100 and interest at the fixed rate of $4.30 a pound sterling. If the pound should return to its normal value of about $4.86½ the holder of these bonds would get upon conversion and payment at maturity — in addition to interest received in the meantime — $1188.50 for every thousand dollar bond. Moreover, the yield of foreign bonds is in most cases over six per cent. Think of it. A few years ago a man would have been rash indeed who would have predicted that the securities of the governments of many of the great nations of the world would have been selling in our markets on such a basis. The fact remains that this is the case at present, and now is the time to take advantage of this unexampled opportunity.

Some pessimist may say that later on these securities will be still cheaper, that the world is threatened with revolution, and if he is going to risk his money at all it will be in the United States of America. The best way to prevent revolution is to keep people busy, for it is with idlers that the devil has greatest influence. These foreign loans will provide the means for furnishing work, work which cannot be done perhaps unless they are successful. As to their being cheaper later on, that is a matter of opinion, and it was the first Rothschild who was credited with saying in answer to a question as to how he amassed his fortune, "By never buying at the bottom nor selling at the top." In other words, he judged his investment not so much by the market price as by what he believed its intrinsic worth to be. And many a man has missed his chance entirely, because he has tried to be too shrewd.

Perhaps you think the collection of interest is a difficult matter in the case of foreign bonds; that when they have matured and are to be paid you will have to send them to London, or Stockholm, or Buenos Ayres, or some other distant point. In spite of our growing international trade, and our close contact with the rest of the world the word "foreign" still has a rather fearsome sound in our ears. The fact remains that you collect the interest and principal on these bonds in American dollars and through your own bank, just as you do in the case of any other bond. There is not a detail of the whole transaction which presents the slightest difficulty.

It will pay you to give some thought to these foreign loans. They are being offered by many of the best banks and bond houses in the country. They give you a chance to assist in the reconstruction of the world's business, and our own business is closely affected these days by what takes place in the rest of the world. They also present some splendid investment opportunities, which it would be greatly to your advantage to consider.

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1.—Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass., and 17 Wall St., New York City, will send upon request a special circular on some new investment issues. Send for Circular MC.

2.—Hollister, White & Co., 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass., will send upon request a booklet dealing with a new list of preferred industrial securities. Send for booklet CL-350.

3.—S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a new "Investment Guide" describing a widely diversified variety of first mortgage serial 6% bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* in $1000 and $500 denominations. This circular, together with the "Questionnaire for Investors," will be sent without charge to any one writing S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, or Straus Building, Chicago. Ask for Circular R-904.

4.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. And the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

5.—The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and pro-

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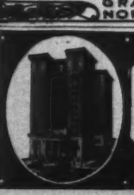

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8.—Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co. Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

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10.—Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

11.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

12.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

13.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

14.—Upon request Gerard & Co., 35 Wall St., New York, will mail their interesting booklet publication "Investment uggestions" issued opportunely, which discusses active securities and current market topics, also their Investment Plan Booklet.

15.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street, New York City, will be pleased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

16.—Slattery & Co., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, are distributing the current number of their fortnightly publication, "Investment Opportunities." The security and profitable opportunities of investing in some of the leading industrials, rails, coppers, and oils are discussed. Ask for 9-A.

17.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

18.—Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. and Republic Rubber Corporation are treated in a special bulletin analyzing the progress of these companies and the probable future of their securities, which has been issued by I. D. Noll & Company, 170 Broadway, New York.

19.—The Citizens Savings & Trust Company — oldest of Ohio Trust Companies — has devised a "Banking by Mail" system which gives satisfaction. It pays 4% Compound Interest on such deposits. Write the Bank at Cleveland, Ohio, for free booklet.

20.—Buying securities on the instalment plan, receiving full benefit of all dividends, interest, etc., while paying the balance in twenty monthly instalments, is fully explained in a booklet being distributed by Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York. Ask for Booklet 7-CC.

21.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

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Circular P1 will give complete list.

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What Shall We Do for Servants?

[*Continued from page 13*]

must take their place, and it certainly will not be their sons. Those young gentlemen will be attending college, taking professional courses, and with no intention whatever of helping the country out in the crucial matter of production. However the proletariat may denounce the "bourgeoisie" (absurd misuse of a logical French word) he has every intention — unless a fanatical defective — of entering that class sooner or later.

Who, then, will take his place?

My solution is Chinamen, the best laborers and house servants this afflicted country has ever known — honest, thorough, untiring. However, I leave that to the statesmen and the politicians to fight out when the time comes. I began this article with a far different end in view, to make a plea, that, if granted, might subtract from the worries and add to the comfort and happiness of the American woman.

Throw open the gates to several hundred thousand European women willing to enter domestic service.

The servant question, always more or less acute, has now reached a stage where it threatens to absorb the feminine mass brain of the country, to the exclusion of all else, to overwhelm and blunt and warp it; and that would be a sinful waste. The American woman's brain should be wide open, and free to harbor worthier subjects, to say nothing of the pursuit of happiness.

Servants' wages have developed wings as large and strong as those of the American eagle. To remind this particular branch of wage-earners that they are unaffected by the upward trend of food and rent, is like addressing a slumbering oyster. They mumble something about shoes and clothing (as if these came under the head of monthly expenditures), and reiterate their demands. The truth of the matter is they have graduated into the profiteering class. Servants are scarce. War has no terrors for them. They have learned that it is their very good friend.

When one reflects upon the base advantage so many educated men have taken over their helpless countrymen, the utter lack of idealism for which business is notorious, one can hardly blame a class too ignorant to support itself otherwise than in service, for following an example they see on all sides.

We cannot blame them, but we must get ahead of them. The health, the happiness, the public and private usefulness of millions of our women are threatened. When a woman has to "do all her own work," especially if she has not been trained to this recurrent grinding ordeal, she ceases to exist as a personality or a social unit.,

For the unmarried woman or the woman without children, a servantless life has no terrors. There is always the kitchenette or the restaurant. But married people with children want a home. It is the objective for which men work and countless women marry. And they want the wheels of that home to glide unheard, with little or no conversation devoted to domestic miseries, with the mother free to cultivate her mind and make herself a companion to her husband and children; and fresh at night, not a hot and frowsy wreck.

Of course I am well aware that many women have always worried along somehow without servants. The only answer is, "More's the pity." Such women never live, in the broad sense. They die without realizing more than three-eighths of their possibilities. They must ask themselves oftener than any people in the world: "Is life worth living?" It emphatically is not when one lives and dies a household drudge.

This, no servant need be. She has no responsibilities. In these days she has strictly limited hours. She has often every evening to herself and always certain afternoons "off." She may leave when she chooses, something quite outside the limited privileges of the housewife. And if she must serve the meals on time and keep the house or apartment clean, ten to one she does not make the beds nor take any care of the children. The average woman with a family and one servant cheerfully accepts her share of the duties. The point is, that relieved by even one servant she is not a slave. She can devote herself to her children when they are young and to her husband at all times. She can cultivate her mind, and take an interest in civic affairs; and address herself, if she be so inclined, to social questions when the children are old enough for school. An enormous percentage of American women have demonstrated their public spirit and their sociological and civic capabilities.

To force them back into domestic slavery would be equivalent to putting the clock of polite civilization back a hundred years.

It is not only that the vast majority of American housewives cannot afford to pay the present wages of servants — some are demanding ten dollars a week and carfare for half a day, as many prefer to "sleep out" — but those who, by some other form of self-denial could manage to pay fifty or sixty dollars a month, find the employment offices empty.

Where all the servants have vanished, heaven knows! They cannot all have gone into munitions, and thence to other factories. One theory is that the large body of munition millionaires have absorbed them at salaries rather than wages, and it is possible that many laborers' wives have taken on "one in-help!" As a good many thousand laborers own their own machines, it would seem inconsistent in them not to make life a little easier for their legal slaves.

I am confining my sympathies to that vast majority of women who at any time could afford only one servant. Those that are able to keep several can always manage; for if one deserts, another will step in temporarily, particularly if bribed. The case of this comparatively small class of women is by no means desperate — not yet, at any rate. But thousands, hundreds of thousands, of the best, the most intelligent, energetic and ambitious of our women, are in danger of being reduced to the condition of the pioneer women of a century ago.

The only remedy is immigration.

Frenchwomen are the first choice. They are born cooks, thrifty, energetic, honest. It is true that the French as a race are averse to emigration, and even to travel, such is their intensive devotion to their native land. But fifty-two per cent. of the male population of France is prematurely underground. The mass of Frenchwomen of the peasant and industrial classes, and of the lower bourgeoisie, are obliged to support themselves, and the prospect of marriage lies buried for this generation of girls beneath the battlefields of France.

All Frenchwomen want to marry. Perhaps they are keener on marriage than the women of any other race in the world. And the dire strait in which these girls of France find themselves is having lamentable effects. Health and reason are affected. Small foundling asylums, where children may have personal kindness and care, have been opened all over France. Girls of the upper strata are marrying out of their class for the first time.

Now is the time to encourage the self-supporting French girl or young widow to emigrate to this country, where men are still abundant and wages will always be high according to any European standard. If they are treated well by humane and far-seeing mistresses, others will come to take the place of those that find husbands.

And what could be better for the H. C. of L. problem than a few hundred thousand French cooks (not chefs) in our midst? They would get ahead of the neighborhood profiteers by providing a better dinner from fewer ingredients than those distracted households had enjoyed in their palmiest days. They know how to market, to bargain, they are not too lazy to walk far if they can do better; they love to plan and contrive, to make a nourishing soup out of a few cents' worth of vegetables, and a ragout out of nothing. The local butcher could not cow them with his disdain. Nor do they mind work. It is their element. If they thought about it at all they would condemn idleness as sinful. Instead of "sleeping out" or gallivanting evenings, they would save nine-tenths and a half of their wages, either with the intention of possessing a *dot* when the possible husband arrived, or, failing the greater bliss, to take a neat sum back to France to invest in a small business.

The French are an intensely individual people, and more independent in character than the Americans. The lower classes have the defects of their virtues, they are hard and calculating and penurious, and by no means miracles of amiability and politeness. But

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we could well afford to accustom ourselves to their defects, and let them pursue a way that is better than ours; and if the American housewife would let them alone after the preliminary instructions and installation, she would have no trouble with their tempers.

Will not Congress consider inviting a great number of these estimable and afflicted women to earn their abundant bread in the United States of America, and enable two friendly nations to extract at least one mutual good from this most malevolent of all wars?

If the Frenchwomen should refuse to emigrate, I am afraid the next recourse would be the Germans. Great Britain is as badly off for servants as we are, although time and conditions may force the women of the working-class back into household labor, and they might possibly prefer to come here where wages are so much higher. But that would hardly be fair to our British sisters, for the ex-munition workers would not have the same excuse as the Frenchwomen. Moreover, few English servants are either good cooks or economical.

Russian women are rather too wild for domestic service, and very few of the Italian women that have come to these shores have entered it. The neutral nations are no worse off for men than before the War. Life is harder, however, and a considerable number of Scandinavian women might be persuaded to emigrate.

German women would be the last resort, and they undeniably have many points. They are thrifty and strong and work like cart horses. Their native cooking is coarse and unpalatable compared to ours, but they could be taught the simpler American dishes. Of course there is always the danger that they will be made instruments of German propaganda, and, although stupid, they are sly. Still, they could be watched, threatened with immediate deportation if they made the first attempt at conversion to Hun principles, and they would be a thousand times better than nothing.

Servants we must have, and soon, or hundreds of thousands of the best of our women will either break down or practically pass their lives within four walls as domestic drudges. Domestic happiness will pass among the traditions. There will be a rapid decrease in population. Young wives will rebel against domestic slavery, and determine to make life as easy as they can compass. Children will become an even greater luxury than they are now, and also as rare as they are in France.

Moreover, progress halts when the refinements of life are denied. Only a small percentage of the people whose ambition is to rise in life are dominated by social snobbery. They want education, some leisure, books, an intimacy with the arts, money for the theatre and opera, travel, a circle of friends where all these better things of life are appreciated. Ambition itself will die where there is nothing to look forward to but an endless monotonous routine of daily cares, a constant pacing between the kitchen, the nursery, the bedrooms, the market.

There may be another solution. The War has given women a jolt out of the old ordered rut, and many were awake long before. They may take a final stand. All America may be forced to resolve itself into one vast system of apartment-houses and restaurants, or community kitchens. That means a complete suppression of the home, malnutrition for children, and all charm gone from the daily meals.

One or the other of these alternatives may be expected unless the servant shortage is settled quickly; and there is little choice.

We have many problems to solve, after-war and others, and we are probably twenty centuries from the millennium; but the appearance of a million servants would bring more joy to the women (and men) of the United States than sudden wealth or the extermination of the last Bolshevik.

Don't Kid Yourself

By Russell Holman

YOU have seen him at the vaudeville theatre. The orchestra plays a few vamps and he walks leisurely to the center of the stage, a supercilious smile upon his lips that seems to say, "I don't have to hurry. I'm good, all right. Look how these common people in the audience fall for me."

But you don't. It takes you only a few minutes to realize that he is terrible. You sigh with relief when he finally retires. But he bows like a Caruso who has just scored a triumph. He's kidding himself.

There are thousands like him, and only a small percentage are in the vaudeville profession. You meet them in your office, your church, and your club. Kidding one's self is a democratic failing, attacking doctor, lawyer, lieutenant, and hat-check boy. The professional lady-killer who imagines he makes a hit with all the nice girls; the college student who thinks he is bluffing his way through courses taught by professors who can read the undergraduate mind like a book; the political leader who gives out figures two weeks before election showing conclusively that his side can't be beaten; Bolsheviki; the Kaiser, Clown Prince, et al. — all kidding themselves!

Sometimes it does little harm and furnishes good copy for the newspapers. What, for example, would the baseball writers do for pre-season humor if the managers of the Washington and Cincinnati didn't claim the pennant every March? And what would befall those doughty veterans of the Battle of Bordeaux who are now winning the war over a thousand cracker barrels in country stores if for one moment they should confess that they were just kidding themselves?

But it has its serious side. Carried into business, persistent self-delusion is one of the worst handicaps a man can inflict upon himself. Indeed, it is quite possible for a business house to kid itself out of existence. I know of at least one such instance.

For ten years this large manufacturing concern had been going steadily down hill. An outsider with half an eye could see that the business was in crying need of rejuvenation. Not so the officers and directors of the company. At frequent intervals they met in solemn conference at which long-winded reports were read.

Everything was pleasantly camouflaged. Tell-tale figures were quickly passed over. The inroads made by prosperous rivals were explained away. The president would make a glowing statement. The sales manager would talk suavely of how "we are once more definitely on our way." Of course, he would admit, the firm had lost a few big orders —

"But," he would ramble on. "That is all past history. Now I can see only prosperity ahead, and next month's sales should show — " and so on.

Thus the conference would break up, every director feeling as though he had just been handed a million dollars in dividends, when really it was a dose of soothing-syrup. No attempt was made to inject any new life into the business, because everybody was kidding himself that things were progressing swimmingly as they were. So it happened that this old, dependable concern went steadily from bad to worse until it could go no further, and stopped. And no one was more surprised than the officers and directors of the company.

When individuals smoke this same brand of hashish, similar disaster is camping upon their trails. I am reminded of the experience of several college chums when they first started in business. Filled with the enthusiasm of youth in a brand-new game, they tackled their first jobs with determination to make good and merit man-sized work and pay right at the start. But after the first few buoyant months, confinement day after day in an office, began to make them restless. Unconsciously their efforts slowed down, and their initial enthusiasm cooled.

Had you suggested this to them, they would have indignantly denied it. Perhaps there were moments when their consciences pricked them. But all the time they kept telling themselves that they were working as hard as ever. Of course, now that they knew the ropes a little better, it didn't require quite as much effort to get the same amount of work done. So they told their friends. But they were kidding themselves.

Perhaps the real truth was they had entered the wrong line of business and needed a change. Probably just a little more stick-to-it-iveness would have made all the difference in the world. It was impossible to know. Kidding themselves into believing they were making good prevented them from seeing things in their true perspective.

Others may kid you and get away with it. Generally it does little harm. But you cannot afford to kid yourself. You alone know exactly how much energy you are putting into your job, and whether it is enough. Ask yourself, and you will obtain the best answer.

It works both ways. You may be kidding yourself that you are making good, when you aren't; or you may be kidding yourself that you are a rank failure and thus make it impossible for you to be anything else. In either case, you are doing yourself an injustice. Every man is himself his best auditor. You alone know whether you are doing your full duty toward yourself, your employer, your family, and society in general. If you juggle the figures, you are the one to suffer most. Honesty toward yourself is a requisite toward success.

Don't kid yourself!

The Thrifty Widow in the Unthrifty Town

By James H. Collins

ON the morning after the big fire in a certain Southern town the widow was dashing about in her car taking care of the homeless.

"My rabbit foot's still working," she said. "The fire just missed my negro tenements. They're old shacks but they bring me a clear $300 every month."

This widow is rich and thrifty. Starting with the muddled estate left by her husband, she has paid debts, straightened out tangles, nursed doubtful assets back to life, invested money to earn good interest.

But she is a thrifty citizen operating on an unthrifty plan.

For that city's big fire started in negro shacks, spread from one to another, and finally reached the prosperous residence district. It was an entirely successful and typical conflagration, standardized, so to speak, on lines too familiar in many other cities.

Somebody owns all the property in slums everywhere. Much of it belongs to thrifty people who know how to invest money only in unthrifty ways — from the community standpoint. The widow and the orphan, the *padrone*, and the neighborhood capitalist, put their savings and profits into slum property because that is the nearest thing and by personal supervision they can get more than bank interest. They do not go very deeply into cause and effect. They do not see the possibilities for a bonfire, nor the daily community losses by disease, crime, ignorance and low living standards.

Uncle Sam has set himself the task of teaching the nation to continue its war-thrift habits. Thousands of people must begin in the kindergarten class with a percentage of wages or salary set aside for war savings stamps, and orderly management of income and outgo through the personal or household budget. But there is a bigger aspect to thrift, and it should be taught. Money well saved but badly invested may lead to community and national loss, not gain. Community thrift should begin with community plans for checking the growth of slums and ultimately wiping them out. Much can be done through a community's thrift institutions. The building and loan association does not create slums, and savings banks can do much to shape the community by a high standard in loans. General education in real thrift, laying bare the connection between the slum and a fire would protect against unthrifty use of money by thrifty individuals, along with protection against get-rich-quick promoters and the shark money lender.

Bureau of War Risk Insurance

Probably the most prolific cause for the delay experienced by soldiers, sailors and marines and their dependents in receiving replies to letters addressed to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance lies in the fact that the letter coming to the Bureau does not contain sufficient information for the immediate identification of the man in question.

In the files of the Bureau, it has been proven by comparison that the repetition of names is many times greater than to be found in the files of any commercial organization. Not dozens, nor hundreds, but thousands of times the more familiar of American names are repeated in the files of the Bureau.

If a letter does not contain completely identifying information, it is referred to the index files in hope that by the information therein, identification may be fixed. If this fails it is necessary to address the writer with the request for better identification.

Just what this means may be gathered from the fact that if any inquiry is made concerning "C. E. Johnson" and identification is lacking, search must be made through more than 6000 index cards. There are 2000 names in the index cards which reduced to initials would be J. A. Brown; 3000 for the H. H. Millers; 14,000 for the J. W. Smiths; six card index boxes full of the W. A. Williams, while out of 175 John J. O'Briens, each of 50 had a wife named Mary A.

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In Full Swing for Freedom

[*Continued from page 32*]

In awe-inspiring voice he ordered beer for the entire company. We must drink, he insisted, to the success of our journey. There were several villagers scattered about the room, drinking and chatting in groups. Proudly, almost boastfully, our host told them all about us, until soon they were all gathered around excitedly talking about us. When shortly we left the place it was with the good wishes of the entire assemblage.

Through the darkness, mile after mile was covered. At the end of an hour we came to a stream, where on the far bank stood a house, and in the water just below it was moored a boat. Here we halted while the Belgian cupped his hands to his mouth and gave a loud call. Then a moment later a man came out carrying a lantern.

The big guide shook us each by the hand. With a word or two of explanation he entrusted us to the care of the ferryman. So we scrambled down the steep bank into the boat and waved good-bye to the staunchest friend we had yet found.

ON the other side the boatman put us on the right track, then we started off once more on our own responsibility.

Greatly emboldened by our good luck thus far, we walked right through the main street of the sleeping village of Silly.

Beyond Silly we had some hard going across country, until finally we came to a north and south road that led us into the main highway between Ath and Enghien, which in fact ran on all the way to Brussels. However, we did not intend to travel the road itself but planned rather to parallel it by roads of lesser importance.

Our original idea had been to remain south of it until we had passed by Enghien, then to cross and keep on the north side until we reached Brussels. By so doing we would be traveling almost a straight line.

Almost before we knew it we reached the crossroads, where just west of Enghien the Soignies road came in from the south.

"Come on, let's go right through," said Mandel. "It'll save a lot of time."

It was midnight and the town was probably fast asleep by now. But somehow or other, I did not like the idea of boldly walking through such a large town. Neither did George nor Tilly. Undoubtedly there would be Hun headquarters here.

"Let's take the long way round and play safe." Thus reasoned George and Tilly and I. But Oscar and Don had a fit of boldness that would only be satisfied by going ahead to see what would happen.

We had no more than passed the first few buildings before we regretted it. We were directly opposite a large building set well back from the street, where many squares of light in the dark hulk proclaimed that some of the inmates — Huns probably — were still up. Across the road, where we were walking, a twenty-foot embankment fell away to the open fields below. Instinctively we hugged the top edge, ready to dive down out of sight at the first hint of danger.

We were nearly by when the boys who were leading gave the warning. In no time at all we were over the bank, lying flat, just our heads peering over the top to watch what would happen. First we heard voices, high pitched. Then they passed by — five or six women walking in the middle of the road — talking German. They walked by us chatting and laughing, with never a suspicion of our presence. Opposite the entrance to the building, they turned in.

"Must be a hospital. Those were Hun nurses out for a stroll," Oscar observed, and the rest of us agreed.

Even now it was not too late to turn back, or even to take to the fields for a detour to the north. But a train chugged by out there across the fields while we were considering, reminding us of extensive railroad yards in which to get tangled up; so on ahead we plunged until presently a chasm had swallowed us up — a chasm whose walls were dark, frowning buildings.

From one end of that town to the other Tilly and I tripped merrily along on tiptoe. The others, with rubber soles and stockinged feet, did not realize what a strain it was

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"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the $100, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's away to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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for us. The streets were deserted but many buildings showed a light or two and once we scampered past a doorway behind which we heard voices. It did not open.

The square that we crossed in the heart of the town seemed miles wide and as bright as day. Why we were not captured on that hair-brained hike through Enghien, I do not know.

Daylight found us all frozen stiff, lying in the long, wet grass on a bank just off the road. At two A. M., too tired to move another step, we had selected a large, comfortable-looking farmhouse about two miles northeast of Enghien, outside which we intended to roost until dawn.

It was here that our judgment of likely looking lodging-houses failed us for the first time, for we were turned away. We found out that the wealthiest farmer in the district was also the meanest. To a less pretentious place half a mile farther on we hied us, footsore and weary and very low in spirits.

When, half an hour later, we found ourselves right up under the rafters of the barn, snuggled down all comfy and warm in the sweet-smelling hay, things just naturally assumed a rosier hue. To be sure it had taken considerable oratory on Rogers's part to gain admittance. Even when the man had finally consented to take us in and we had been escorted across the courtyard to the hayloft by his family we had had to admit that there was very little evidence of cordiality in the man's attitude. The suspicious way in which he eyed us made us just a trifle uneasy.

After we had climbed the ladder and entered through a small opening into the hayloft and were safely stowed away out of sight, our friend must have felt easier, for soon he came climbing up after us with food.

I was just sinking off to sleep about an hour later, when the rattle, rattle, rattle of the ladder against the doorway woke me up. The man poked his head in, greatly excited and scared out of his wits.

"The Germans have come! For the love of heaven keep out of sight!" That was the gist of his message to us. Having warned us, he descended the ladder as fast as he had run up. On pins and needles we waited until at the end of half an hour he came back in a perfect stew of excitement. We must go! Two Germans had come inquiring whether he had any pigeons for sale. They suspected something, he declared. They had gone now but they would come back!

There was nothing for it but to move on. He told us of a wood not far off. Down the road we traveled with nervous alacrity. Across the fields we sped toward the inviting clump of woods and sank down at last, much relieved, among a number of fallen trunks, which afforded an effective screen. Here we spent the day unmolested. We started off before dark by a road through the woods to the north. The road was just a wagon track cut through the trees, that could not have been much used, for it was overgrown with tall grass. Soon it grew much darker, as the first drops of rain came sifting through the leaves. Then it poured.

The first half of the night was spent splashing along muddy roads, in a generally easterly direction. At nine o'clock, attracted by a light, we approached a farmhouse, where they gave us food, then turned us out again into the wet.

MIDNIGHT found us passing a group of houses, among which was an open shed with some wagons in it. We crept in under the protecting roof and curled up in the two wagons out of the rain. I slept for a while but soon awakened to brush something off my face.

"Gee! There's something awfully itchy around here," Don remarked just then, shifting his position uneasily.

"I should say there was!" I replied with feeling, as something nipped my hand. "Bugs!"

I was wide awake now and began to feel creeping things all over my body. I could not stand it another minute.

"Let's get out of here," I suggested. "This is awful! The rain is letting up anyway; we ought to be moving along."

We held almost due east after that for the rest of the night. I don't know exactly how it happened. After our Enghien experience we certainly had no intention of walking through Hal. We just followed the road, that, before we knew it, led us into town.

It was between four and five A. M. that we found ourselves in for a bad time. It would soon be light; we must hurry through and get out on the other side in time to find a

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camping place. Then just ahead of us — he seemed to spring out of the ground — a man hove in sight. There was nothing for it but to continue calmly past him. Thank heaven he was a Belgian. We stopped him to ask his advice. Were there Huns about? Yes, the town was full of them. We should hurry on as fast as possible. He gave us directions; then we were off.

The road to the left that he had recommended seemed to lead into the heart of the city. All at once, a sentry-box appeared before us. Just opposite, a street lamp threw a circle of light upon the pavement. Behind us we heard footsteps — we could not retreat.

In groups of two and three we continued ahead, crossing the street toward the light. There was a chance that we would be taken for Belgian working-men by the sentry. Quaking in our boots, we walked under the light.

THERE were two sentry-boxes, gaudily painted in black and white stripes, one on either side of a large gateway. Whether the sentries were inside asleep or dead, or whether the boxes were occupied at all, can never be proved by me. I was too intent on following my nose straight ahead. We were unmolested and presently, more scared than hurt, we emerged from the town of Hal by the Nivelles road, just as it was growing light. Safely we crossed the Hal-Brussels railway, then the canal parallel to it.

The first place we knocked at was a tiny, two-storied affair, that reminded me of a doll's house. After several knocks, a window was raised up-stairs and the sleepy, tousled head of a young girl appeared. Rogers began to talk but she only looked down at us and smiled.

The father, a funny, nervous little man, opened the door. No, no — much excited — he could not take us in, it was impossible. But we should inquire at the big house just over there; he was sure they would take care of us. We would not be put off quite so easily, however; we were desperate. We insisted that he come with us to introduce us to his friend. Finally he consented reluctantly and shuffled off in the lead.

When we came in sight of his neighbor's doorway he pointed to it, then turned tail and left us. Apparently he had no desire to let the prospective victim know he had wished us upon him. They did take us in at this place and tucked us away very comfortably in a magnificent hayloft where we had a wonderful sleep. These people, although they were very well-to-do, were the only ones we met in our travels who accepted money from us.

When we set out that evening shortly after dark, we felt like new beings.

We arrived at midnight just outside Forest — as we thought — having paralleled the railway north from Hal. By one o'clock, after considerable reconnoitering, we found a suitable hiding-place in the hayloft of an open shed. This shed belonged to a house on the road leading into Forest. The back of it was to the road and was closed by large double doors. The front opened into a vegetable garden at the back of the house. The loft was so easily accessible to us with its conveniently placed ladder, that we did not bother the owner of the house but just climbed up and took possession.

There we slept until daylight brought sounds of the owner's arising, when we climbed down and obtained permission to spend the day here. After we had promised to keep out of sight all day and to move on as soon as night fell, he agreed that we might stay.

This matter having been settled, Oscar and George started off for town, promising to note carefully the various landmarks along the road so as to be able to make their way back to us. Estimating a walk of four or five miles, by leaving now — about five A.M. — they should get there at least by seven to begin their quest for Rue St. Augustin, 24. Here was the residence of George's friend, one M. Voghel. They hoped to find the place before many people — particularly Huns — should be about in the streets, and to spend the day in the man's house. They promised to return for us by eleven o'clock that night, at the latest.

Once he had given us permission to occupy the loft, the Belgian immediately forgot all about us. He and four other men — we learned later that they were all brothers and all bachelors — shouldered their tools and went out into the fields for the day. They deserted us without so much as a mention of food.

For breakfast, we finally resorted to our reserve loaf of bread which the kind people of Maffle had given us. To our dismay we discovered that part of the supply of canned goods had been left behind somewhere. Now we had just one can of corned beef and the loaf of bread in the commissary. After partaking sparingly of the bread, the three of us stretched out for a good sleep.

That day was an endlessly long one, waiting as we were for the return of Oscar and George, upon the result of whose venture would hinge all our plans for the future. More than once we confessed to one another an uneasiness regarding their return to us. They might not be able to find their way back. They might be captured in the attempt.

With both of our interpreters away, Don, Tilly and I naturally felt a little bit uneasy all day. It was during the afternoon that I made my first attempt to carry on a conversation in French. Neither of the other two boys could speak a sentence. Although until now I had been able to understand most of what was said whenever Rogers had been talking, I had not done much speaking myself. But this afternoon we were visited by a Belgian who was a very talkative, sociable sort of fellow, so I was obliged to do my utmost to entertain him. I did not do so badly, either, for before he left I entered a plea for food, which he promised to bring us later. True to his word, he did bring us potatoes and coffee at dinner time, which saved for the present further inroads upon our meager reserve.

"*Est-ce qu'il y a près d'ici une champs d'aviation?*" I struggled through this question while we were eating, more to make conversation than anything else. He surprised me with the reply that there was indeed an airdrome near-by, just a few miles north on the outskirts of Brussels, at Forest. That was interesting news, indeed. Could he show us the way to this airdrome? Certainly, he would gladly do that. He pointed out on the map just where it was beside the railroad and where we were then at Beersel. He would show us the road this very night.

We did not know quite how to explain that we were waiting for George and Oscar. He had not seen them at all. We decided to say nothing about them but to go with him early in the evening and have him put us on the right road. Then we would say good-bye and return here to wait for the other two.

WHEN it was dark we set out. He guided us on through the village, where an alley led into a road which he told us would take us directly to Forest and the airdrome.

When he was out of sight, we started back. By nine o'clock we were again creeping up the ladder into the loft.

No George and Oscar as yet. Well, they still had two hours according to our agreement. They might show up at any time; we must be patient and wait. But as the minutes crept by our hopes steadily dwindled. Eleven o'clock came and still no sign of them. We would give them another hour.

"No use waiting any longer," said Don, dejectedly. "They won't show up now. We can't stay here another day anyway; these people think we left hours ago. If they find us here in the morning there'll be trouble."

"Let's look up that airdrome," I suggested; "there may be possibilities in it. Besides, it's right near Forest, so if we can't swipe a plane we can find a place to hide for tomorrow; then after dark look up Voghel. Maybe we'll find George and Oscar with him."

That, it was agreed, should be our plan of action. So once more we hit the trail along the route that the Belgian had taken us earlier in the evening. We followed the road he had shown us until at one o'clock we came to some houses and a fork, where one arm of a sign-post pointed ahead to "Forest 1 km."

Presently we heard a train just ahead.

"There's a hangar!" Tilly pointed out excitedly.

It certainly looked as if we had arrived.

"Here's a path!" came from Don. "Must lead right across the drome to the hangars. Let's investigate."

"We've got to find a place to hide," warned Tilly. "It'll be daylight before we know it and we'll be parading around in our uniforms, ready for the first Hun to nab us."

"Let's try this house here," Don suggested. "We can't afford to be polite, either; we've got to wake them up right now."

I realized the necessity for it and realized, too, that it was up to me to play spokesman. Carefully I framed my sentences beforehand, recalling as nearly as possible the formula I had heard George use over and over again.

It took fifteen minutes of knocking to arouse anybody, and each moment my courage dwindled sadly. Finally a lamp was lit, then from behind the shuttered window, came a woman's voice:

"*Qui est là?*"

"*Bon soir, madame,*" I began, by way of greeting. "*Nous sommes trois officiers Americains — aviateurs. Nous sommes prisoniers de la guerre. Nous avons echappé des boches. Nous cherchons une place pour dormir jusqu'a demain soir. S'il vous plait, madame, voulez-vous nous permitter de rester ici, chez vous?*"

But she gave us no encouragement. Finally she called her husband, who opened the door and held up a lantern to look us over. Once more I struggled through my little piece for his benefit, but I could see that he did not believe my story, so I tried to substantiate it by showing the U. S. on my wings, the buttons on my uniform.

"*Mais pourquoi, monsieur?*" In desperation I asked him why he would not take care of us.

"*Les allemands,*" was all he replied with a shrug of his shoulders — the Germans.

Were there many Germans here, I asked.

"*Mais oui, oui, monsieur!*" Pointing to the factory across the road, he told us that at daybreak thousands of them would be at work. He advised that we move from here as soon as possible. With that we were off.

By the road leading past the house we came to what we thought must be the center of the village of Forest. We reasoned that if we continued north we would pass through and find open country between here and Brussels. But the farther we went, the more houses we came to. Finally, in desperation, we turned toward a hill on top of which were trees. Perhaps it was a wood — at any rate, it seemed our best chance of finding shelter.

"Where do you think you're taking us, anyway? It's getting worse every minute."

"Well, I can't help it," Tilly defended himself. "We all thought this was the way out."

"Maybe you think you're going to find Rue St. Augustin," suggested Don, with gentle sarcasm.

On the corner of the building we were passing, at just about the height of a man's head, there was a street sign. Tilly was beside it when Don pronounced the name Rue St. Augustin. Something made him stop to examine it.

"Here you are!" he announced proudly. "Here's your street!"

Dumfounded, Don and I came up close to look. Sure enough, there it was in white letters against a dark background. Highly excited by this time and forgetting all weariness, we began to look at the house numbers. Luck was with us again, for the whole length of Rue St. Augustin was but a block, so 24 was soon found.

What should we do? Awaken them at four A. M.? Surely they would turn us away. Yet we could not wait until day came; there was nothing else for it but to attempt to gain admission now. While Don and Tilly waited out of sight down the street, I stepped up to the door of 24.

"Jangle, jangle, jangle!" resounded from within, like the sound of a fire gong. A long wait — then I rang again.

IT must have taken fully fifteen minutes before anything happened. A window in the second story, just above the door, was raised at last, and a woman's voice called out timidly, asking who was there. Now was my chance. Haltingly, with I don't know what kind of accent, I pronounced the words that I had been carefully rehearsing.

"*Pardonnez-moi, madame. Est-ce qu'ici — la maison — de Monsieur Voghel?*"

"*Oui,*" was the reply, this was the house of M. Voghel.

Fine, I thought, we had the right house. Only a few minutes and we would be received with open arms.

"*S'il vous plait, madame, il faut — que je parle — avec Monsieur Voghel.*"

Then came the startling information that he was not at home.

He was in prison, she told us, and with that banged down the window before I could ask her to take us in, or inquire about Oscar and George, or anything else. Apparently she had not been very favorably impressed by the four A.M. caller who stammered such atrocious French.

Disappointed, I joined Don and Tilly, who were leaning against the next lamp-post, waiting expectantly, and reported my failure.

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I Earned Eight Dollars in a Few Hours

IT seemed so incredible. However, I found it very much the truth. Just imagine, Will, how I felt when the teller said, "I'm sorry, Miss Jones, but I can't cash that check. There isn't that much credited to your account."

I realized I had made an error or my balance would have been correct, and I should have been spared that embarrassment. It wasn't the teller's fault, — it was my own, I was sure.

However, it was a fortunate thing to have happened, for I made a resolution then and there, that I hope will spare me another such embarrassing moment.

But, for the life of me, I could not think what I had done with so much money in the past few weeks, since I had deposited my last salary check!

I am drawing what most folks call a good salary. But, even a good salary isn't enough these days to warrant a business girl having all she wants, — good clothes, good home and a comfortable living, with other diversions thrown in for spice; and, to have enough left over for a bank account.

I've had an account for several years, and want never to part with that independent feeling my account has given me.

My purchase that day, of course, I adjusted to suit my purse. But it started me to thinking. I thought perhaps I had spent too much on early Christmas shopping, or on my own new dress and suit, or even the trunk I told you about. But, when I summed it all up, I could figure it down to no less.

I thought of the Christmas box I was preparing to send home; no, — there wasn't a thing I could have omitted — Mother's new blouse, Helen's fur, nor John's latest mechanical toy. No, I couldn't think of a thing which shouldn't go.

Then I thought of the money I had spent on myself. Surely I was entitled to that new suit for which I had waited so long. Indeed, I knew I was. And, I just could not have done longer without that trunk.

So you see, Will, just why I concluded that I *must* increase my earnings.

I read in McClure's of the progress being made by members of the Girls' Federation, and wrote Miss Blake for suggestions about earning money.

She surely told me how! All my friends were so pleased to help me in my new enterprise. I earned over eight dollars within five days from the day I first wrote her, in odds and ends of time after office hours, without going one step out of my way.

And, the beauty of it all is, there is no end to one's earnings in this Federation,— that all depends entirely upon how ambitious you are, how much you want to earn, and how many hours you can spare.

You see, it isn't like work at all. It has been to me, a source of continuous pleasure since I joined.

What I did, any other girl or woman with the least iota of ambition can do, as a member of the Girls' Federation.

* * *

THAT was the experience of Marie Jones, of a nearby New York town, as she told it to a good friend of hers.

You may be looking for a simple, easy way to earn money, — one that will help you to utilize *your* spare moments, pleasantly and profitably.

Isn't the plan which has enabled Miss Jones to earn more than eight dollars in only a few hours and helped her to continue her checking account, a plan worthy of investigation?

Miss Jones' case is similar to that of hundreds listed in our Girls' Club. There are girls from all walks of life. Wives and mothers, teachers, school girls and business girls, of all ages, make up our ranks.

IT seems there are almost as many reasons for a desire to earn money, as there are members. For instance, there is Mrs. H. S. of Pennsylvania, whose young husband earns a fair salary that covers most everyday necessities; but she wants to put something aside "for a rainy day."

Mrs. G. E. of California wanted money for "extras" that she did not feel she should ask her husband for. He had just been released from U. S. transport service.

Mrs. W. D. of Ohio, the busy mother of a two-year-old son, wanted to help her husband pay his big doctor bill, and in other ways help make the load lighter for him.

And, oh, how many high school and college girls there are on our lists! V. M. of New Jersey wanted money for prettier clothes, and for club fees, movies, and other pleasures. Another New Jersey girl, of a fairly wealthy family, whose allowance last Fall was cut considerably, wanted to earn money for her usual charity donations.

"We are to give a banquet, and everyone gets a new dress for that," writes I. F. L., an Illinois high school girl. Then, she continues, "We are paying for our home and find it hard to get clothes for winter. A friend will visit me soon, too, so if I show her a good time I must have more spending money."

D. R. of California, whose sister's husband had just returned from overseas, wrote, "His home was broken up. He is having a hard time to get on his feet again. I don't want the money for myself, but want to help them."

I could give you hundreds of reasons *why* ambitious girls and women started to earn money in the Girls' Federation.

Are *you* satisfied with *your* allowance or income? Or, *under what class* do *you* come?

There is yet time to earn money for that coat or suit you may have wanted, or, maybe for a winter vacation in the mountains!

If you want to know how to earn each month, five to twenty-five dollars or more (which depends entirely upon the spare time you have) just write me, if only — "Send me, without cost or obligation, plan of the Girls' Federation," and full details will be mailed at once.

Let's have plenty of money to spend this year — let's keep at hand the extra dollar! There is no better way to start the New Year right, than by learning to earn money for yourself. Let me help you.

Roberta Blake

Director of The Girls' Federation.
McClure's Magazine,
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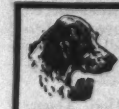

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to gain anything save the information that M. Voghel was in prison.

"Come on, we've got to get out of this. This is Forest all right but it is a part of Brussels, itself. We're right in town. We've got to go back the way we came. We'll have to hide in the park if we can't find anything better."

The sky was already fading from black to gray. It would soon be light, so we started back for the circle, which I learned later from a map of the city is called "Place de l'altitude 100," and took the street "Avenue des Armures" leading nearly south, which soon brought us into "Avenue Mozart." We took particular notice of all sign-posts and memorized the streets by which we traveled so that we might find our way back later if necessary — and if possible.

By the time we had turned southwest into "Rue du Triangle," the sun had overtaken us. In desperation we searched for cover.

"There's a house only half built, with the windows boarded up. Let's investigate."

A large window, whose sill was about five feet off the sidewalk, was boarded to within two feet of the top. In a second I was on the sill and, grasping the top board, had drawn myself up to look over.

"Looks good!" I reported. "Let's try it."

No sooner were the words out than:

"Get down, quick!" came from Don and Tilly together. "Somebody coming!"

I dropped down to hasten after the other two who had started down the street. A man walking in the middle of the road, was approaching a block away. Had he seen us house-breaking? The way he stared at us as we hurried by and the way he turned around to watch us out of sight, made us fairly shiver with apprehension. Heading toward the nearest trees, we came by "Rue Val des Roses" into "Rue au Bois," thence into "Rue de la Montagne" — the same "Montagne," I imagine, that we had scaled several hours ago.

"Men coming this way! Quick! This road to the right!" and we ducked into the side street to avoid passing them.

We were skirting a wall some ten feet high, evidently the boundary of a large estate, within which grew a magnificent grove of trees. Presently the wall ended, where an iron fence began — a fence with sharp, murderous looking pickets along the top.

"Come, over we go, it's our only chance!"

The fence made it easy to gain the top of the wall. I reached down for the knapsack Don was carrying and let it fall with a thud inside; a second later I dropped after it. Tilly and Don followed, just as the men we had seen crossed our side-street. The boys did not know whether they had been discovered or not.

Through the trees, not far to our left, we could see the owner's house. We turned away from it, toward where the trees were thickest. On a slope, among a thicket of shrubbery, we made our camp. It was an admirable hiding-place but the ground that morning was uncomfortably wet and cold.

It was the rain that finally drove us from our shelter — the rain and the cold. Had we not been so thoroughly uncomfortable, we might not have moved from our retreat all day and might not have been discovered at all. But the fact remains that we did leave our bushes for the inviting summer-house, that we had noticed earlier but had purposely avoided.

MANY a time during our escape, wet, cold and exhausted, we reached the point where we had utterly no regard for our safety. Then it was comfort first, with a reckless disregard for consequences. This was one such time. The summer-house beckoned to us—it would be dry, at least. Besides, there was a chimney sticking up through the roof that indicated possibilities for a fire.

That was it — that was what gave us away — the fire. We had taken possession and were delighted with what we had found. There was a stove, indeed, and a small quantity of wood beside it. The place really looked more like a winter- than a summer-house. We had built a fire and were thawing out our frozen limbs before the blaze when the gardener walked in, armed with an axe and a ferocious mustache.

Oh, such a time as I had with that gardener before finally winning him over to be friendly. I simply told him all I could about us, the other boys backing me up by exhibiting their flying equipment. Finally we convinced him of our integrity. He apologized for having been so hostile at first, explaining that the city was full of German deserters. He had taken us for Huns. However, now it was all right, as far as he was concerned, but he must secure permission from Madame in the château for us to stay here. He would be back soon to tell us her pleasure.

We waited very much on the anxious seat for half an hour, until at about ten o'clock, who should appear but the very charming daughter of the house, who spoke perfect English. We saw her approaching down the winding path. A slim figure, clad in white skirt and yellow sweater jacket, against the green foliage, fresh and dewy from the recent rain, she made a most attractive picture — quite the most refreshing sight we had seen in weeks.

To her we addressed ourselves in most pleading tones. We poured forth our whole story, begging permission to remain until darkness would allow us to make our way safely out of Brussels. The lady was most kind and sympathetic, and promised to plead our cause with her mother.

How jubilant we were over our good fortune when she had left.

"Well, Tilly, old scout," Don began, giving him a playful wallop on the back, "how's this for luck?"

"Doesn't it beat all the dime novels you ever read!" I agreed. "First, the way we stumble on Rue St. Augustin, then the way we tumble over the château wall, to be received with open arms by a beautiful girl who speaks English!"

Our fair benefactress soon returned, this time accompanied by her mother and sister. The three ladies were followed by a servant carrying a huge basket of food, beer and books. Madame had consented to our spending the day and now bade us make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

By now the three of us were fairly beaming our joy and gratitude. Although we may have been clumsy in expressing our thanks, I know they must have read appreciation all over three happy faces. Expressing a hope that we would be comfortable, they soon left us to our own devices, three of the luckiest prisoners of war that ever breathed.

IT was just after luncheon — we ate meat, by the way, and white bread for the first time — that the two sisters paid us a second visit. They had been thinking the matter over and had decided that we ought to move. Their father, who was in town, might return at any moment. It would never do for him to discover us here, for he would certainly disapprove. They suggested that we accompany them to the house of the second daughter, which was in the same grounds as her father's residence but several hundred yards removed from it.

So we came by a gate in the wall to the house. There we were installed in quite the most appropriate part of the house imaginable — the large, up-stairs bathroom. For the first time since leaving the hospital in Mons, I enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath with real soap. Tilly drew forth a much neglected safety razor, so, one after the other, we hoed the dirt and stubble from our faces. After cleaning ourselves, we washed most of our clothes and hung them before the stove to dry, while on two large mattresses that had been placed at one end of the room, we lay down to sleep until tea-time.

Imagine the three of us — tramps that we were — at tea with our beautiful fairy princess, the one who had first visited us in the summer-house. It did not seem quite right, after all we had been through of late, to be seated around a snowy table eating the whitest bread that was ever made and stirring real sugar in our tea.

Our hostess told us her name was Madame Verhaeghe, and that of her sister, Madame Van Den Corput. The latter had gone into town for the afternoon. She would return for dinner, so we should see her again. This was her house where we were being so graciously entertained.

Both sisters were the wives of Belgian army officers, who, in order to gain the Allied side of the lines, had crossed the Dutch frontier, even as we were to attempt to do. At this bit of news, we were all eager attention, hoping to gain an inkling of how they had managed it. Unfortunately, our hostess did not know any of the details, only that a large party had made the trip together. She believed they had cut the electric wires, having had in their possession the necessary clippers, rubber gloves, etc., to accomplish the feat. She understood that they had crossed the line at a point northeast of Brussels, since it was generally understood that that section of the frontier was easiest to break through, chiefly on account of large, wooded areas that afforded cover during the approach.

During the conversation, we told of our attempt last night to locate an airdrome just outside Forest. We learned then that it was not a drome located here, but a factory for the manufacture of airplane engines. There was, however, an airdrome at Berchem, just on the northwestern edge of Brussels, a large flying field that we might investigate.

After tea, we again retired to our mattresses in the bathroom, to sleep until they should call us at seven for dinner.

Oh, such a dinner, when seven o'clock did come! Soup, roast beef, potatoes and vegetables, delicious pudding and coffee, — and with it all, wine to drink.

At last it was all done. We would have said good-bye then to these kindest of friends; but they would not allo us to go yet. A moment later there was brought into the room such an array of clothing as would have made even the most prosaic of dealers in such wares mad with joy There was one suit of clothes, complete. There was one overcoat apiece and Tilly and Don each found a pair of trousers to fit them, which, with shirts, collars, ties and overcoats, completely hid their uniforms. A funny little hat for Don and a cap for Tilly topped off their costumes.

WHEN we had come down-stairs after donning our new clothes and were all ready to start, the ladies made us a farewell present of two large-scale, Belgian Touring Club road maps. They were wonderfully complete and accurate in detail, as we found later on, and they covered the whole of the country between Brussels and Holland.

Did I say that these were the parting gifts? Well, I was wrong; the last thing was a knapsackful of food — white bread, cold meat, sugar and numerous potatoes. Had we stopped to say all the thank-you's our hearts felt, we should have been there yet.

It was now, as we said good-bye, that Madame's chauffeur, a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young Belgian, came in. He had begged permission to pilot us — on foot — through Brussels to set us upon our road, Chaussee de Gand — the road to Ghent — along which, four miles out, lay the Berchem airdrome. We had decided to investigate the place before starting for Holland. So, after the most wonderful day of our escape, we set out with our guide.

He and I walked together about ten yards in advance of Don and Tilly, who had their instructions not to speak English above a whisper. From one end of Brussels to the other I talked French with the chauffeur, asking him to correct my pronunciation and at the same time increasing my vocabulary by pointing to objects and asking their names.

The streets were full of people, many of them wearing the Hun uniform. I was somewhat uneasy at first but as soon as I realized that we were not causing any undue excitement I became quite indifferent to them.

It must have been ten o'clock by the time we came to Gare de l'Ouest and crossed under the railroad bridge. Here the chauffeur said good-bye, giving us final directions for finding the airdrome. Another hour's walking should bring us to it. The field lay to the left of the road, just beyond where the car-line ended. We could not mistake it.

But an hour's walking found us still traveling the car-line, with the end not yet in sight; so, feeling a little tired, the three of us sat down on the curbing for a short rest. The food pack that we were carrying by turns was quite heavy. Besides, both Tilly and I were wearing our fur coats under the over-coats that had just been given us.

We had not been sitting there five minutes before a man appeared beside us — just sprang up as if by magic, from nowhere-in-particular. He wore the uniform of the Belgian police. Very pompously he confronted us and asked us what we were doing here.

"*Nous sommes très fatigués,*" I replied by way of explanation; but he regarded us more suspiciously than ever and demanded to see the contents of our knapsack.

I thought it best then to tell him everything. Once more I recited our story, opening my coat to show him the fur when I came to the "*aviateurs*" part.

As I went on, he became more and more excited, listening with eyes and mouth wide open. When I came to tell of our seeking a plane to fly home in, he thought it was the best thing he had ever heard. He shook us each by the hand, told us we were on the right track to the drome and left us with all kinds of good wishes.

We had not gone more than two blocks from here before it began to rain. Under a protecting tree, we waited for the shower to pass. A few minutes later, who should

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